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Edited by Herbert Kaufman

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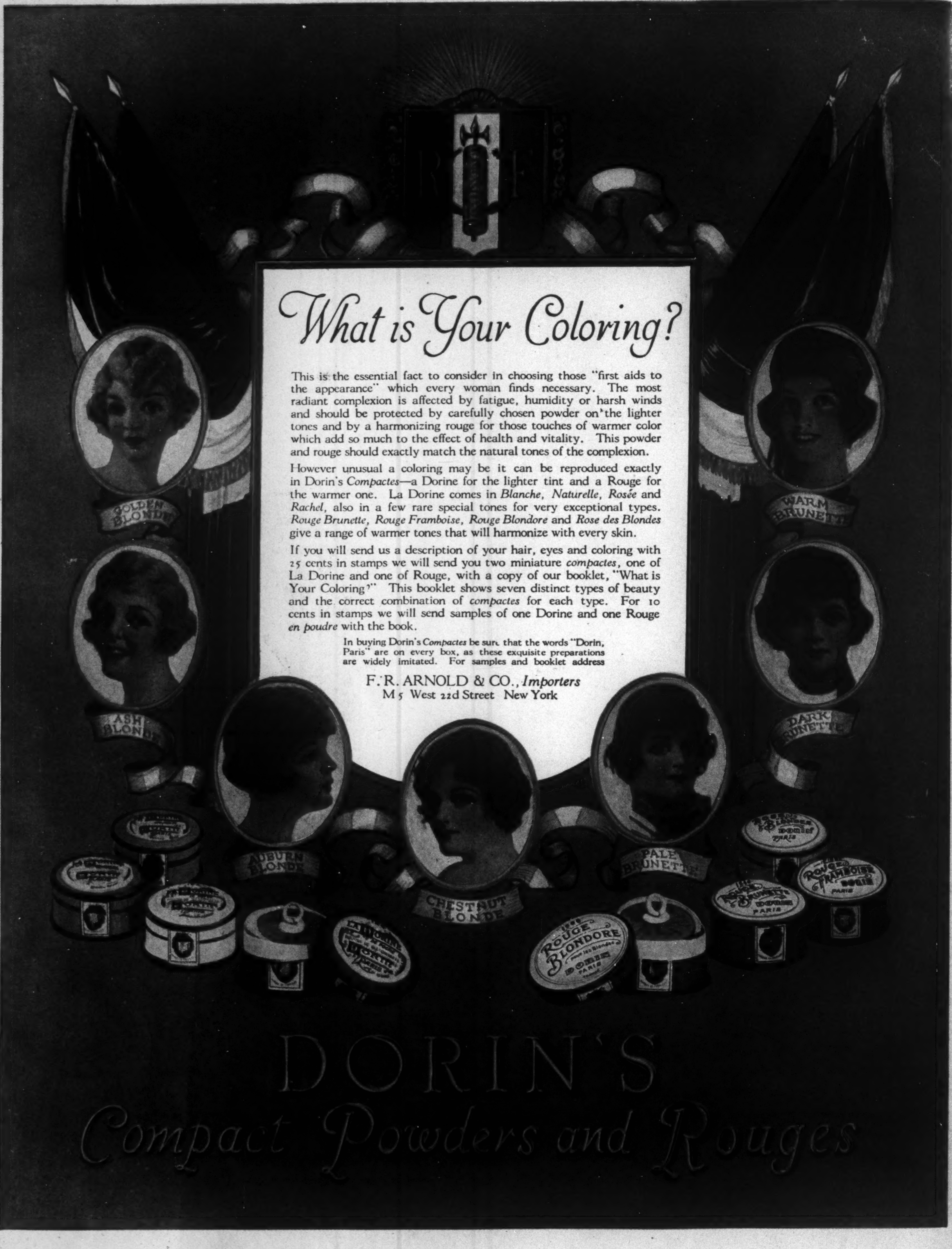
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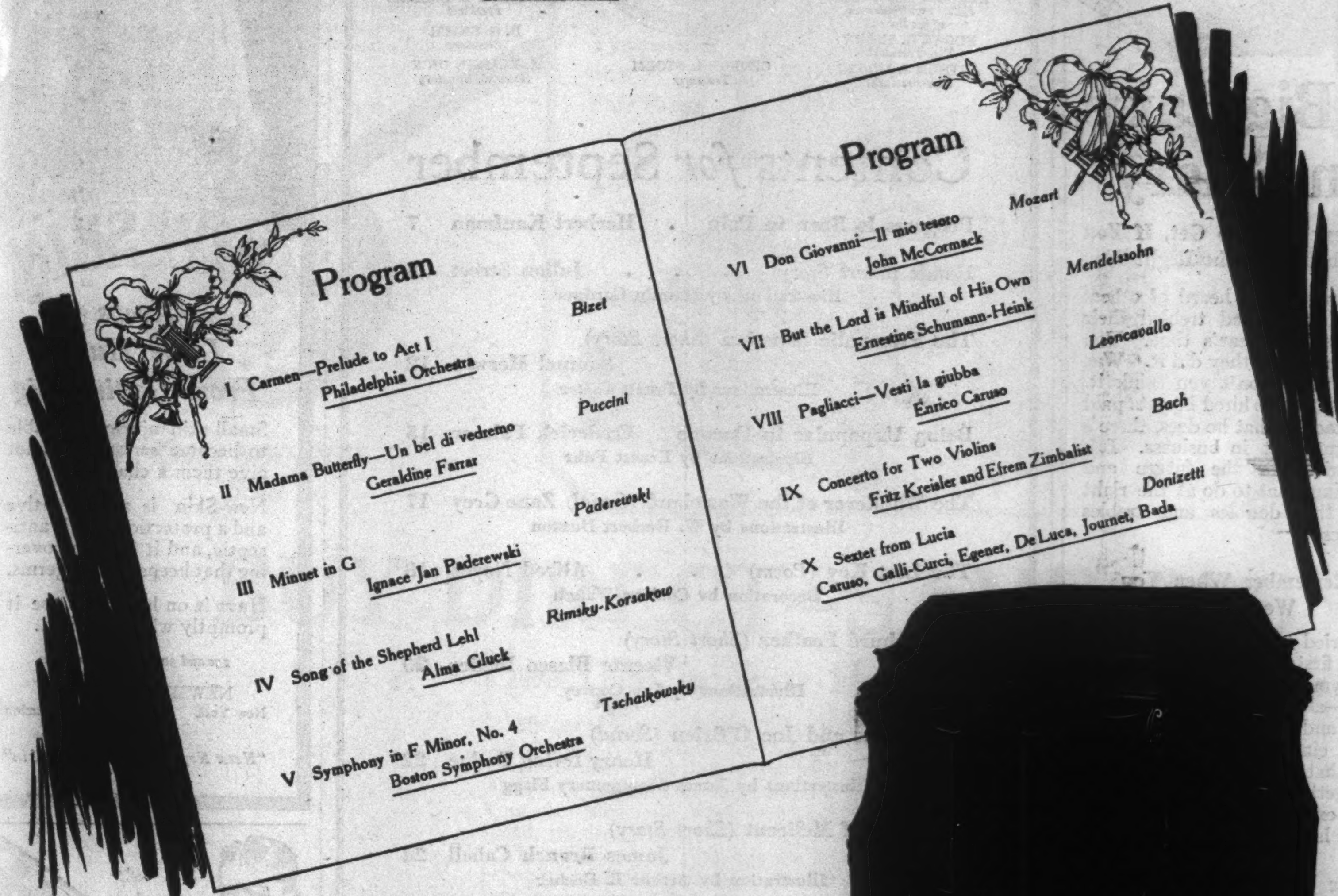

Program

I Carmen—Prelude to Act I — Bizet
Philadelphia Orchestra

II Madama Butterfly—Un bel di vedremo — Puccini
Geraldine Farrar

III Minuet in G — Paderewski
Ignace Jan Paderewski

IV Song of the Shepherd Lehl — Rimsky-Korsakow
Alma Gluck

V Symphony in F Minor, No. 4 — Tschaikowsky
Boston Symphony Orchestra

Program

VI Don Giovanni—Il mio tesoro — Mozart
John McCormack

VII But the Lord is Mindful of His Own — Mendelssohn
Ernestine Schumann-Heink

VIII Pagliacci—Vesti la giubba — Leoncavallo
Enrico Caruso

IX Concerto for Two Violins — Bach
Fritz Kreisler and Efrem Zimbalist

X Sextet from Lucia — Donizetti
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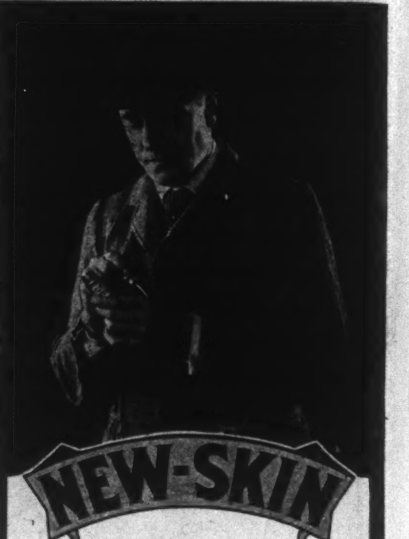

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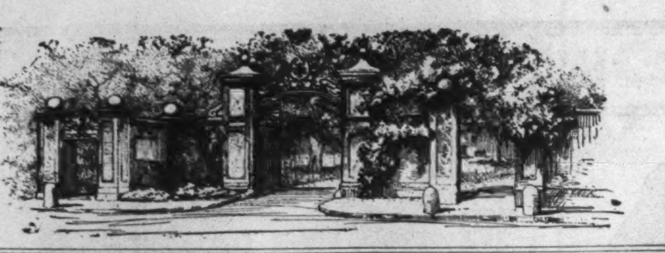

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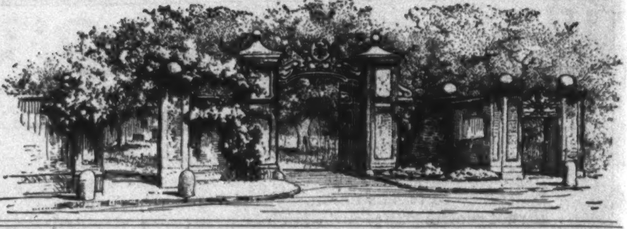

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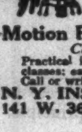

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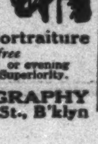

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This Subtle Principle must not be confused with memory systems, "will power" systems, Christian Science, psychology, magnetism, thrift or economy, nor should it be confused with health systems, auto-suggestion, concentration, "personality," self-confidence or opportunity, nor should this Subtle Principle be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance, self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with imagination, enthusiasm, persuasion, force or persistence, nor with the art or science of talking or salesmanship, hypnotism, or advertising.

### *Get out of your miseries through this subtle principle of success*

*No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.*
*No one has ever succeeded in failing with it.*
*It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.*

### *Realize a new joy in living through this subtle principle of success*

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

### *Get the new and higher joys of success through this subtle principle of success*

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

### *Attain genuine supremacy through this subtle principle of success*

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health as my father before me. I was a "floater" and depended on luck for success if I were to have any. I consciously or unconsciously believed that if I ever were to have health and success, the result would have to come through some element of ease or assistance or through some mysterious or magical source. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar conditions.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

### *Why let others get rich while you remain poor?*

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live"—and through this reaction, arose within me, the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

### *A subtle principle of success*

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

### *Get out of poverty through this subtle principle of success*

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ, either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it, that my conditions would change, for I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success, and I began to use this principle and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc.

*You also may use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably.*

### *Why deny self the joys of supremacy?*

Just as there is a principle of darkness, there is also a principle of failure, ill-health, weakness and negativeness. If you use the principle of failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

### *Why stay poor while others are getting rich?*

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously and purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

### *Succeed like others through this subtle principle of success It was used by*

**Moses,**
**Caesar,**
**Napoleon,**
**Theodore Roosevelt,**
**John D. Rockefeller,**
**Herbert Spencer,**
**Emerson,**
**Darwin,**
**J. P. Morgan,**
**Harriman,**
**Woodrow Wilson,**
**Charles Schwab,**
**Lloyd-George,**
**Clemenceau,**
**Charles E. Hughes,**
**Abraham Lincoln,**
**George Washington,**
**Marshall Field,**
**Sarah Bernhardt,**
**Galli-Curci,**
**Nordica,**
**Melba,**
**Cleopatra,**
**Alexander the Great**
**Edison,**
**Newton,**
**Wanamaker,**
**Phil Armour,**
**Andrew Carnegie,**
**Frick,**
**Elbert Hubbard,**
**Hiram Johnson,**
**Richard Mansfield,**
**Shakespeare,**
**Mozart,**
**Richard Wagner,**
**Liszt,**
**Mendelssohn,**
**Beethoven,**
**Verdi,**
**Copernicus,**
**Confucius,**
**Mohammed,**
**Cicero,**
**Demosthenes,**
**Aristotle,**
**Plutarch,**
**Christopher Columbus,**
**Vanderbilt,**
**Marcus Aurelius,**
**Pericles,**
**Lycurgus,**
**Benjamin Franklin,**

and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions, and of all colors, make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of Success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

### *Get the new and higher realization of life through this subtle principle of success*

Every one realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping some one else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost every one, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings, if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce every one to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

### *Get away from failure*

I fully realize that it is human nature to have less confidence in this principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals for a few pennies, but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create. I must fulfill my duty just the same.

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it for a few pennies, but because the results are great—very great.

### *Become prosperous through this subtle principle of success*

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overmastering in its influence for good, profit, prosperity and success, that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

### *If this subtle principle of success does not make you rich and successful, it will cost you absolutely nothing —I guarantee it*

So sure am I of the truth of my statements—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption and so absolutely certain am I that this principle, in your hands, will work wonders for you that I am willing to place this principle in your hands for twenty-four hours at my risk and expense. You will recognize the value of this principle within twenty-four hours—in fact, almost immediately as you become conscious of it, you will realize its practicability, its potency, its reality and its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity and success.

### *Gain every supremacy through this subtle principle of success*

Thousands of individuals claim that the information disclosing and elucidating the secret principle of success is worth a thousand dollars of any one's money. Some have written that they would not take a million dollars for it.

You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for this information—for disclosing this principle, after you get it into your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence.

### *Sent to any one—to you*

I have derived such tremendous results—amazing results from its power, that I want every man, woman and matured child to have this key to success, prosperity and wealth. This is why I am willing to send it to any one—to any address on approval without a single penny in advance.

### *Become wealthy through this subtle principle of success*

*You would never forgive me,* and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this subtle principle of success. *You would never forgive me* if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

### *Become rich through this subtle principle of success*

*From every part of the country comes appreciation of my extraordinary discovery*—The Subtle Principle of Success.

"I cannot say too much for your discovery. It is certainly doing wonders for me, even at the advanced age of eighty."

"I thank you for the blessings you have brought to my life through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.'"

"I can never fully repay you for revealing to me the 'Subtle Principle of Success' and how to use it."

"Your elucidation of the 'Subtle Principle of Success' is wonderful. Even today it is worth a hundred dollars to me."

"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' is working wonders for me. I would not part with it for a million dollars."

"I regard your 'Subtle Principle of Success' as worth a thousand dollars of any person's money, regardless of how poor the individual may be."

"It is impossible to place a limit to the monetary value of your discovery."

"I am from Missouri. Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' is the goods."

"I always believed that successful men used a principle which gave them success. I never knew what it was nor how to use it until you explained it to me. It would be just as impossible for me to fail with this principle as it has been impossible for me to succeed without it."

"I thank you for the wonderful results I am gaining through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.' I would not take any amount of money for what this principle has done for me already. You are honestly entitled to millions."

"I am a man of my word and would not take one hundred dollars this first day for the information you have given me."

"I am enthusiastic over your discovery of the 'Subtle Principle of Success,' and at the age of eighty-six am pursuing success as never before."

"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' has in twenty-four hours given me wonderful results. I am ready to back any statement made in favor of your 'Subtle Principle of Success.' It opens up a new universal opportunity."

"'The Subtle Principle of Success' is doing for me more than you claim. The truth about it is hard to believe."

**You want success of some kind. This is your opportunity to get it—to get what you want—guaranteed.**

**WRITE YOUR ADDRESS** on the coupon and mail it to me, and you will receive by return mail, the SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS —the master principle—the equal of which you have never seen.

**If this subtle principle of success does not solve your every problem, it will cost you absolutely nothing.**

**ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 740 Berkeley Building**
**West 44th Street, New York City**

You may send me, at your risk, "THE SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS."

I promise to either re-mail it to you, within twenty-four hours of its receipt by me, or to send you five dollars.

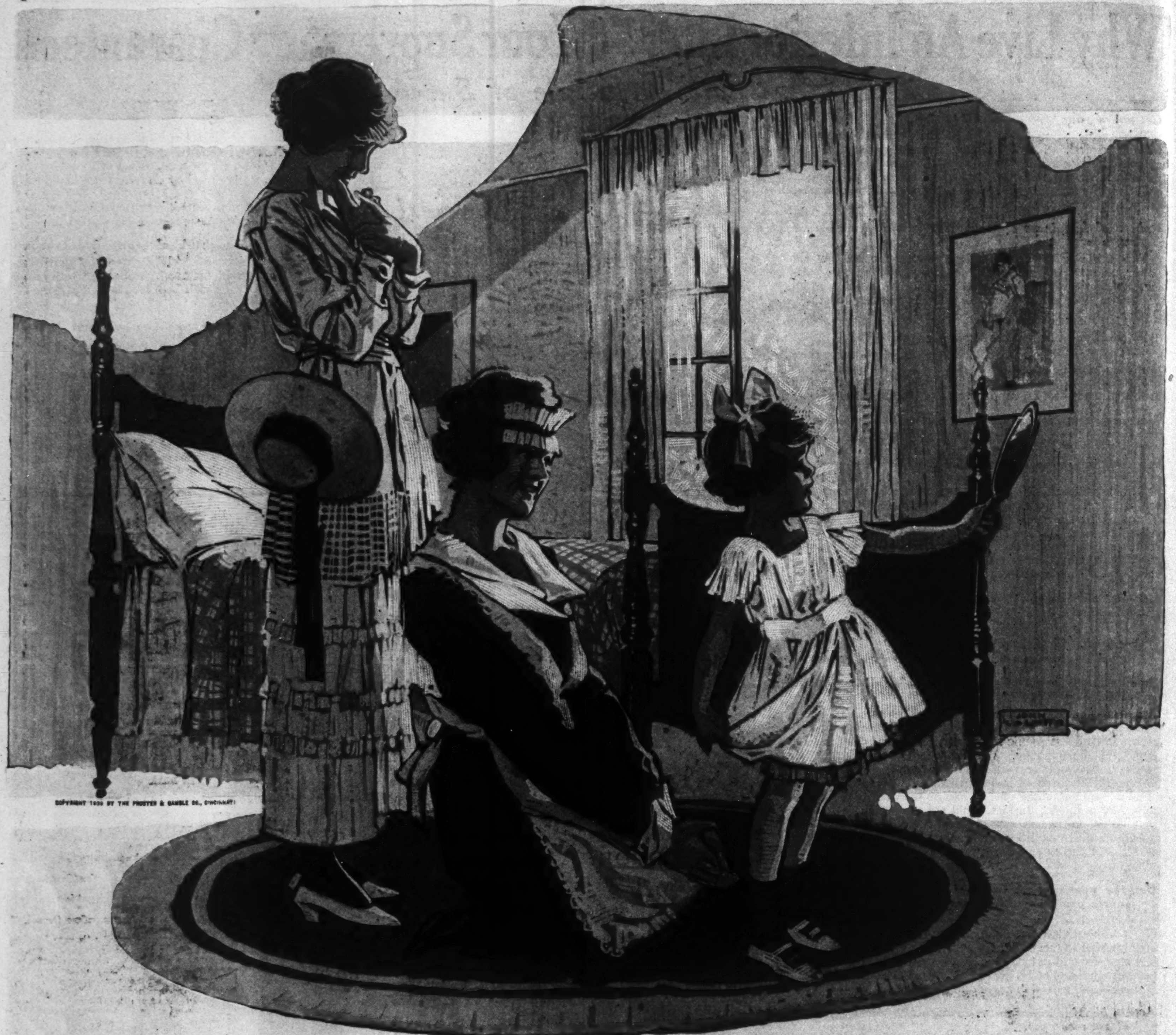
It is understood that I am to be under no other obligation, neither now nor later.

Name............................................
(Write plainly)
Address..............................State................
City............................................

**Notice.**—If you remit with coupon, it will be refunded to you, if you are not completely satisfied. You are to be the sole judge.

**The price of "The Subtle Principle of Success" is soon to be advanced. The present price is a sacrifice.**

**Note.**—The above statement in McClure's is absolutely guaranteed in every way to be as represented.



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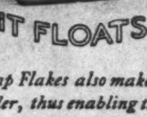
RIGHTLY trained, the unconscious vanity of a little miss becomes the ingrained personal daintiness which is priceless to a woman.

Teach her that it is the frequent, regular use of Ivory Soap which gives her the lustrous hair, the clear, smooth skin, and the spotless garments which she innocently admires.

Thus it is easy to imbue a child with that love of cleanliness which is the basis of all enduring charm.

*Send for Free Sample of the new Ivory Soap Flakes*

—snowlike, instant-melting flakes of genuine Ivory Soap that launder silks, chiffons, flannels, knitted garments, and all fine fabrics like new, without rubbing. For generous trial package, just send your name and address to Department 22-I, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP . . .  . . . 99$\frac{44}{100}$% PURE

IT FLOATS

*THE Manufacturers of Ivory Soap and Ivory Soap Flakes also make the following general household soaps: P. & G.—The White Naphtha Soap, Star Soap, and Star Naphtha Washing Powder, thus enabling the housekeeper to use a Procter & Gamble high quality soap for every purpose.*

Volume 52
Number 8

McCLURE'S

SEPTEMBER 1920

# Progress is Born in Pain

## *by* Herbert Kaufman

MYSTERY is proscribed. As soon as we get the hang of these young pinions of ours and make a few improvements in science's sleuthing glasses, no continent will be too vast, no organism too minute for exhaustive examination.

Ere long we'll bring to light all the weird secrets Africa suckles at her jungled bosom and trace the last atomic lairs in which the mighty hosts of plague make ambush.

If you'd behold the Mountains of the Moon or the pale tribes and golden cities hid in deep Andean valleys, or choose to walk the streets where Sheba's queen rode by when Solomon was king, we'll book your passage on the Star Express.

Your son will chase horizon from the last frontier and learn what Nature buried in the Australian desert's core. Paris and Thibet and Greenland will be exchanges on his office 'phone. He'll hang suspended over Etna's blazing mouth and count the eagles' nests on Chimborazo.

Imagination was not stunned by Prussian guns—research and invention still stride on. Privation, waste, disaster are scouts and road-breakers for vision and ingenuity.

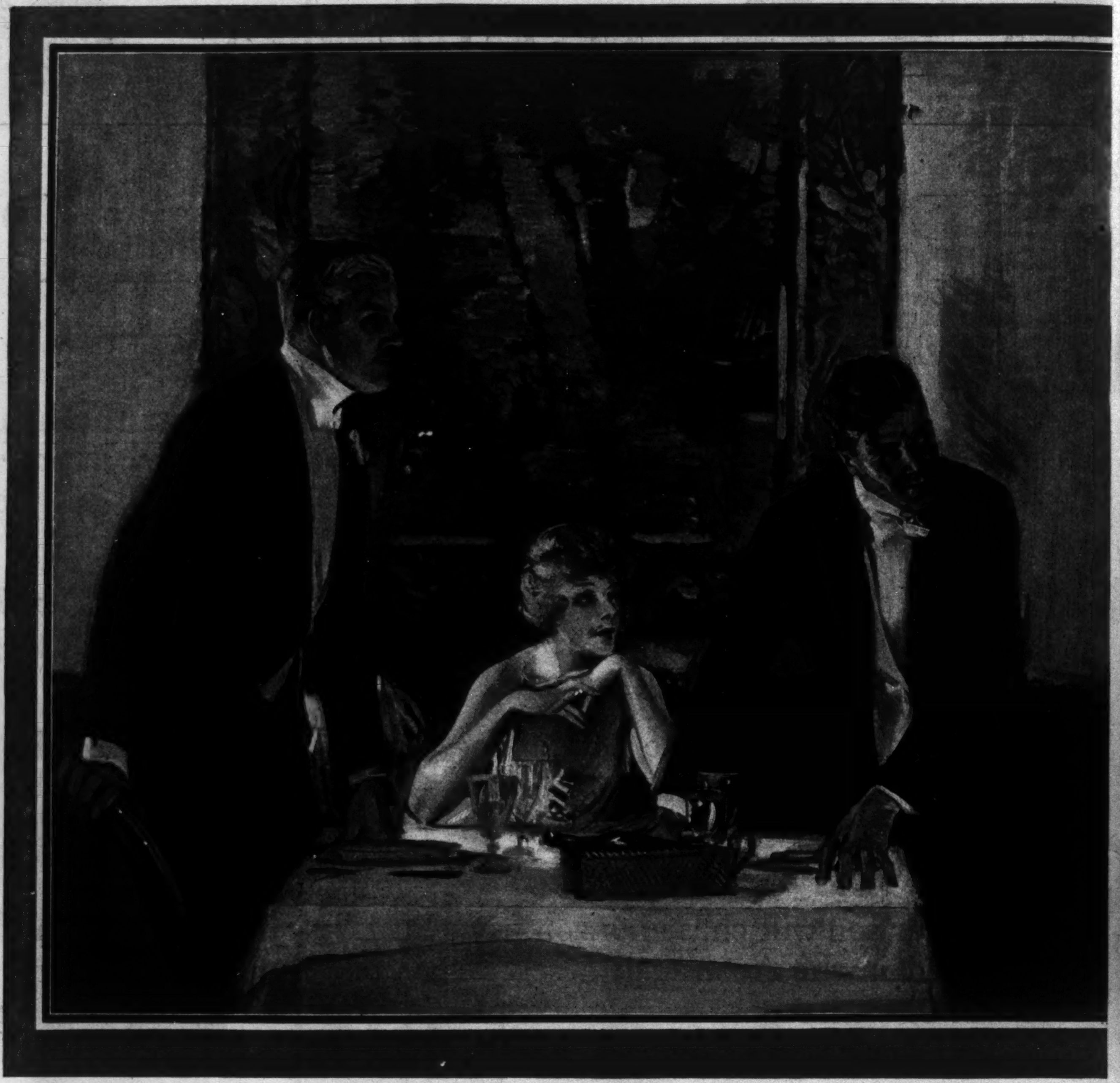
Progress is always born in pain. Man builds his ladders from the wreckage of his father's dares. The faults and failures of one generation suggest improvements to the next.

We are evolved coral insects with all past effort underlying and supporting our ever-mounting works, always leaving sounder, broader foundations upon which our children, in their turn, shall build.

The bothers, bungles, rows and muddles now afflicting the earth are not food for pessimism, but rather cues for diagnosticians—they indicate where our systems have gone wrong.

We never search for remedies until we find a pain.

*Copyright by Herbert Kaufman, September, 1920*



*"I had to marry her to keep her out of the clutches of somebody else," he added with a smile*

*The Eyes Tell Much, the Shape of the Nose, also*

# Hands

## *A Story That*

Illustrations by

BECAUSE of definite opinions I held concerning Gerald Bascom's limitations, I was utterly amazed, on coming home from Java, to find him a great man. Seven years had passed since I last saw him, and of that period of his life I knew practically nothing. It was like a man who sees the first and last acts of a play but misses the acts between. Had I depended upon Gerald for my enlightenment as to the circumstances that had brought about the revolution in his life, the whole affair would still be a mystery to me. But I met Jenny—pretty little Jenny with her pretty little hands. Unlike Gerald — and Charlotte — she wished to talk. The value of her version of the story lay not in what she said, but in what she disclosed unconsciously. Thus from her, who didn't understand it, I got my understanding of the whole affair.

Gerald, to be sure, was by no means free from eccentricity, as you shall see; yet his story is not essentially that of a change in an artist, but in a man. Art merely chanced in his case to be the medium through which the change expressed itself. What came to him might come in one form or another to any dormant nature. It was a sort of seismic disturbance — one of those strange spiritual earthquakes which visit some men in early middle life, shaking down the old mental tenements and making it possible to build anew.

Gerald always had that mania about women's hands. It was while we were youngsters in Springfield that I first discovered it. He couldn't have been more than eight years old at the time. I was playing with him when an elderly Irishwoman, whom his mother had engaged as nurse, arrived. Mrs. Bascom called him to her room and I went with him.

"I won't have her!" he declared instantly.

"Why, of course, you will, dearie."

"I will not!" he insisted. "Look at her hands. I won't let her touch me with those hands."

I looked at them. They seemed all right to me.

"These hands," said the nurse placidly, "have fed many a good little boy his supper and tucked many a good little boy in his bed."

"They're red and bony!" he cried. "They'll never touch me!"

And they never did. Mrs. Bascom gave in to him. I heard her apologizing as she let the nurse out of the house:

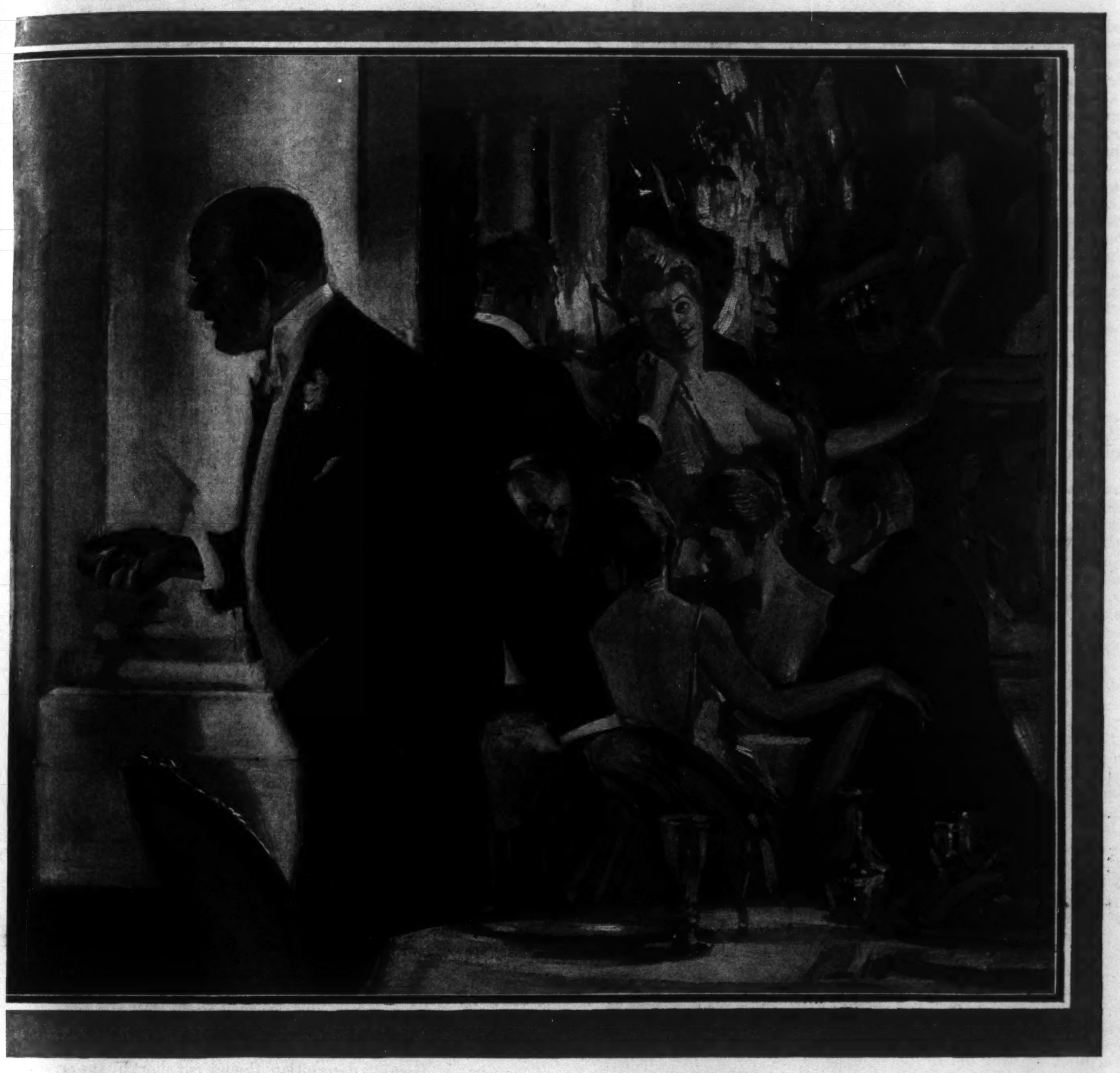
"I'm really very sorry. Little Gerald is so sensitive and artistic. I have to humor him or he gets ill."

Among the adults of our neighborhood there prevailed an opinion that instead of being humored Gerald needed to be spanked. But he was never spanked. Curiously enough, it was I who got a spanking as a result of the foregoing episode. That is why I remember the circumstances so vividly. Having witnessed the success of his rebellion, I perceived, as I thought, certain definite advantages in being a sensitive, artistic boy, and I attempted during the next few days to imitate Gerald. Matters went well for me at first; my mother and sisters, thinking me ill, were alarmed. But there came an evening when, flushed with success, I ventured to exhibit my new-found temperament in the presence of my father. Alas, he proved coarse-fibred. The display was worse than wasted on him. He took me at once to the laundry — a remote room in the cellar — and when, a few minutes later, we emerged, I had renounced genius forever.

Gerald could afford to be a genius. He was an only child, and fatherless, and his mother, a slender, high-strung woman whom he rather resembled, was utterly unfitted by nature to impose any sort of discipline upon him. For everything he wasn't and didn't, as well as for everything he was and did, she praised him immoderately. To her he was the handsomest, most talented, most charming person in the world; and her placid assumption that his superiority must necessarily be as obvious to others was a source of mingled irritation and amusement to the parents of our neighborhood. Looking back, I wonder that his head was not hopelessly turned. But whatever his failings, conceit was never one of them.

For my part, I was fascinated by him, and I have since observed that a person in whom strongly opposing traits are blended is likely to be fascinating. His very unreliability is not without a certain charm. His nature is like a changeable silk in which each color becomes more striking through being interwoven with the other.

He readily attracted friends and might easily have been the leader amongst us had he cared more for the regulation outdoor games. But he was forever trying to divert us from baseball and football to play at being pirates, Indians, detectives or bandits, or to



*"There was a brokerish sort of person with a limousine and real pearl shirt studs —" "Sh-h!" admonished Jenny. "Here's Dick now".*

## *by* Julian Street

*Won't be Forgotten*

Hamlin Gardner

build shanties, or dig caves and tunnels as places of refuge from imaginary enemies. But most of all he loved to draw and paint.

By the time he was fifteen he was not only drawing for our high school magazine in a way to make the artistic efforts of the rest of us look crude, but had begun to sell sketches to local merchants for advertising purposes. When, at sixteen, some of his pictures were printed in a leading humorous weekly, many of the neighbors revised their earlier estimate of him, and conceded that perhaps his mother's claims for him had not, after all, been entirely absurd.

He was tall, dark and picturesque, with features more definitely marked than those of the average boy of his years. Naturally he was attractive to girls, for aside from his good looks there hung about him an atmosphere mysterious and romantic, and his reputation for showing his aversions as frankly as he showed his preferences, made attention from him flattering.

His preferences and aversions sometimes puzzled me. His ideal of loveliness seemed to be represented by a type that struck me as a little commonplace. Most of all, it appeared, he admired dimpled blondes of sweetly soft conflexity, while the beauty that suggests intelligence or spirituality seemed actually to repel him.

One of the girls with whom we had grown up had for a chum at boarding school, a Californian who, she said, was very beautiful, and when she brought this tall blonde creature home with her for the Easter holidays there was a real sensation in our "crowd."

The stranger made her first appearance at a dance. When I went up to be presented, Gerald, tall, dark, distinguished, was immediately in front of me and I remember thinking, as I looked at him, that the rest of us would have but little chance with the visiting belle.

However, one could never count on Gerald in these matters. As he was introduced I saw with some surprise that he took a little step back, bowed rather stiffly, and passed on.

Catching up with him a moment later, I made some reference to the girl's loveliness, whereupon, to my amazement, Gerald turned, and with a look that was almost savage, demanded:

"Did you notice her hands?"

"No."

"You *didn't?*"

"No."

"Great big knuckle-joints," he declared with the voice and manner of one making a horrid revelation.

Later in the evening, while dancing with her, I stole a glance at her hand. I really could see nothing the matter with it. It looked strong, competent and womanly, and if it was a good-sized hand—well, she was a good-sized girl.

Gerald would not go near her; but we boys didn't mind that. Everyone to his taste.

When he was eighteen Gerald's mother took him to Paris to carry on his art studies and in the fall of the same year I entered college. On his return from abroad a couple of years later he set up a studio in New York, and by the time I graduated from the university he was well started on his career as a magazine illustrator.

Not only because of our early friendship, but because I myself had dabbled a little at drawing, I watched his progress with unusual interest. He could draw like a demon. Instead of avoiding tricky problems he seemed to set them up for the sheer delight of conquering them. He did not, for instance, resort to the expedients commonly employed by artists who wish, when possible, to avoid the notoriously difficult task of drawing hands, but on the contrary seemed deliberately to select poses in which both hands of his model would be revealed in some position peculiarly difficult to draw.

His very sureness, however, carried with it concomitant defects. His figures were not characters in a story but models posing in a studio. The hero of one story looked like the heroes of all the others illustrated by Gerald. His young society men were beach-combers in evening dress, and his beach-combers society men in rags. And let the heroine of a story be a woman of fashion, a little seamstress, or a siren of the South Sea Islands, she was, save for certain necessary variations of costume and of tint, the same pretty, soft, recurvous creature — the type Gerald most admired.

On leaving college I went out to San Francisco, where I got a clerkship in the local office of a great Dutch firm engaged in the Java trade. After some years I was transferred to the home office of the firm in Amsterdam, and it was in passing through New York on my way thither that I saw Gerald for the first time since we had grown up.

I had but one night in the city, and on that night

Gerald was engaged for a fancy-dress ball in a hall somewhere downtown. He insisted on my going with him, taking me up to his studio apartment at the top of an old brown-stone house in the West Thirties, and improvising a costume in which I attempted to pass for an Arab. We went late, in a group made up of a number of young artists and girl models, one of whom Gerald appointed to be my especial charge. She was a nymph-like little animal, not over twenty, caparisoned as an inmate of the seraglio, and she danced like a piece of thistledown. She did her best to entertain me, too, prattling about her pretty figure, what she liked to eat, her preference for beer above all other drinks but champagne, a boy she knew who was jealous over her, the good time she had last summer at Asbury Park, and the silly dream she had the night before. She showed me her hands and said that Gerald admired them.

"Are you crazy about pretty hands?" she asked.

"Not as Gerald is."

"Oh, no, of course not. Gerald's a nut about hands. He buys me lotion — smell." She held one of her hands to my nose that I might sniff the scent.

At dawn, when the bacchanal was breaking up, I said good-bye to Gerald and drove my little playmate of the evening to her home, over near Third Avenue. She lived there with her aunt, she said. In the cab she nestled up to me. I think she thought me "slow" because I didn't put my arm around her. And when, in the shadow of her doorway, she gave me a melting look, picked at my coat-button and called me "queer but nice," I knew that she was proffering a farewell kiss — not that she herself desired such a thing, but that she regarded it as something due in payment for my services as escort — the customary little tip. As I went away I wondered how much of Gerald's time was spent among these little *vivandières* of art.

After a few years in the company's main office in Amsterdam, I was sent to the production fields in Java, where I had long wished to go. Except for an occasional exchange of postcards in the first year or two, my only contact with Gerald during this period was made through magazines to which I subscribed. For some time the character of his work remained unchanged; then I noticed that instead of illustrating stories he was beginning to draw colored covers. These, like most popular magazine covers, had but one subject — the head of a pretty girl. In winter she usually wore furs, in summer a bathing cap or garden hat, or she would have a parasol behind her. Now and then her hair would be dark, as though in acknowledgment of a requirement for variety, but generally she was a blonde. Nor did I fail to observe that she often raised a hand into the picture, pulling on a glove, adjusting her hair, or clinging to her hat on a windy day.

Though these fancy heads seemed to me much better than the average, it was not until I reached home again that I realized their enormous vogue. In the windows of stationery stores in San Francisco I saw displayed portfolios of Bascom Girls — "Twelve Beautiful Heads Suitable for Framing" — and over the hotel newsstand a string of them was suspended. Nor was the Bascom deluge merely local, it was raging in New York when I arrived there. Gerald greeted me warmly when I telephoned him.

"What are you doing to-night? Can you dine with us?"

I accepted and hastened to ask the significance of the plural pronoun.

"You didn't know I was married? Yes, for several years. Jenny will be delighted to see you. I've told her all about you, of course."

"I know one thing about her," I said, "without being told."

"What's that?"

"She has pretty hands."

He laughed. "'Pretty's' not the word," he declared.

As it was already late in the day, I asked if an unexpected dinner guest would not create domestic inconveniences.

"Oh, no," he assured me. "We generally dine out. Jenny likes the restaurants." And he mentioned the hotel at which I should meet them.

If you will imagine a composite of those pretty pastel girls of Gerald's, with their red lips and piquant noses, you will have Jenny Bascom. She was the apotheosis of his favorite type — young, dainty, blooming, with the cool freshness of a rose garden at dawn. I have never seen a woman who, in the purely visual sense, appeared so finished. Her gowns always looked as though they had just been lifted from the white tissue paper of a dressmaker's box. Her coiffure, with its waves of gold, was invariably of a perfection to make you feel that the hair-dresser had but a moment before given the completing touch. Her slippers might have been mantel ornaments. Her very rings were of the fashion then new — diamonds set in platinum — and they glittered with the superbrilliance of trinkets in a jeweler's show-case.

But rings, however artfully designed to display a woman's hand, could add nothing to such hands as Jenny Bascom's. Harmonies of form were blended and repeated in her. Just as her arms tapered gracefully to delicate round wrists, her fingers tapered to the long oval nails, with their little white "moons," their lustrous polish, and their frail, flexible tips, calling to mind the edges of tiny sea-shells, pink and translucent. When we were comfortably settled at table she turned to me, and with the calm assurance of a young and very pretty woman, said:

## What Herbert Kaufman found in Starving Vienna

*Vienna is not specializing in starvation. The opera is packed every night. The race-course is filled with heavily-betting crowds several times a week. Most of the necessities of life and all the luxuries are to be had there. Any one with the price can buy anything except a decent cigar. Butter, sugar and beef are served without stint even in the popular restaurants.*

*Despite reports to the contrary, automobiles, shoes and delicacies are readily procurable. Viennese shops are filled with beautiful wares. Grocery, druggist and confectionery windows emphatically declare the condition of the city is decidedly exaggerated. There is poverty in Vienna —poverty as dire and gaunt as history remembers, but be it recollected that Vienna has always been notorious for its underfed, tubercular and venereal masses, for its beggars, for its wan stunted children, and for its equally celebrated misery and elegance.*

*In the next issue of McClure's, Herbert Kaufman will tell what he found in Austria. His article refutes many of the stories which have appeared in the American Press, and is illustrated with corroborating photographs.*

"Now I want to hear all about you while we have a chance to talk. A friend is to join us later for coffee."

"Who?" inquired Gerald.

"Dick Pomeroy. Didn't I tell you?" Then to me: "So begin. And remember, I want to know everything. Why aren't you married? Do you like to be a bachelor? Or haven't you met the right girl? Or is it that you've had a tragic love affair with a married woman? And what's it like in Java? Are the native women pretty? Their bodies must look like bronze statues. Do white men ever fall in love with them?"

HERE, if one took her seriously, was an order to keep one talking for some time. And she wished to be taken seriously, if one might judge from her big gray-blue eyes, with their expression of profound interest, almost of wonder, which, at first, I found so flattering. I had no sooner answered the initial instalment of her questions than she propounded others.

"Tell me about Gerald as a boy. What sort of girls did he like? Were they always blondes? And was he always crazy about hands?"

Whereupon, though Gerald expostulated at the personal tone our talk was taking, I told the story of the Irish nurse of long ago, and the beautiful Californian.

"As a matter of fact, though," I finished, "I remember that I liked that girl's hands."

"To hold, perhaps?" suggested Jenny, mischievously.

"No — the looks of them. They looked strong and useful."

Here Gerald began to evince interest.

"Strong and useful!" he repeated in a tone of good-natured pity. "What have strength and usefulness to do with beauty? Nothing whatever."

"You often find them in the same place," I argued. "Take, for instance, an arch."

"And again, you don't," he countered. "Take, for instance, a rose. A rose isn't strong or useful. You can't sew buttons with it, or use it to drive nails, or wash dishes. And you can't use a beautiful hand for work like that, or it won't stay beautiful."

Jenny's attention wandered. Evidently she did not enjoy discussions of beauty in the abstract.

"Do you think that woman in blue, over there, is married to one of those two men with her?" she asked us.

But when Gerald and I had inspected the trio and ventured our guesses, her mind flitted back to her former line of questioning and she asked me, as one who had known her husband in his boyhood, when it was that I had begun to realize he was a "genius."

The use of such a lofty term as applying to mere talent always smites me like a sacrilege. I was gratified, however, to see that Gerald did not participate, even tacitly, in such a designation of himself — a fact which he signified with a broadly humorous wink. Jenny caught the wink.

"Never mind!" she insisted defiantly, "you are a genius just the same. Ask Dick Pomeroy. Ask anybody. Look at the success you've made!" And as Gerald only grinned and sipped his wine, she continued, addressing me: "It's natural I should be proud of his success — because of my own part in it. I pose for him, you know. He wasn't nearly so popular until he began drawing me."

"That's perfectly true, dear," said Gerald. "But to be popular is not necessarily to be a genius — not by any means."

But Jenny was not interested in the distinction.

"Has Gerald told you how we met?" she asked me. And without waiting for an answer she recounted the story.

She had been visiting a friend, an older woman, in New York and they had gone to the opera. ("And I don't care for the opera, either. Doesn't it seem like Fate that tickets were given to us that night?") Gerald had also been there. ("It was *La Bohème* — all about artists. Wasn't that a queer coincidence?") He was fascinated by Jenny's looks. During the intermission she realized that he was following her about the promenade. Finally he came up and introduced himself, explaining that he was an artist and that he would very much like an opportunity to draw her. ("He was awfully nice about it. He talked at me through my chaperone. I couldn't take offense. And anyway, I'd seen his things in magazines, so, of course, was terribly flattered.")

Here Gerald took up the story.

"When I'd once drawn Jenny," he said, "I never wanted to draw anybody else. The models I'd been using began to look commonplace."

"So," she supplemented gaily, "he had to marry me to get me for a model."

"And to keep her out of the clutches of somebody else," he added, with a smile. "There was a brokerish sort of person with a limousine and real pearl shirt-studs and ——"

"Sh-h!" admonished Jenny. "Here's Dick now."

Gerald's description, though cut short by the arrival of Mr. Pomeroy himself, seemed to me to fit that gentleman almost as his clothing fitted him. And his clothing fitted him, if such a thing is possible, too well. His glistening linen collar would, I felt, have been more comfortable had it been a size larger, his neck overlapped it a little and the effect of constriction was heightened by the tightness with which the white piqué tie was drawn about it. The shirt-bosom was large and convex and the real pearl studs to which Gerald had alluded were conspicuously in evidence. The borders of this snowy surface were marked by the impingement of a tight-fitting waistcoat of black and white brocaded silk with jeweled buttons, and the braided dress coat, with its sleek satin lapels, clung to the white collar, the silken waistcoat and, in fact, to the contours of Mr. Pomeroy's none too slender figure with a tailored tenacity actually aggressive.

After perceiving his habiliments one perceived him. His face, if somewhat heavy in its immobility, was handsome. The massive bony structure of the head made each feature strong, yet curiously the total of them was not strong. It was a face which ought to have had strength but which somehow missed it. Nor could one immediately say what quality was lacking. Inner illumination, perhaps. The man made me think of a handsome house with lights in the porticos but no lights inside.

His manner, like his costume, was elaborately perfect. Long ago this manner might have been an affectation, but now, at thirty-eight or forty, which I judged his age to be, it was a part of him. What had been the affectation had become the man.

One could not be long with Mr. Pomeroy without discovering that he specialized in rightness of a certain kind. He had begun by being born into the right family. He had gone to the right school and the right university, where he had known the right crowd and belonged to the right societies. He had spent his summers in the right places and had visited the right resorts at home and abroad. On attaining maturity he had set up a bachelor flat in the right part of town and gone with the right firm in Wall Street. He belonged to the right clubs, kept the right kind of car, and had himself driven therein to the right restaurants, where he bowed to the right people and ordered the right things to eat and drink.

Nor did he lack an agreeable consciousness of all this remarkable rightness concentrated in himself. On all questions involving those subjects with which he felt himself peculiarly qualified to deal, he was quick with advice. Thus, on joining us at table he called the head-waiter and, cancelling Gerald's order for coffee of the ordinary after-dinner brew, demanded Turkish coffee, to be specially prepared in a flat pan, and to be acccompanied by an extraordinary liqueur made, he said, for the Prince of Monaco, a few bottles of which were kept here in Mr. Pomeroy's name.

With the coffee he passed his own cigarettes, mentioning that they were manufactured by the men who supplied the Sirdar of Egypt. Following these he produced some large and exceedingly choice cigars, each one wrapped in tinfoil bearing the monogram of a certain notable figure of world finance.

Dinner over, he shepherded us to his limousine and conducted us to a new and very *chic* dancing club, of which, he mentioned, he was a charter member. Here we danced and drank and smoked until, when one o'clock came with no signs of abatement in the festivities, I said good night, and returned to my hotel.

Throughout my three months in New York I saw much of Gerald and Jenny. At cocktail time, in the late afternoon, one was sure to find their studio full of people with thin-stemmed glasses in their hands, talking loudly in a thick fog of cigarette smoke. There many of our arrangements for the evenings were made. Parties for dinner and the theatre, with a cabaret, or supper and dancing afterward, were continually being organized. The business of deciding where to dine, ordering the dinner, selecting the play, getting the seats, and making the supper reservations, were by tacit consent left generally to Pomeroy.

POMEROY amused me, and his unremitting efforts to make things easy and agreeable for everyone he knew caused me, by degrees, to acquire a negative kind of liking for him. Gerald apparently liked him, too, although he often poked good-natured fun at him. Pomeroy always took Gerald's jesting in good part, regarding it, apparently, as some curious and incomprehensible manifestation of the artistic temperament. In the bottom of his heart he considered Gerald and all other artists peculiar, even a bit unbalanced, but he enjoyed an association with them because it made him feel that he was being what he was wont to term a "bohemian." This attitude of Pomeroy's, which was very apparent, furnished Gerald with a favorite theme for levity. Jenny, however, always showed her disapproval of such badinage. Herself thoroughly *mondaine*, she clearly took Pomeroy as seriously as he took himself. He, on his part, was flattered by her admiration. Sometimes I heard him telling her about his business. She did not understand it in the least, yet she seemed to give him rapt attention, and her eyes would widen as he spoke carelessly of immense sums of money. Then he would assure the rest of us that "this little girl has a great head for finance." It would be hard to say whether she was most impressed with her conception of him as a Wall Street colossus, or by his costly possessions, his intricate worldly knowledge, and his prestige with head-waiters and ticket-speculators. In any event, she found him no more a subject for jest than religion — or the Ritz.

Her respect for his peculiar capabilities was, I have no doubt, increased by the difficulties she encountered in managing her own *menage*. Housekeeping bored her, and her servants, readily perceiving it, were quick to take advantage. But instead of holding her maids up to their duties, she assumed toward them a manner of thinly veiled hostility, which made matters worse.

The duplex apartment in which she and Gerald lived was in a new building. Beside the spacious two-story studio with its tall north window made of many steel-framed panes, there was a dining-room, a small library, and on the floor above, several masters' bedrooms. The rugs and draperies were handsome, and the furniture down-stairs imposing — though I find those old Italian things with their elaborate carving and ornamentation rather florid for my taste.

My chief objection to the apartment was not, however, based upon a matter of taste. It was untidy. Books and papers accumulated upon the tables and even upon the chairs, Gerald's sketches were scattered everywhere, so were his drawing utensils — and there were pools of ashes on the rugs — particularly in the spot where Gerald had been sitting.

But there was one corner where confusion did not reign. Jenny's bedchamber — a bright, luxurious, feminine room with the lightly voluptuous look of some ivory and rose-colored boudoir in a French print — was meticulously neat.

Upon my admiring it, Gerald proudly exhibited the long closet in which Jenny's evening gowns were kept. As he opened the double doors, the inner surfaces of which were mirrored, electric lights were automatically turned on within, giving the closet with its array of variegated silks, satins, tulles and laces, and its sparkling beads and sequins, an appearance of carnival brilliance. Each dress was suspended from a padded hanger, hooked over a rod which ran the full length of the closet, and on a narrow shelf below the dresses stood a file of tiny slippers of innumerable materials and colors, giving a droll suggestion of dainty feet lined up beneath the skirts, as though the entire wardrobe stood on dress-parade.

The contrast between the condition of her room and that of the studio must, I knew, be quite as evident to Jenny as to me. My thought may have communicated itself to her, for we had no sooner gone down-stairs again than she began setting the studio in order — gathering drawings and papers from the floor and tables, dusting them off with a futile little handkerchief, and tucking the drawings away on deep shelves evidently built to hold them.

Gerald, who had begun to work at his easel, did not at first perceive what she was doing. But presently he looked up.

"For heaven's sake, Jenny," he exclaimed, "how many times have I asked you not to do things like that? You'll get your hands all dirty!"

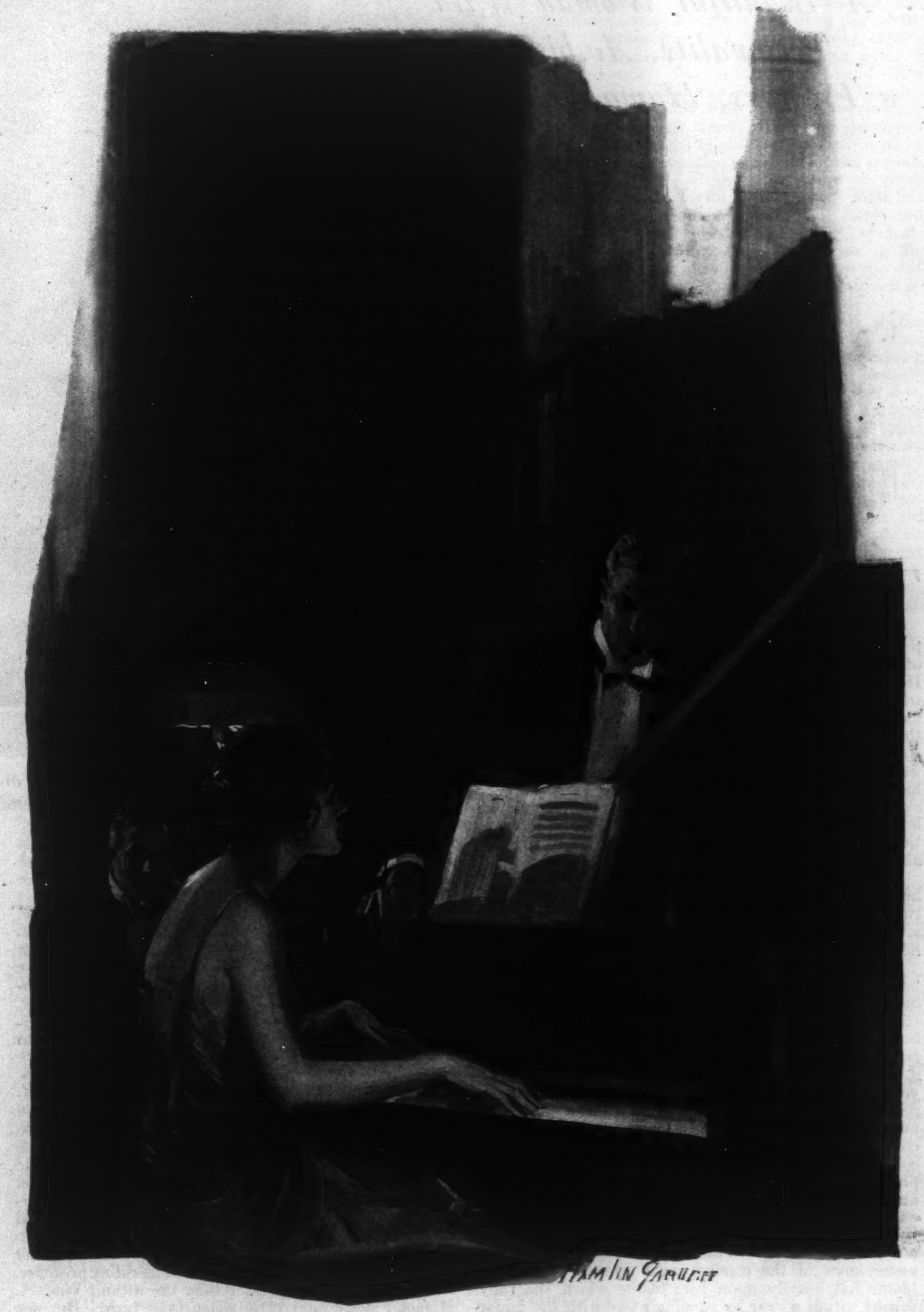
She came over and sat down on the couch by me.

"Do you think it's worth being a slave to them?" she asked, holding out her hands for my inspection.

"I'm not an artist," I replied, trying to be tactful.

"I know. That's why I

[*Continued on page 76*]



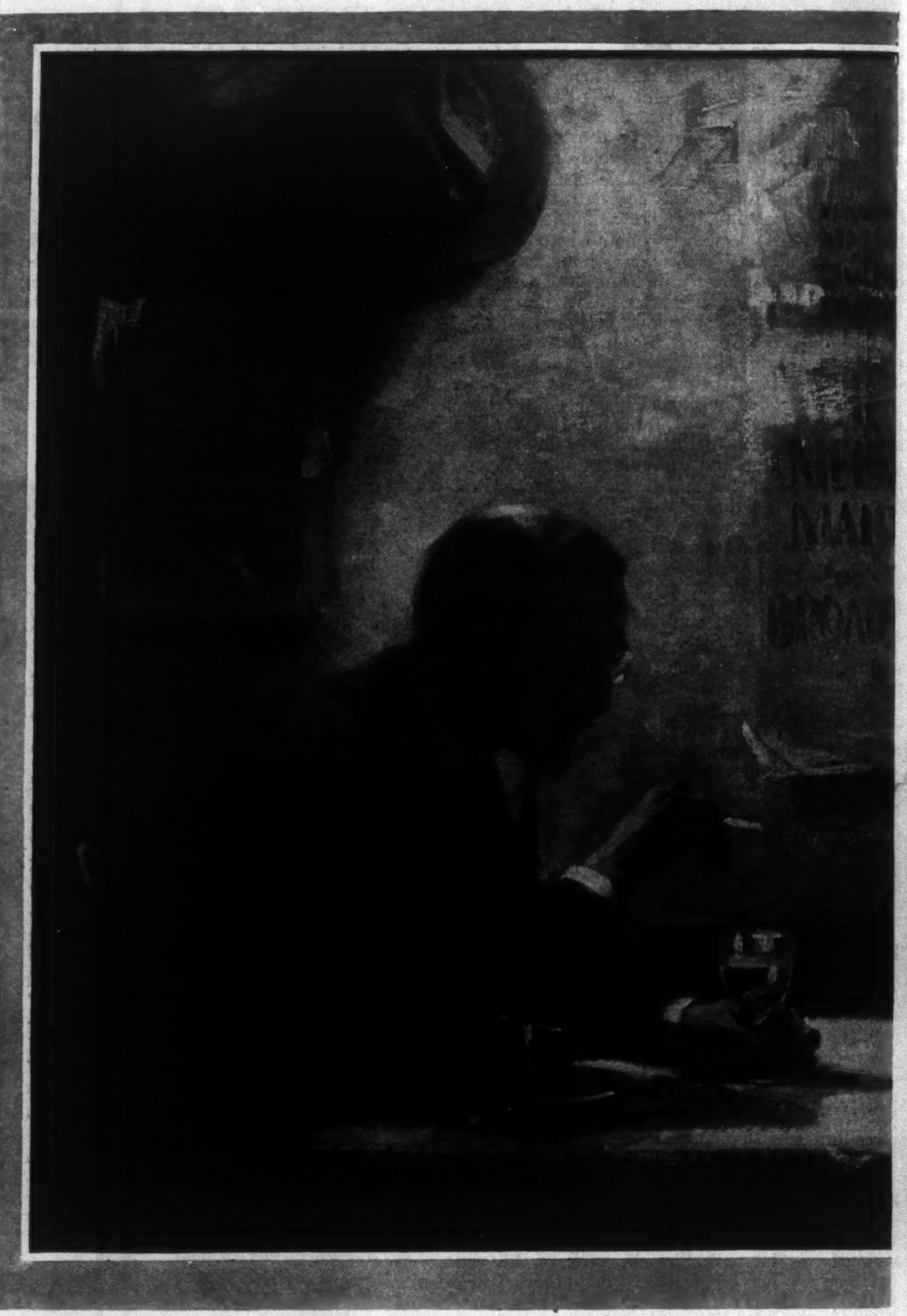
*She had struck but a few notes before I knew definitely that those strong hands had a magic in them*

# The Pragmatic Sanction

### *A Beautiful Woman With Personality, Ambition, a Vigorous, Human Character*

### *by* Samuel Merwin

**Illustrations by Pruett Carter**



*"I suppose, seeing me hopping around in tights you thought you could start most hair redder than he remembered it: but excitingly attractive. George found*

THE gift that is loosely termed personality developed early in Minnie Mason. Her red chestnut hair curled incorrigibly; her somewhat plump, but always remarkably active little body expressed in every agile movement the swift succession of adventurous impulses that were, doubtless, her life. Her nose turned up, and during that period was bridged with freckles; the mouth was full and wide, opened, usually, in a grin that framed remarkably good teeth; the eyes were blue, wide apart, with lashes longer than common. She was always impudent in a good-natured way; and she was loud, wanting in a sense of normal limits; ten years of endless little corrections and suppressions on the part of parents and teachers never quieted her voice, which rose invariably with her enthusiastic impulses. Her laugh was infectious but slightly alarming to the sedate ears of Sunbury.

A picture rises of Minnie during those last years of her Sunbury period (while her father still had the hotel) running like a deer down the middle of Simpson Street after a "hitch," hair merrily flying, high-school books floating after on a strap.

The time came, beginning in about her sixteenth year, when she was quietly known to be pairing off incessantly with this young fellow and that — bicycling (that was the period) in something near bloomers, buggy riding, running into Chicago of an afternoon and returning on one or another of the later trains. She dropped out of high school after Harry Salters and the younger Williams boy came to blows over her — by punctilious arrangement, with seconds and a referee, at midnight on the Athletic Field. A ubiquitous local correspondent for a Chicago evening paper made a column story of the incident; and a few weeks later pink copies of the *Police Gazette* passed, by a sort of underground railway, about the village, with a cover engraving of two bruisers mauling each other under the eyes of a short-skirted voluptuous creature sitting on a fence. Minnie, it was said by a young friend or two, never knew of the combat until afterward; but the blame fell heavily upon her; blame which she fully earned within a year by running away with the junior comedian of a burlesque troupe that played a week in an obscure North Side theatre, which, it transpired, she had, with other adventurous spirits, secretly haunted.

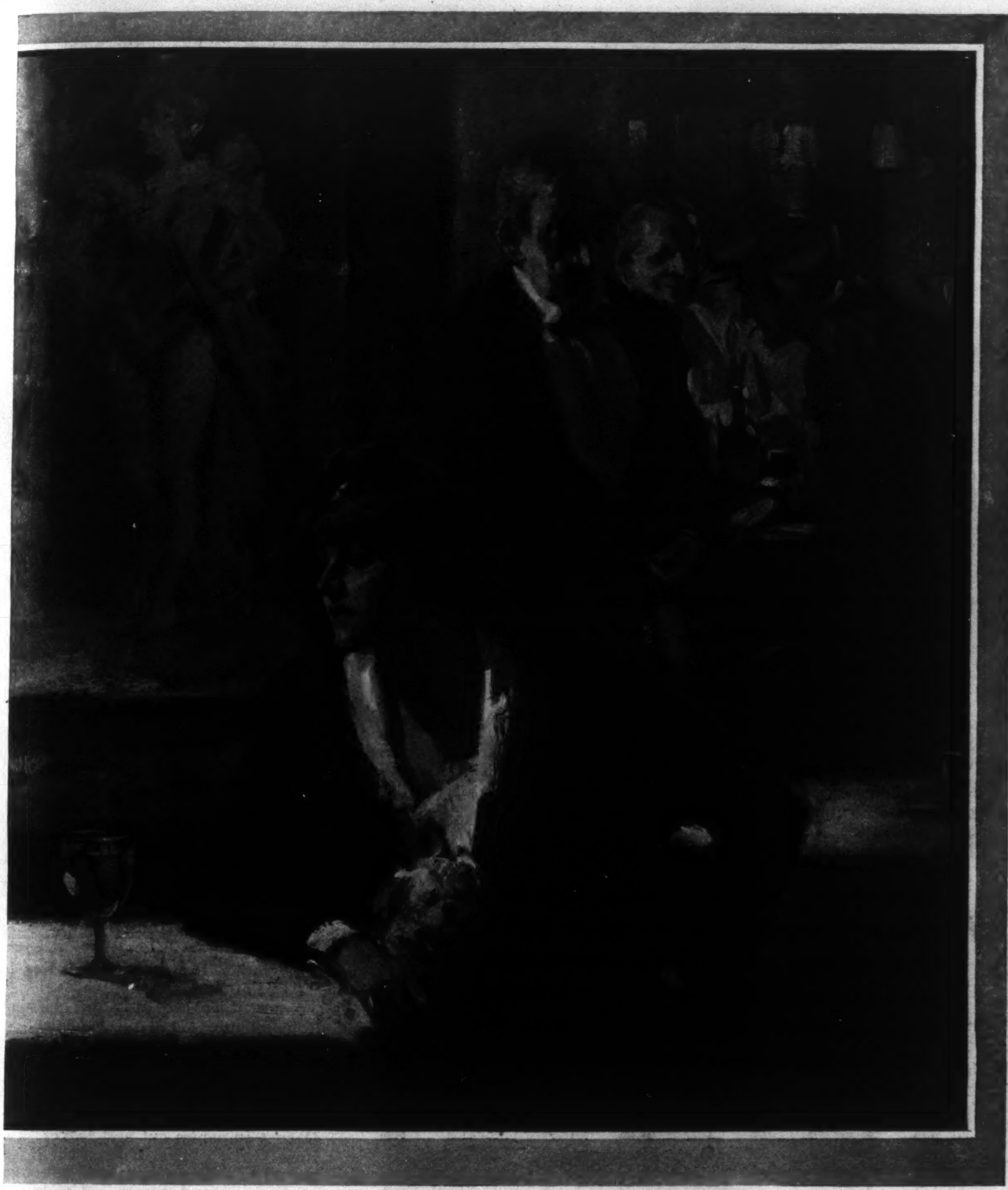
And with the assistance of the comedian Minnie dropped out of Sunbury life, which shortly closed over her and very nearly forgot her. Such echoes as were heard confused themselves with other echoes of the lost souls of the village; with the druggist, Morris Henley, who became a victim of his stock in trade, lost his business and his pretty painted wife, and vanished; with young Art Watson who went to Alaska in the first Klondike rush, shot a man in a dance hall, and languished in a Canadian prison; with the Wilcox girl, who sordidly scandalized the village, broke her hard-working mother's heart, and went unrepentant to the bad.

Minnie must have been a casual flare-up of some outland strain in the Mason stock. They were, first and last, decent people. Wm. P., the father, though too good-naturedly easy to get on in any sort of business competition, ran the old hotel comfortably enough. He had served a term in the state legislature, was later secretary of the County organization, and exhibited a never-failing willingness in church matters and other local good works. The mother was a MacLeod, of Borea, up the shore; pioneer plainsman stock right through, her father a farmer, her grandfather a circuit-riding preacher. Mrs. Mason was tall (taller than the rotund Wm. P., in fact), spare, and of a melancholy turn. But she was kindly enough, in her rather silent way, and probably was never given to nagging that difficult elder daughter. In fact, many felt that she had held much too loose a rein over the child; and, too, it was generally felt that the hotel, despite its unassailable respectability, couldn't have been the right sort of home for the girl.

With the younger daughter, Lily, it was different, of course. She was thin and gloomy like her mother; intensely a church person, studious, a shadow in the village, lacking wholly the flamingly conspicuous quality of her sister. She finished high school in a frail, white-clad triumph, as class valedictorian, and went demurely into the University, in pursuit of what was then termed a classical education, with a strong personal inclination toward astronomy and intellectual lungs that thrived strangely in the thin air of higher mathematics.

The fall of Minnie proved to be the first of a long series of disasters to the Masons. It might be said, indeed, that neither parent recovered from the shock of it. Never until then, despite constant worry of a sort, had either thought of her as actually bad. But overnight the word came to stay.

Wm. P., managed to keep the old hotel going nearly two years after the new Beach House was built, but it was a losing struggle. Mortgage was heaped upon mortgage. The little capital at length had to go for living expenses. After giving up the hotel he rented a small office in the Donovan block, and opened shop as a dealer in real estate and fire insurance. For a year or so he managed to seem fairly brisk at it; but the years and the sorrows were telling. He lost weight. The



***anything," said Minnie, an intense little egotist, with full carmined lips, the thrill of the oldest of hunts stirring in his somewhat jaded veins***

wrinkles deepened and multiplied about his eyes. The double chin shrank into baggy folds. And his clothing showed wear. After the second year he was reduced to desk room in Curtis's real estate office; and there he continued to stick, for there were still old acquaintances and an occasional small transaction.

But living grew continually harder. During the years in the Donovan block the couple, with the shadowy Lily, occupied a small house over on Filbert Avenue in South Sunbury, where rents were low. Later they drifted uncomfortably from boarding house to boarding house, ending in a scant two rooms by the tracks, going often without sufficient food; though Lily, who was out in the world, and had given up her specialty for teaching in a grade school in Milwaukee, sent home what she could.

Wm. P. was an unhappy man now, old though still short of sixty, a public failure. And Mrs. Mason's thin, dour face was framed in white hair. Nearly eleven years had passed since Minnie ran away. Though strangely unpleasant whispers had come, this year or that, regarding her, little was known. Her name was never spoken. And if time and sorrow tend to soften harsh judgments, if Mrs. Mason, finding Minnie's baby dress and hood and tiny crocheted socks in the one old trunk that was left, could sit for hours silently weeping as a supposedly sealed door opened on memories of a sunlit past, she could still have said, stonily, that the girl was worse than dead. For that was her creed, and the creed of her world. A boy, she knew, might be saved. But a girl, once lost, was lost forever.

George Haven Henderson, Jr., of the Chestnut Avenue branch of that family, returned, a personage after eight or ten years in German universities — for we were still, then, under the German intellectual hegemony — to assume an assistant professorship at the College of Liberal Arts, up the shore. He wore his beard cut Van Dyke fashion, smoked cigarettes, and talked calmly down from the top of things. It was said that he made (despite the cigarettes) an excellent impression. Accordingly, when word reached dear old Dr. Hopman, acting dean of the College, that Nelson W. Appleman, the twine man, was having his will drawn, that venerable educator, instead of going in person, sent George Haven, Jr., down to Peoria to plead for the College.

As Mr. Appleman declined to talk finance on prayer meeting night, George Haven, Jr., finding the evening warm and the hotel hardly diverting, walked about the streets and patronized Peoria. Before a dingy theater entrance he paused, adjusting his gold-rimmed nose glasses. The three-sheet poster that had arrested his attention exhibited a young woman in full-length fleshings and a wide smile, that exposed remarkably large and even teeth, with the legend — "Minnie Mason's Own Show — the Merry Maids of Broadway, and the Six Diving Belles."

A flicker of impish memory stirred the somewhat settled brain of George Haven, Jr. For tucked away in an all but forgotten past were a few impulsive incidents in which the young Minnie Mason had played no small part. These had found their beginning in a street flirtation on a dusky September evening. Secret strolls along the beach had followed, and a few evenings of spooning on the back steps of the Theological Seminary. After all which, George Haven, Jr., with a family reputation to consider, and with profoundly youthful fears of possible complications, abruptly dropped Minnie.

It was a relief, shortly afterward, to observe that she was carrying on pretty recklessly with various other fellows. And her sudden disappearance, a little later, had seemed to justify his course.

BUT now — well, the memory faintly stirred. He glanced up the street, and down; then bought a seat near the front.

Minnie proved a surprise. She clearly ranked as a beauty in the curious world of burlesque. She was shapely and agile. Her abundant hair was redder than in her girlhood. The old wide grin had now become a professional asset. She had developed a vein of rough humor that took the form of sometimes startling comment on the appearance of girls of the chorus and of good-natured banter with the audience. That this audience (nearly all were men) knew and liked Minnie Mason was loudly evident. And George Haven, Jr., carried out of the building at a quarter to eleven in a wave of laughing human creatures, found himself in some confusion of mind.

Finally, after walking irresolutely to the corner drug-store and back, he took a place at the more shadowy end of the straggling line that waited along the curb outside the stage door. It was an oddly quiet line. George Haven, Jr., found himself drawing his hat brim down over his glasses. And his beard seemed awkwardly conspicuous.

Girls came out by ones and twos; tawdry girls, several painted, some with dolls. Young men sidled forward from the straggling line and walked away with this girl and that. And then appeared a familiar figure, walking alone, with a tiny white dog under her arm.

George Haven, Jr., struggled with an unexpected lump of nervous excitement in his throat; then, when she was nearly by, stepped forward and met a pair of boldly competent eyes under long lashes.

"What is it?" asked Minnie Mason.

"You don't remember me?"

"I do not."

"It's George Henderson."

"George. . . . Oh!"

"I knew you in Sunbury."

She fell into step with him. After a moment, glancing (humorously, he feared) at his London-made clothing and his neatly-trimmed beard, she asked —

"Was there something you wanted to say to me?"

"Why — no. I happened to be in town, and dropped in at your show . . ." Then, as she made no effort to carry the conversation further, he went on, lamely — "How about sitting down somewhere? Glass o' beer?"

Minnie considered. "I don't mind," she replied. "For a little while. There's a man from New York gets in at midnight. I've got to see him." And with a little flare of girlishness, she added — "He's come to see me on business."

They found an alley restaurant.

"How'd you like the show?" asked Minnie, elbows on the table, chin on hands, an intense little egotist, in rouge and powder, full lips outlined in carmine, hair redder than he remembered it; coarsened, he felt, but rather excitingly attractive. The long lashes, half hiding the big direct eyes, were as provocative as ever. With ten years of continental life woven into his habits, George Haven, Jr., found the thrill of the oldest of hunts stirring in his somewhat jaded veins.

"How'd you like it?" she asked again, impatiently.

"Oh — very much."

"Seen me before?"

"Why — no. No, I haven't."

"I'm working up a big new show for next year. An eighteen thousand dollar production. Bill Posnick of Columbus is going in with me. And Terry Williams is writing the book. Know of him?"

"I don't believe I do."

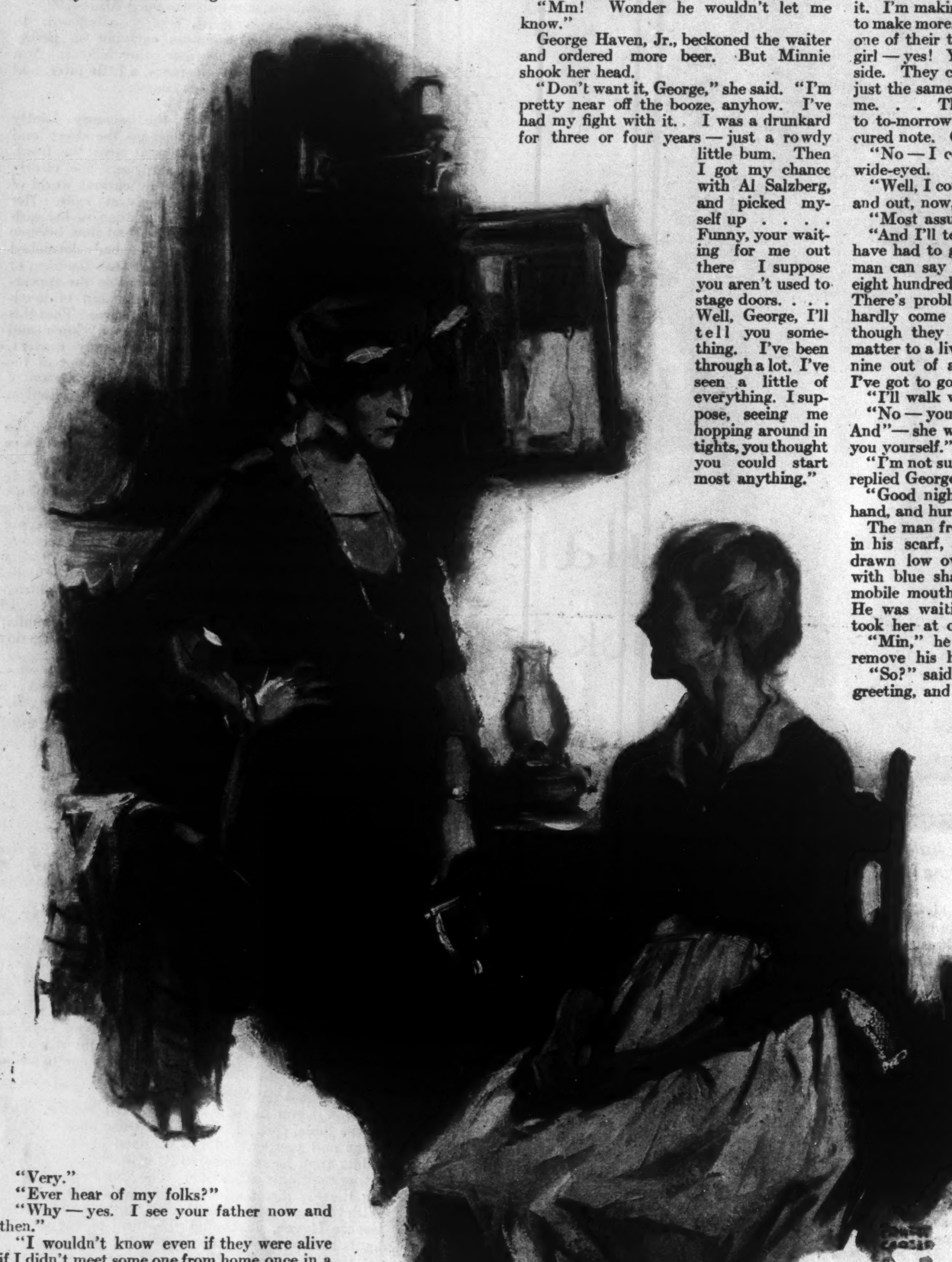
"He writes great comedy. I've got to pay him seven and a half —"

"A half?"

"Seven hundred and fifty. I got this piece for five hundred, but it's poor material. Comedy's no good. I have to get all the laughs myself — my own stuff. I tell you, the best material's the cheapest. I've learned that. Do they — talk about me in Sunbury?"

"Why — I haven't heard — I've been away myself nearly ten years."

"Ten years. Mm! Long time."



*"You g-get careless in — my crowd. But I'll never swear again. Never! I will — I promise now," said Minnie.*

"Very."

"Ever hear of my folks?"

"Why — yes. I see your father now and then."

"I wouldn't know even if they were alive if I didn't meet some one from home once in a while. They've never written to me."

"Would they know where to find you?"

"They could look in *'Variety'*, couldn't they?"

"If they've ever heard of it. I never did before."

"Well, I play Chicago every year — going to be there next week, as a matter of fact. And there's been men enough from Sunbury after me. An old Sunday-school teacher of mine was the last. Sneaking around. But I suppose they don't tell that at home . . . What's Lily doing?"

"Teaching somewhere. Milwaukee, I think."

"Folks still living in that South Sunbury house?"

"Oh, no. That was years back. I don't know but what I'd better tell you — your father's found it pretty hard sledding late years."

"Can't he even keep himself and mother?"

"Well — I'm giving you my impressions for what they're worth. I should say he found it difficult."

"Mm! Wonder he wouldn't let me know."

George Haven, Jr., beckoned the waiter and ordered more beer. But Minnie shook her head.

"Don't want it, George," she said. "I'm pretty near off the booze, anyhow. I've had my fight with it. I was a drunkard for three or four years — just a rowdy little bum. Then I got my chance with Al Salzberg, and picked myself up . . . . Funny, your waiting for me out there I suppose you aren't used to stage doors. . . . Well, George, I'll tell you something. I've been through a lot. I've seen a little of everything. I suppose, seeing me hopping around in tights, you thought you could start most anything."

"Oh — really —"

"Oh yes you did! Do you think, after all I've lived through, I don't know men?" She swore, under her breath; then he found her leaning over the table, talking at him with a tremulous intensity of voice. "Look here, George Henderson — what I'm going to tell you now is the straight stuff. This old burleyque wheel —"

"I don't quite —"

"The wheel? Oh, we've got forty theatres and forty shows, and we play a week all round, every year. That's forty solid weeks of guaranteed business. We don't have failures. We don't play any Broadway uncertainties. It's a real business. And I've made good in it. I'm making money — understand? And I'm going to make more. For I know this business. I know every one of their tricks, and a few more. Oh, I'm a rough girl — yes! You can't tell me a word about the seamy side. They couldn't call me straight in Sunbury, but just the same they're wrong in what they think about me. . . There are two banks in St. Louis I could go to to-morrow and borrow ten thousand on my unsecured note. Could you do that?"

"No — I couldn't," murmured George Haven, Jr., wide-eyed.

"Well, I could! I can! That don't quite spell down and out, now, does it?"

"Most assuredly not."

"And I'll tell you something else. Whatever I may have had to go through while I was down, there's no man can say he's keeping me now. And I paid back eight hundred to one fellow that thought he owned me. There's problems come up in my life that wouldn't hardly come up if I was teaching in Milwaukee — though they might, at that! — oh, well, it doesn't matter to a living person what I do! I'm no worse than nine out of any ten men you know. . . . Well, I've got to go over to the hotel."

"I'll walk with you."

"No — you run along! I've got things on my mind. And" — she was thinking back — "I'm no worse than you yourself."

"I'm not sure that you're not a devil of a lot better," replied George Haven, Jr.

"Good night!" she said, more brightly; wrung his hand, and hurried off to her own hotel.

The man from New York wore a diamond horseshoe in his scarf, and a black felt hat with a wide brim drawn low over his eyes. He was young, slender, with blue shadows under his eyes and a curiously mobile mouth that continually shifted a cigar about. He was waiting in the linoleum-floored "office," and took her at once to his suite.

"Min," he said, closing the door (and failing to remove his hat) — "I'm coming through."

"So?" said she, accepting carelessly his kiss of greeting, and dropping into a red plush chair.

He stood over her, gazing down at her as she, with a touch of self-consciousness, picked dust from the white curls of the dog. "Everything's breaking my way, Min. I've got four 'Honey Dew' Companies out and two of 'The Rose Girl'! 'The Wife on the Road' played to sixteen thousand last week on Forty-second Street. I'm buying the Morton Theatre."

"Going to change the name?"

"Of course! I'm going to put my own name on it. Want you to open it in August."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes, I do! I've got just the piece for you. What's struck you, Min? You're queer."

"I'm all right."

"I didn't travel from New York to Peoria for nothing. You can imagine that."

"Oh — sure!"

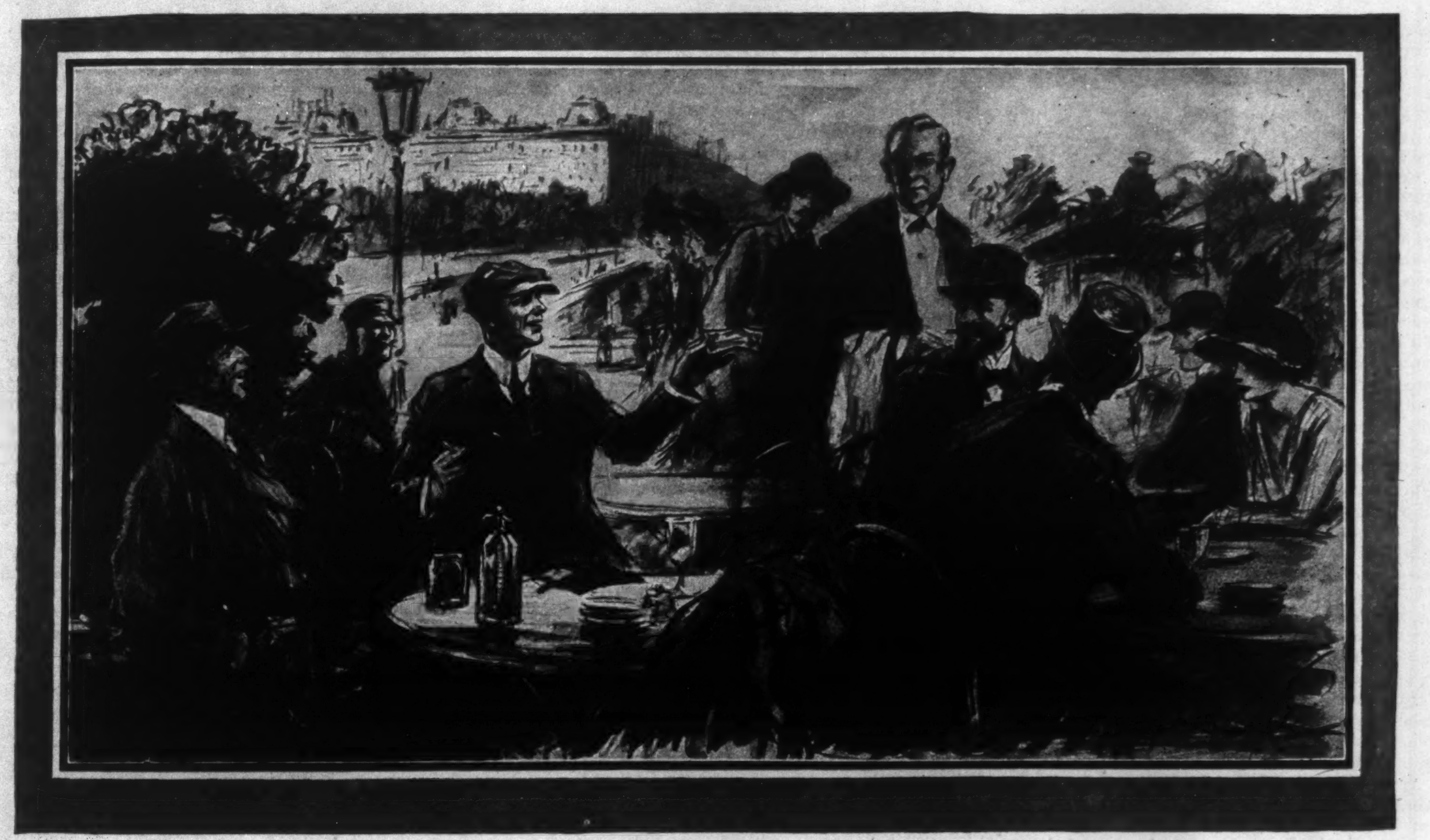
"We're going to quit this kidding."

"I've never kidded you, Frank. You oughtn't to say that."

"I know. You've been more'n good to me. But you'll never let me do anything for you — no, listen! I can't stand it, having you on your own out here. I'm going to take you out of the burleyque —"

She spread her hands. "But I've got a real business, Frank, and Broadway's nothing but a gamble."

[*Continued on page 47*]



*I have heard Americans abroad exclaim when foreigners were present: "Do you want to see some real money?" and then exhibit a ten or twenty-dollar bill*

# Being Unpopular *in* Europe

## *by* Frederick Palmer

Illustrations by Ernest Fuhr

EVERYBODY is logical to himself or herself, including a gentle old English lady, living in the country, whom I asked why it was that America was unpopular in England.

"You won't mind my saying it, will you?" she replied, "but we think that the Americans are forgetting that we now consider America a frontier of the Empire."

"But," I explained, "we had a little difference with you about a hundred and fifty years ago, and, in our perverse way, we became an independent nation."

"Yes, I know," she said, "a family quarrel."

The thing was to follow her thought delicately; the subject was ticklish; and I wanted to hear all she had to say.

"We've grown to be a large family," I told her, "and the truth is we've been becoming more and more independent. It's literally developed into a habit with us."

"Do you know," she resumed, "in our English way — we overlooked your waiting so long before you came into the War, and when you did come in we were just as nice to your soldiers as to the Canadians, or the Australians, or our own. With your soldiers fighting beside ours it seemed, of course, that we had buried the quarrel and you were back in the family."

"Not the O'Briens and the Dooleys," I averred, "and not even all the Smiths and Joneses or the Bertellis, the Slavinskis, the Schmidts, the Einsteins or the Carlsons."

"Oh, I'm not quite ignorant about America," she said. "I hear that you have your Irish Question, too. But your Irish, I understand, are scattered all over your country. Ours are on one island, which does seem to me to make the problem much more difficult — it's so concentrated. I am sure that you can manage your Irish Question if you will be both firm and generous — firm and generous, that's my motto."

She was far from whimsical; she was most serious; her views were not more detached or bizarre than others that I heard the length and breadth of Europe concerning our country.

If our government had flooded Europe with propaganda to irritate our Allies and the Germanic peoples; if every American who went abroad had set out to be a quarrelsome boor, we could not have better succeeded in making ourselves disliked.

In the days before the War the American was an outsider in European animosities. He was a strange mortal from a distant rich country going his own strange way and had the charm of paying his bills liberally as he went. Then he had not yet helped to "save Europe," so Europe had no grudge against him. During the War he was courted and flattered until he thought very well of himself, indeed; for some individuals mistook for personal compliment attention paid to the balance of power which their nation represented.

*"America planned to build a temple of peace. Instead it has turned out to be a Tower of Babel"*

To-day the land of the "square deal" and "good will" in foreign relations, of the sponsor of young republics, keeping her hands off Mexico in the hope that Mexico can save herself, is becoming the scapegoat of the world. Sometimes I smiled at this new national distinction; again, I thought irritably:

"Oh, well, if you don't want to like us, then don't."

But that gained no real information. All the time I was asking why — why from a French peasant or a Polish politician as well as from the gentle old English lady — why a people who had sent two million soldiers across the seas to fight for no reward and had received none and who are quite the same people they were two years ago, should be the object of so much resentment.

"Tell me honestly how you see us," I would say with my most ingratiating smile. "You'll not offend me." For the truth is often more likely to come out in friendly conversation than in print.

An English statesman whom I had known for some time, thus encouraged, visualized the European view with singular completeness and lucidity. If I were to give his name and ask to quote him he would emit a well-considered rubber-stamp sort of statement of diplomatic tribute to America. It would not tell what he and the public behind him were really thinking. That is the trouble with official interviews.

"After the armistice, your President came to France — a man of mystery, of unequaled world prestige," the statesman began. "He held the purse-strings of the world. We knew we had to look to him for direction — though we did not like to think that we had to.

"He sat in the gold chair with Clemenceau on his right and Lloyd George on his left and we waited on his nod. He had brought with him a ship-load of maps and geographical, ethnological and legal experts, and a ship-load of newspaper men. American automobiles coursed the streets, your soldiers were everywhere. America dominated Paris and Europe. She was to make peace for us when it had been our war; for which we had paid the price in blood and money."

"Thank you," I said, "this is more interesting than all the Peace Conference *communiques* that appeared at the time."

What a to-do such a statement from an English statesman would have made during the Conference which was to end all secret diplomacy and in frank, open discussion settle the affairs of the world!

"And your architects planned to build a temple of eternal peace called the League of Nations," he continued.

"But we think that an Englishman wrote the League of Nations," I suggested.

"We think you wrote it," he responded.

"That's what we're after: What people think!" I exclaimed. "Not what we are told at banquets and in interviews that they think" — an attitude of mind being the most pregnant factor in the relations of peoples. In its behalf nations have made war and done all kinds of foolish things as well as wise.

"So you laid the cornerstone of the Temple of Peace in the presence of all the newspaper correspondents," he continued. "A year and more has passed. No more American automobiles or soldiers are to be seen in the streets of Paris. All your experts have gone home long since and with them all the brigade of special correspondents. You have not even ratified the Treaty; no American sits in the Supreme Council except as a detached observer — to look after the very troublesome task of settling all the new tenants in their quarters. You've lost interest in your Temple of Peace in the same way — well — I — it's rather an annoying simile I have in mind." He hesitated, diplomatic habit intervening after the strain of unaccustomed candor.

"Please, let me have it," I begged.

"You are a strange people to us, powerful, energetic, amazing; but we in Eurpoe do not understand you, possibly because you are so young. You have no continuous foreign policy as we have. So you forget your Temple of Peace, which had interested you so much at the time, just as the child forgets the house of cards that he built on the rug yesterday and is off to other things."

"It looks as if the League was to be one of the main issues in our Presidential campaign," I said. "If we haven't a continuous foreign policy, we certainly started an explosive one at Paris. If you doubt it, read all the speeches that have been made in our Senate and out of it."

"But" — and there he came to the point emphatically — "but we in Europe have to live in that temple. It does not suit us. It's a very rambling sort of barracks, with a cellar under some parts and none under other parts; halls without stairways and stairways without halls; plumbing without bathtubs and bathtubs without plumbing; the walls generally out of plumb; an immense back door for secret diplomacy and no front door for open diplomacy, as planned; kitchens disconnected from the dining-rooms; apartments that are all dining-rooms and no kitchens — and you are not even furnishing us the money to make needed changes or to finish the structure. Yes, the housing question which is universally acute, becomes a bedlam of a crisis in that temple of yours."

"Of *ours?*"

"Yes, so we think."

"That's it — what *you* think. I beg your pardon!"

INSTEAD of a Temple of Peace it is a Tower of Babel. Even the finished apartments do not suit their lessees. All think that their apartments are too small, the rent too high, their neighbors a nuisance. And many are trying to elbow their way into their neighbors' apartments, not to mention several who think that they ought to have the whole building. Some of the new small nations can't pay their rent and the butcher and the grocer refuse them credit, they are so hard up. The life of the janitor is a nightmare. In fact, these tenants are not used to apartment life. But they will have to make the best of it. They will settle down in time. It's the only house we've got and the Treaty is ratified by the tenants. They signed their leases in perpetuity — or until there is another war that shakes the building down."

"And America's unpopularity?"

"All the tenants blame you for all their troubles, for they think that you were the architect who refused to live in your own building, because it was so bad. Their complaints are a source of common feeling which gives the janitor and the agent a little relief."

"What if you had built the temple according to your own plans?" I suggested. "What if America, who had no territorial aims, had not been able to act as umpire among all the fiercely conflicting demands?"

"Then we could not have blamed you," was the reply. "We should have had still more reason for blaming one another. I don't know that we should ever have had a temple; probably only a series of detached houses, tents and shanties separated by spite-fences. I don't like to imagine it. When I think of our troubles, even with your help, the restrained language of Genesis in bringing the earth out of chaos is more than ever marvelous to me: But what does America think? I expect you to be as frank as I have been."

Does America know what she thinks?

"Well, speaking for myself," I said, "and not for the President who sat in the gold chair or for the Senators who rose from their chairs to protest, Europe got into a murderous mess. We came in to help you out."

"Yes, help — help!" cut in the statesman hotly. Then he shrugged his shoulders and recovered his calm in a grimace of a smile. "It's the word you Americans all use. I suppose we shouldn't mind — but we do. Helping Europe! It's a part of what seems to us your patronage. You seem to pretend to look down upon us from a superior moral plane. There was a speaker at one of your soldier Y. M. C. A. meetings who said, 'Boys, we've come over here to clean up dirty old Europe.' Probably he referred to the sanitation of French villages. The phrase carried far on the tongue of gossip — but, go on!"

"We did not like the job," I continued. "Maybe it was not as disagreeable a job for us as for you, but it was disagreeable enough. Growing up to our opportunities at home was more in our line than war in Europe. Some of our mothers were not interested in having their sons killed for Alsace-Lorraine, adding Mesopotamia to the British Empire, or solving the Adriatic problem when Fiume is so far from Iowa. After the War we did not ask for anything except what we fought for, which was to make sure that humanity should not be drawn into another mess. The way to prevent this was to remove the causes — secret treaties, racial animosities, great armies and the like.

"So we wanted to set up all the races comfortably in apartments of their own in that Temple of Peace. But you have just mentioned the conflict of architects and contractors, each building without regard to the general plan — while everybody expected us to pay the bills. Some of our people began to think that there was no changing those Europeans and that the temple was an impossible dream; others, that we were being drawn into permanent liability instead of taking out an insurance policy; others, that if it were to be a case of every nation for itself, the United States would better follow suit as it was in a position to look after itself quite comfortably — and our President was sick — and our Senate,—— "

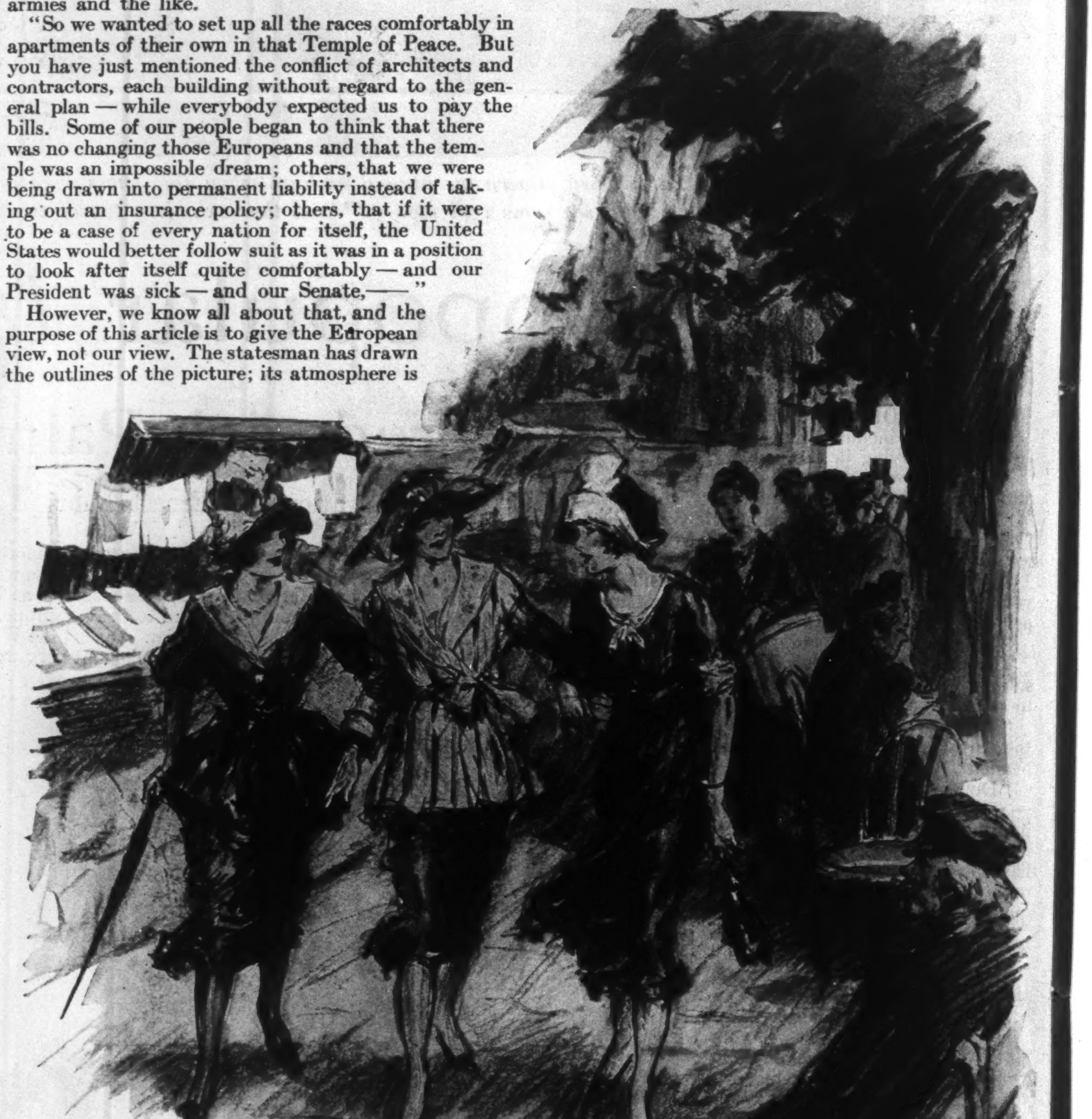
However, we know all about that, and the purpose of this article is to give the European view, not our view. The statesman has drawn the outlines of the picture; its atmosphere is reaction from war propaganda. During the War patriotism required that you believe that all that you read from allied sources was true. Revelations after the War — in the new world left by the War — disinclined people to believe in anything they read. Our old English lady did not believe that the Declaration of Independence was true; some people at home are accused of acting as if they thought that the Constitution of the United States was war propaganda.

For the purpose of keeping up its spirits, each ally had been propagandized with accounts of the heroic efforts and sacrifices of the others; no noble ally must think that there was a single human defect in any other ally; every man, woman and child of every ally was the good child of the story book. It was all too sugary and saintly. It was the emotion of a revival — there was bound to be back-sliding. After the War each people went in for a real spree of human nature and to let the poison out of its system. Sick of hearing of the virtues of the others, each people thought of their own virtues, wrongs and sacrifices and that their part was unappreciated by the others.

"Who killed cockrobin?"

"I, on the Izonzo!" said the Italian; "I, on the Marne and at Verdun!" said the Frenchman; "I, with my navy and on the Somme!" said the Englishman; and "I!" cried the Belgian, the Serb, the Roumanian and the Greek. All will be erecting monuments and writing books to prove it for many generations to come.

"America lost only fifty thousand dead," said Europe, as the French thought [*Continued on page 36*]



*"If you haven't all the money," said a Frenchman, "then why is there no more silver in circulation? You Americans have it. Our fool women are spending it for American silk stockings"*

# The Wanderer of the Wasteland

## In Which a Young Man Discovers Life

### by Zane Grey

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

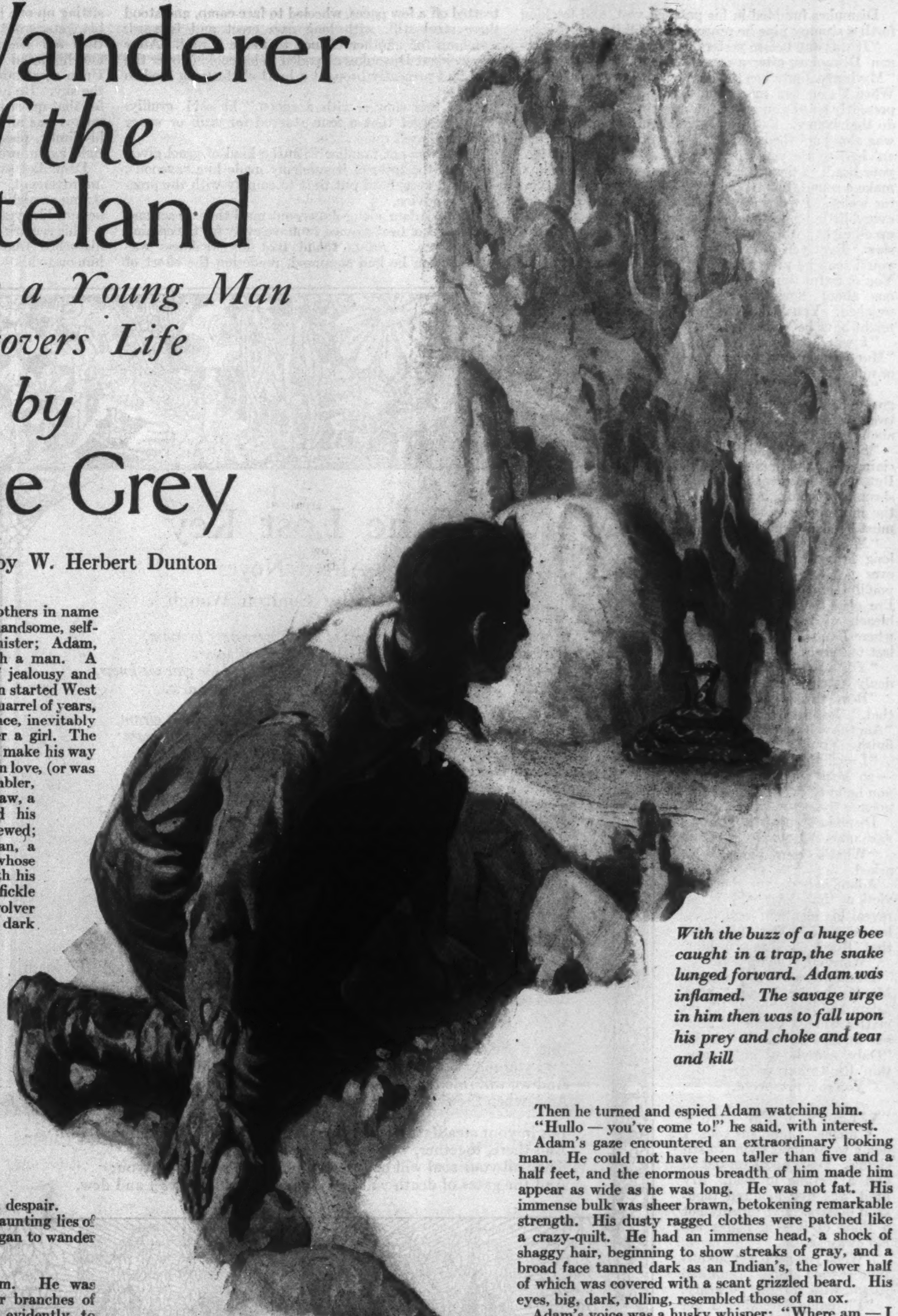
GUERD and Adam Larey were brothers in name only. Guerd, the elder, was handsome, selfish, domineering, dissolute, sinister; Adam, strong, pure-minded, every inch a man. A mother's love held in check the fires of jealousy and hatred until she died. The brothers then started West in search of fortune but the smouldering quarrel of years, without the mother's restraining influence, inevitably burst into flame. Ostensibly it was over a girl. The brothers separated, Adam determined to make his way alone. And he was happy, working hard, in love, (or was it infatuation?) when Guerd, now a gambler, and his companions, among them Collishaw, a sheriff of doubtful reputation, crossed his path. Inevitably the feud was renewed; again the ostensible cause was a woman, a black-eyed, passionate Mexican girl whose eyes were all for Adam, until Guerd, with his way with women, came and won her fickle fancy. In the fight that followed a revolver barked, Guerd fell away from Adam; a dark crimson spot stained his white shirt.

"Dead, by God, you'll hang for this!" was the threat of Collishaw, the sheriff.

But Adam, alive to his danger, hurled his revolver in Collishaw's face and escaped in the confusion. There followed days of flight, a narrow escape from his pursuers and then — the desert. Among the sand dunes, all but exhausted physically, his mentality unhinged from hunger and thirst, Adam dragged his weary way. Thoughts about water possessed his mind; he saw beautiful lakes which he could never find, he heard sounds of falling rain, of gurgling brooks.

"God has — forsaken me!" he cried in despair.

Lastly, as sight failed him and these haunting lies of moving water deadened in his ears, he began to wander in a circle.



*With the buzz of a huge bee caught in a trap, the snake lunged forward. Adam was inflamed. The savage urge in him then was to fall upon his prey and choke and tear and kill*

CONSCIOUSNESS returned to Adam. He was lying under an iron-wood tree, over branches of which a canvas had been stretched, evidently to shade him from the sun. The day appeared to be far spent.

His head seemed to have been relieved of a hot metal band; his tongue was no longer bursting in his mouth; the boil of his blood had subsided.

Then he heard the rough voice of a man talking to animals, apparently burros. Adam endeavored to rise upon his elbow. Movement of body was difficult and somewhat painful; however, he managed to sit up and look around. Some one had made camp under this iron-wood tree. Hide-covered boxes and pack-saddles, with duffel and utensils of a prospector, were littered about, and conspicuous among the articles near him were three large canvas-covered canteens, still wet. Upon the smouldering embers of a camp-fire steamed a black iron pot. A little beyond the fire stood a very short, broad man, back turned; and he was evidently feeding choice morsels of some kind to five eager and jealous burros.

"Spoiled — every darn one of you!" he was saying, and the kindness of his voice belied its roughness. "Why, I used to have burros that could lick labels off tin cans an' call it a square meal."

Then he turned and espied Adam watching him.

"Hullo — you've come to!" he said, with interest.

Adam's gaze encountered an extraordinary looking man. He could not have been taller than five and a half feet, and the enormous breadth of him made him appear as wide as he was long. He was not fat. His immense bulk was sheer brawn, betokening remarkable strength. His dusty ragged clothes were patched like a crazy-quilt. He had an immense head, a shock of shaggy hair, beginning to show streaks of gray, and a broad face tanned dark as an Indian's, the lower half of which was covered with a scant grizzled beard. His eyes, big, dark, rolling, resembled those of an ox.

Adam's voice was a husky whisper: "Where am — I — Who are you?"

"Young man, my name's Dismukes," came the reply, "an' you're ninety miles from anywhere — an' alive, which's more than I'd bet on yesterday."

The words brought Adam a shock of memory. Out there the desert smoked, sweltering in the spent heat of the setting sun. Slowly Adam lay back upon the blanket and bundle that had been placed under him for a bed. The man sat down on one of the hide-covered boxes, fastening his great eyes upon Adam.

"Am I — all right?" whispered Adam.

"Yes, but it was a close shave," replied the other.

"You said — something about yesterday. Tell me."

Dismukes fumbled in his patched vest, and fetching forth a stumpy pipe he proceeded to fill it.

"It was day before yesterday I run across you," began Dismukes, after a comfortable pull at his pipe. "My burro Jinny has the best eyes of the pack outfit. When I seen her ears go up I got to lookin' hard an' presently spied you staggerin' in a circle. I'd seen men do that before. Sometimes you'd run an' again you'd wag along an' then you'd fall an' crawl. I caught you an' had to tie you with my rope. You were out of your head. I thought you were done for. You couldn't make a sound, but all the same I knew you were ravin' for water. I fed you water a spoonful at a time, an' every little while I emptied a canteen over you. Was up all night with you that night. You recovered awful slow. I got you to swallow some soft grub, an' I guess you'll soon be pretty good. You'll be weak, though. You're awful thin. I'm curious about how much you weighed. You look as if you might have been a husky lad."

"I was," whispered Adam. "Hundred and eighty-five — or ninety."

"So I thought. You'll not go over one hundred an' twenty now. You've lost about seventy pounds."

"Seventy — pounds!" exclaimed Adam, incredulously. But when he glanced at his shrunken hands he believed the incomprehensible fact. "I must be skin — and bones."

"Mostly bones. But they're long heavy bones an' if you ever get any flesh on them you'll be a darned big man. I'm glad they're not goin' to bleach white on the desert, where I've seen so many these last ten years."

"You saved my life?" suddenly queried Adam.

"Boy, there's no doubt of that," returned the other. "Another hour would have finished you."

"I — I thank you. . . But — so help me God — I wish you hadn't," whispered Adam, poignantly.

Dismukes spent a strange gaze upon Adam.

"What's your name?" he asked.

Adam halted over the conviction that he could never reveal his identity; and there leaped to his lips the name that Regan had given him.

"Wansfell," he replied.

Dismukes averted his gaze. Manifestly he divined that Adam had lied. "Well, it's no matter what a man calls himself in this country," he said. "Only everybody an' everythin' has to have a name."

"You're a prospector?"

"YES. But I'm more a miner. I hunt for gold. I don't waste time tryin' to sell claims. Years ago I set out to find a fortune in gold. My limit was five hundred thousand dollars. I've already got a third of it — in banks an' hid away safe."

"When you get it — your fortune — what then?" inquired Adam, with thrilling curiosity.

"I'll enjoy life when I get it. I have no ties — no people. Then I'll see the world," replied the prospector, in deep and sonorous voice.

A wonderful passion radiated from him. Adam saw a quiver run over the huge frame, and felt the man's strangeness, his intelligence, and the inflexible will and fiery spirit. How strange men were!

At this juncture the prospector was compelled to drive the burros out of camp. They had come right up to poke noses in boxes and bags. Dismukes made a ferocious show of anger, roaring at them, and throwing rocks, but it was manifest that he threw to miss and that the burros knew he would not hurt them. They trotted off a few paces, wheeled to face camp, and stood there stock-still, with long ears erect and forward, watching for another chance to make a raid. After this incident Dismukes attended to his cooking over the fire; and presently brought a bowl of steaming food to Adam.

"Eat this slow — with a spoon," he said, gruffly. "Never forget that a man starved for grub or water can kill himself quick."

Adam was not familiar with the kind of gruel given him, but the taste of it suddenly made him ravenous, so that he was hard put to it to comply with the prospector's advice.

During Adam's long-drawn-out meal the sun set and the mantel of heat seemed to move away for the coming of shadows. Adam found that his weakness was greater than he had supposed, rendering the effort of sitting up one he was glad to end. He lay back on the blankets, wanting to think over his situation rather than fall asleep, but he found himself very drowsy, and his mind vaguely wandered until it was a blank. Upon awakening he saw the first gray of dawn arch the sky. He felt better, almost like his old self, except for that queer sensation of thinness and lightness. Dismukes was already astir. Adam got up and stretched his limbs, pleased to find that he appeared to be all right again, except for a little dizziness.

Dismukes evinced gladness at the fact of Adam's improvement. "Good!" he exclaimed. "You'd be strong enough to ride a burro to-day. But it's goin' to be hot, like yesterday. We'd better not risk travelin'."

This remark of Dismukes about the riding of a burro disturbed Adam. The kindly prospector meant to take him on to his destination. Impossible! Adam had fled to the desert to hide, and the desert must hide him, alive or dead. The old thick clamoring emotions knocked at his heart.

"Wansfell, you'll not be goin' to Yuma with me tomorrow," asserted Dismukes, quietly.

The words startled Adam. He dropped his head. "No — no! Thank you — I won't — I can't go," he replied, trembling. The sound of his voice agitated him further.

"Boy, tell me or not, just as you please. But I'm a man you can trust."

The kindness and a nameless power invested in this speech broke down what little restraint remained with Adam.

"I — I can't go. . . I'm an outcast. . . I must hide — hide in the — desert," burst out Adam, covering his face with his hands.

"Was that why you came to the desert?"

"Yes — yes."

"But boy, you came without a canteen or grub or burro or gun — or anythin'. In all my years on the desert I never saw the like of that before. An' only a miracle saved your life. That miracle was Jinny's eyes. She saw you — miles off. An' such luck won't be yours twice. Only death faces you! . . . How did it happen that I found you here alone — without anythin'?"

"No time — I — I had to run!" panted Adam.

"What'd you do? — Don't be afraid to tell me. The desert is a place for secrets. You're not vicious. You're no — but never mind — tell me without wastin' more words. Maybe I can help you."

"No one can — help me," cried Adam.

"That's not so," quickly spoke up Dismukes, his voice deep and rolling. "Some one can help you — an' maybe it's me."

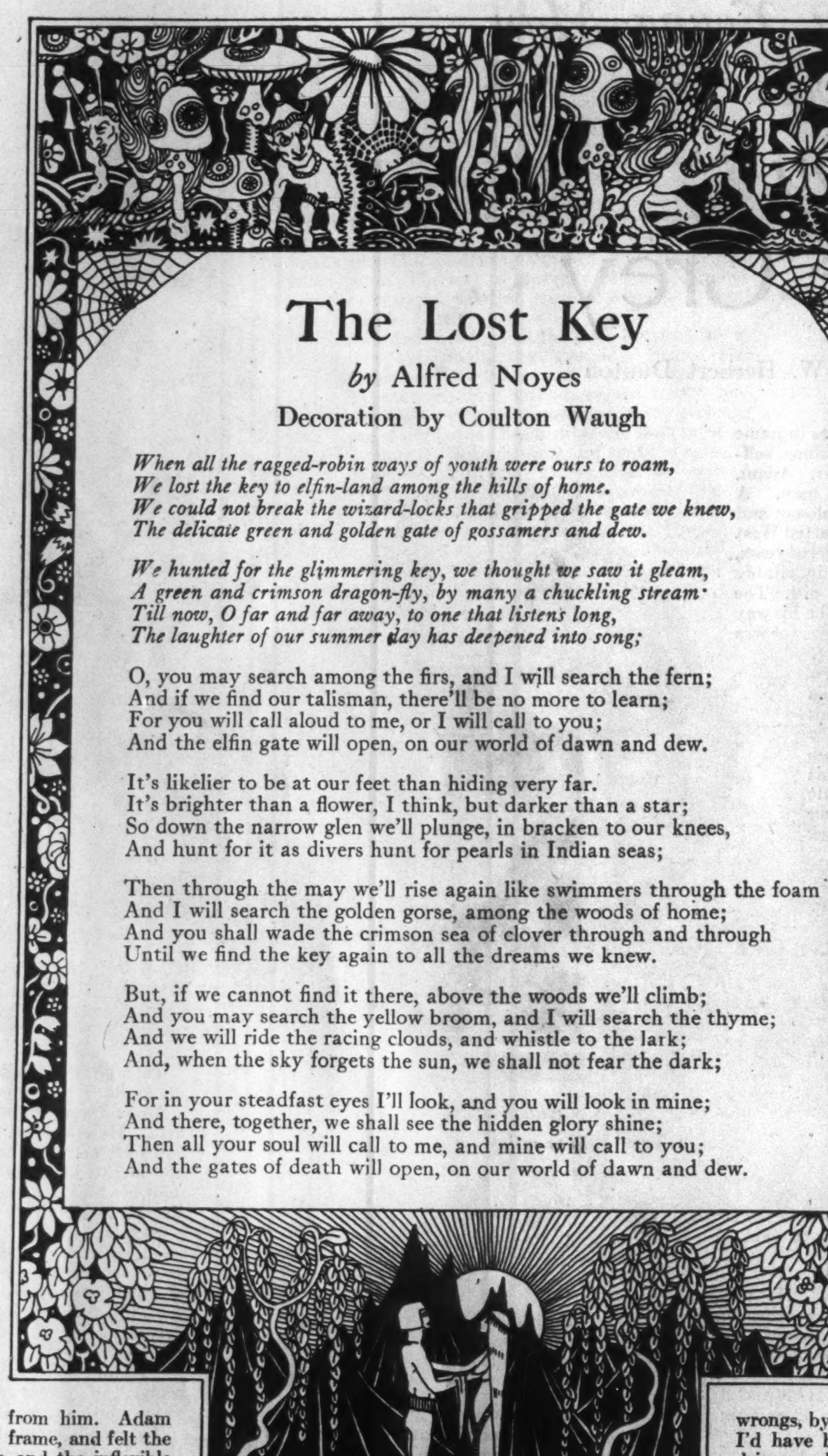
Here Adam completely broke down. "I — I did — something — awful!"

"No crime, boy — say it was no crime," earnestly returned the prospector.

"O my God! Yes — yes! It was — a crime!" sobbed Adam, shuddering. "But man — I swear — horrible as it was — I'm innocent! I swear that. Believe me. . . . I was driven — driven by wrongs, by hate, by taunts. If I'd stood them longer I'd have been a white-livered coward. But I was driven and half-drunk."

"Well — Well!" ejaculated Dismukes, shaking his shaggy head. "It's bad. But I believe you an' you needn't tell me any more. Life is hell! I was young once. . . An' now you've got to hide away from men to live on the desert — to be one of us wanderers of the wasteland?"

"Yes. I must hide. And I want — I need to live



# The Lost Key

*by* Alfred Noyes

Decoration by Coulton Waugh

*When all the ragged-robin ways of youth were ours to roam,*
*We lost the key to elfin-land among the hills of home.*
*We could not break the wizard-locks that gripped the gate we knew,*
*The delicate green and golden gate of gossamers and dew.*

*We hunted for the glimmering key, we thought we saw it gleam,*
*A green and crimson dragon-fly, by many a chuckling stream·*
*Till now, O far and far away, to one that listens long,*
*The laughter of our summer day has deepened into song;*

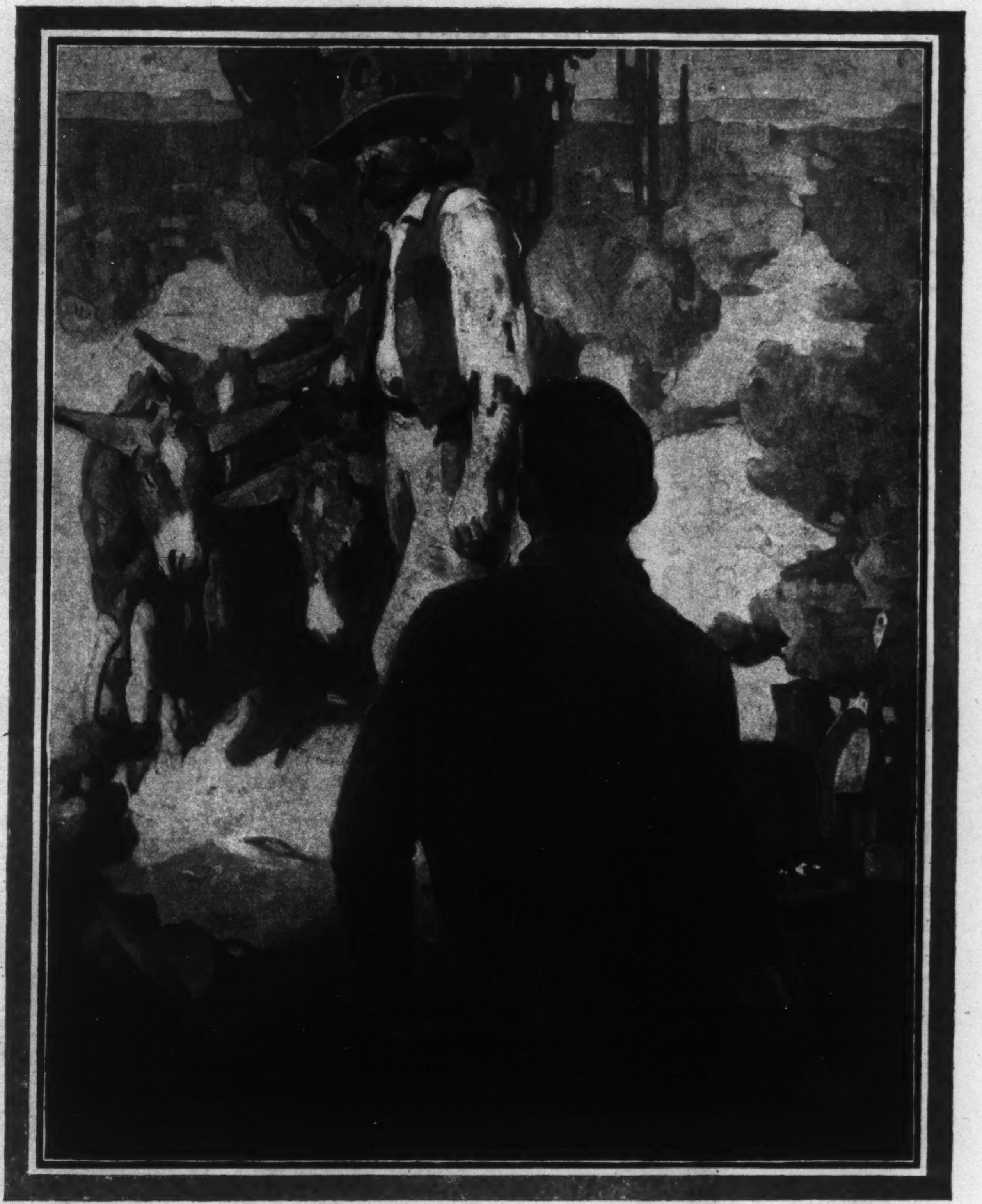
O, you may search among the firs, and I will search the fern;
And if we find our talisman, there'll be no more to learn;
For you will call aloud to me, or I will call to you;
And the elfin gate will open, on our world of dawn and dew.

It's likelier to be at our feet than hiding very far.
It's brighter than a flower, I think, but darker than a star;
So down the narrow glen we'll plunge, in bracken to our knees,
And hunt for it as divers hunt for pearls in Indian seas;

Then through the may we'll rise again like swimmers through the foam
And I will search the golden gorse, among the woods of home;
And you shall wade the crimson sea of clover through and through
Until we find the key again to all the dreams we knew.

But, if we cannot find it there, above the woods we'll climb;
And you may search the yellow broom, and I will search the thyme;
And we will ride the racing clouds, and whistle to the lark;
And, when the sky forgets the sun, we shall not fear the dark;

For in your steadfast eyes I'll look, and you will look in mine;
And there, together, we shall see the hidden glory shine;
Then all your soul will call to me, and mine will call to you;
And the gates of death will open, on our world of dawn and dew.



*Adam's voice was a husky whisper: "Where am — I — Who are you?" "My name's Dismukes," came the reply, "an' you're ninety miles from anywhere — an' alive, which's more than I'd bet on yesterday"*

— to suffer — to atone!" sobbed Adam.

"Boy, do you believe in God?" asked the prospector.

"I don't know. I think so," replied Adam, lifting his head, and striving for composure. "My mother was religious. But my father was not. And he dominated our family."

"Well — well, if you believed in God your case would not be hopeless. But some men — a few out of the many wanderers — find God out here in these wilds. Maybe you will. . . Can you tell me what you think you want to do?"

"Oh — to go alone — into the loneliest place — to live there for years — forever," replied Adam, with passion.

"Alone? That is my way. An' I understand how you feel — what you need. Are you goin' to hunt gold?"

"No — no."

"Have you any money?"

"YES. More than I'll ever need. I'd like to throw it all away—or give it to you. But it—it was my mother's. . . . And I promised her I'd not squander it — that I'd try to save —— "

"Boy, never mind — an' I don't want your money," interrupted Dismukes. "An' don't do any fool trick with it. You'll need it to buy outfits. You can always trust Indians to go to the freightin' posts for you. But never let any white men in this desert know you got money. That's a hard comparison, but it's justified."

"I'm already sick with the love men have for money," said Adam, bitterly.

"An' now to figure out an' make good all that brag of mine," went on Dismukes, reflectively. "I'll need only two days' grub to get to Yuma. There's one sure water-hole. I can give you one of my canteens, an' Jinny, the burro that saved your life. She's tricky, but a blamed good burro. An' by makin' up enough bread I can spare my oven. So, I guess I can outfit you good enough for you to reach a canyon up here to the west where Indians live. I know them. They're good. You can stay with them until the hot weather passes."

"But you mustn't let me have all your outfit," protested Adam.

"I'm not. It's only the grub an' one burro."

"Won't you run a risk — with only two days' rations?"

"Wansfell, every move you can make on this desert is a risk. Learn that right off. But I'm sure. I'm what they call a desert rat."

"You're most kind," said Adam, choking up again, "to help a stranger — this way."

"Boy, I don't call that help," declared Dismukes. "That's just doin' for a man as I'd want to be done by. When I talked about help I meant somethin' else."

"What? God knows I need it. I'll be grateful. I'll do as you tell me," replied Adam, with a strange thrill stirring in him.

"You are a boy — no matter if you're bigger than most men. You've got the mind of a boy. What a damn pity you've got to do this hidin' game!" Under strong feeling the prospector got up, and emptying his pipe he began to take short strides to and fro in the limited shade cast by the iron-wood tree. Presently he turned to Adam and the great ox eyes burned intensely. "Wansfell, if you were a man, I'd never feel the way I do. But you're only a youngster — you're not bad — you've had bad luck — an' for you I can break my rule — an' I'll do it if you're in earnest. I've never talked about the desert — about its secrets — what it's taught me. But I'll tell you what the desert is — how it'll be your salvation — how to be a wanderer of the wasteland is to be strong, free, happy — if you are honest, if you're big enough for it."

"Dismukes, I swear I'm honest — and I'll be big, by God, or I'll die trying," declared Adam, passionately.

The prospector gave Adam a long steady stare, a strange gaze such as must have read his soul.

"Wansfell, if you can live on the desert you will eventually grow like it," he said, solemnly, as if he were pronouncing a benediction.

Adam gathered from this speech that Dismukes meant to unbosom himself of many secrets of this wonderful wasteland. Evidently, however, the prospector was not then ready to talk further. With thoughtful mien and plodding gait he resumed his short walk to and fro.

The hot day closed without Adam ever venturing out of the shade of the tree. Once or twice he had put his hand in a sunny spot to feel the heat, and it had burned. The sun set in the dull leaden pall, and all during twilight the heat veils rose from the desert. At length a breeze stirred the leaves and with it came some semblance of coolness. Dismukes threw pieces of dead iron-wood on the camp-fire. The night mantled down with its intense silence, all-embracing, and the stars began to glow white. As Dismukes sat down near Adam in the glow of the camp-fire it was manifest from the absence of his pipe, and the penetrating, possession-taking power of his eyes, that he was under the dominance of a singular passion.

"Wansfell," he began, in low deep voice, "it took me many years to learn how to live on the desert. I had the strength an' the vitality of ten ordinary men. Many times in those desperate years was I close to death from thirst — from starvation — from poison water — from sickness — from bad men — and last though not least — from loneliness. If I had met a man like myself, as I am now, I might have been spared a hell of sufferin'. I did meet desert men who could have helped me. But they passed me by. The desert locks men's lips. I've opened mine for you because I want to do by you as I'd have liked to be done by. An' because I see somethin' in you.

"Men crawl over the desert like ants whose nests have been destroyed an' who have become separated from each other," went on Dismukes. "They all know the lure of the desert. Each man has his own idea of why the desert claims him. Mine was gold — mine *is* gold — so that some day I can travel over the world, rich an' free, an' see life. Another man's will be the need to hide — or the longin' to forget — or the call of adventure — or hate of the world — or love of a woman. Another class is that of bad men. Robbers, murderers. They are many. [*Continued on page 51*]

## *A Short Story That Really Lives Up to the Term Unusual*

# The Caburé Feather

### by Vicente Blasco Ibañez

Illustrations by Lee Conrey

MORALES was going to fire his Mauser again when his friend Jaramillo, who was sighting his rifle from a kneeling position a few yards away, yelled at the top of his voice to make himself heard above the deafening rattle of the musketry volleys.

"Don't shoot! What would be the use? You can't kill him. That man has a *payé* of great power."

They had landed about midnight near the city wharf. Two river tugs had ferried them across the Paraná. There were more than a hundred of them, a resolute band recruited in Paraguay and the wild Chaco territory, nearly all natives of the state of Corrientes who had gone into exile after some unsuccessful political venture or an affair of the heart which made a change of residence expedient. Mingled with these rebellious sons of Corrientes went a few born fighters, men of the type who love danger for its own sake, a small group of genuine adventurers who prowled around the outlying provinces of the Argentine Republic ready to rush wherever there was the slightest possibility of an uprising against the constituted authorities.

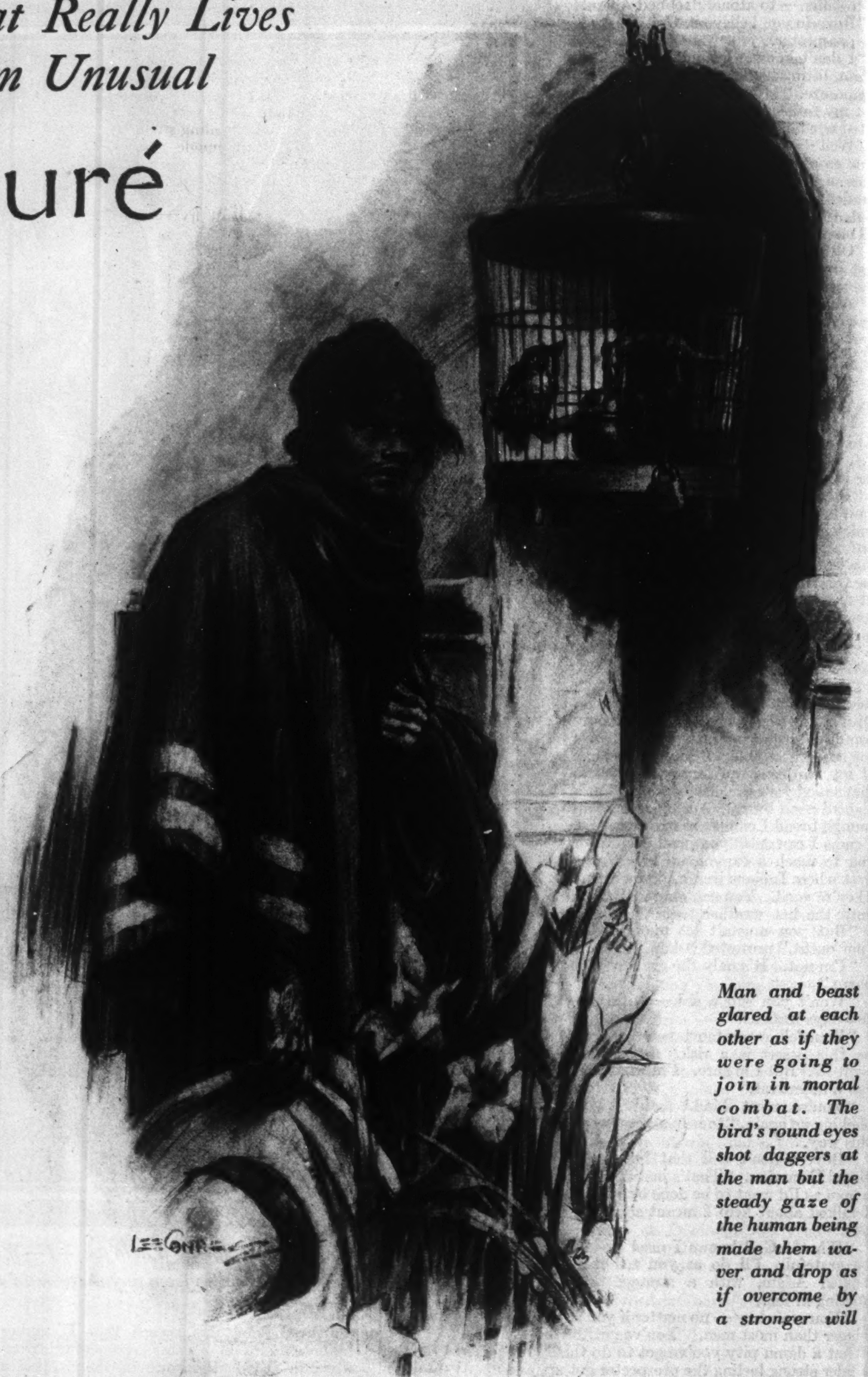
Counting on the incredible audacity of their coup and the shock that their political adversaries were going to receive, they advanced boldly over the streets which converged on the police barracks, marching rapidly, with the confidence of men who tread on familiar ground. The peaceful citizens who were sitting in front of their homes enjoying the cool night air, beat a hasty retreat, realizing the import of this sudden irruption of armed men.

Hardly had the landing party come within pistol-shot of police headquarters, when the doors of the barracks were closed and barred and the guard opened fire on the invaders through the windows. The coup had failed! The enemy had been neither shocked nor surprised. But despite this, the rebels did not think for one moment of fleeing. Just because the attack had failed to surprise the police there was no good reason why they should deprive themselves of the pleasure of exchanging a few shots with the hated adversary.

"Hurrah for Dr. Sepulveda!" they shouted vociferously. "Down with the usurping government!"

And having relieved their feelings vocally and expressed their opinion about the character of the established government, they fell back in small groups, took positions in the street corners which faced the square where the police station was located, and began to return the enemy's fire with their Mausers.

A police officer, a stout, dark man, exposed himself in one of the windows with amazing coolness. He would raise his arm and empty his revolver, meanwhile volleying the rebels with an uninterrupted flow of vile language.



*Man and beast glared at each other as if they were going to join in mortal combat. The bird's round eyes shot daggers at the man but the steady gaze of the human being made them waver and drop as if overcome by a stronger will*

"Scoundrels! *Canallas!* Sons of a — barrel! Dogs!" And as soon as he discharged the contents of one revolver, he would change his position and open fire with another, his body filling the entire window-frame and offering an easy target to the assailants. Occasionally he would disappear to reload his weapons, returning almost immediately to continue the fight.

The majority of the rebels seemed to have forgotten the political motive that had brought them there, the "usurping government" and the necessity of capturing the police barracks. Their whole attention was centered on that fat, dark man who insulted them and who took absolutely no precaution to save his own skin. Bullets flew all around him but not a single one seemed to hit the mark.

"Don't waste your cartridges, brother," continued Jaramillo with a fatalistic air. "That man has a talisman, a *payé*, which makes him invulnerable. He is safe from bullets; the devil himself is not safer. Hum, I should not be surprised if he carries a *caburé* feather around his neck."

Morales ceased firing. He had absolute faith in the wisdom of his comrade. Moreover, since his childhood, he had always known the power of a *caburé* feather.

"Down with Sepulveda!"

Reinforcements were advancing to support the loyal troops. Shots were now heard in the bottom of the streets. Having recovered from the surprise of the first rush, the government forces had now sized up the situation and were moving very rapidly to relieve the barracks.

"It's all over. We have to retreat," said Jaramillo. And the two friends ran back to the wharf, ducking to escape the bullets with which their enemies were speeding them away. The rest of the band held their ground defending themselves stubbornly.

They reached the waterfront in time to see one of the tugs fast disappearing in the darkness and making its escape up the river, while the other was beginning to cast off. This treachery did not surprise Jaramillo.

"What can you expect from these foreigners, *gringoes*, without political faith, men who don't belong to our party! . . . They shouldn't have trusted those two Italian captains." But he and Morales, with the nimbleness of men bred in the jungle, leaped into the black void and landed on the deck of the fleeing boat. An inch or two more, and they would have plunged into the dark alligator-infested waters.

"May God have mercy on the brave brothers left behind!" sighed Jaramillo.

When the lights of the port began to fade in the distance, Jaramillo, considering himself safe, began to criticize the unsuccessful attack.

"Who ever thought of starting a revolution at midnight when everybody is wide-awake and full of fight? Why, it's absurd. One could pull off a revolution at midnight in a cold climate where people go to bed early. Not here; certainly not. One o'clock in the afternoon—that's the hour for us!"

His hearers nodded their approval.

"During the *siesta,*" Jaramillo went on, "we could have come in and no one would have seen us. It would have been as safe as taking a walk in the cemetery. We could have surprised the *cuartél* and killed the guard. I bet the guard would have been snoring in the shade." After a pause, he continued philosophically. "It is madness to risk a revolution at night in a country like ours. We ought to remember what happens in the jungle."

His audience, composed almost entirely of men bred in the jungle, gave new signs of approval. And Jaramillo proceeded. "When the sun is overhead and the heat stifling, the jungle sleeps without a shudder or a throb; it sleeps with the appalling silence of the grave. At nightfall, the life of the jungle stirs again; insects buzz, birds flap their wings, quadrupeds stretch their legs, and as the shadows grow thicker, all the animals make preparations to attack or defend themselves, to devour or be devoured. With the coolness of the night, the jungle becomes alive once more and its adventures and tragedies continue."

MORALES admired the eloquence and the deep and varied knowledge of his friend. Jaramillo was the son of a wizard and had inherited many of his father's secrets.

"Sometimes," Jaramillo continued with studied oratorical effect, "the night life of the jungle is suddenly paralyzed by a long pause of awesome silence. A terrible hunter is out, prowling through the jungle,—the jaguar, the American tiger, with large, round spots on his coat, whom the Guarani Indians have nicknamed 'the Lord'. Occasionally, however, the silence is caused by something more terrible. A shrill cry pierces the darkness, a fearful screech which makes all those who hear it shudder. This terrible cry is uttered by a bird no larger than my fist, a sort of owlet. All the animals that fly, run or crawl seem to tremble when they hear this screech."

Morales had never been fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of the small and powerful bird, the despot of the jungle; but the fame of this dreaded flier had been a familiar thing to him from early childhood. Two were its weapons: a bill stronger than the best tempered steel and a most devilish cunning. Where its weapon struck, a breach was opened. It always aimed at the head of its enemy, bored through the skull to the brain and sucked the soft mass before its victim could escape. No skull was hard enough to withstand the repeated blows of its drill-like beak. It attacked the wild bull and the tiger and it tackled the tough-skinned alligator despite the armor-like covering which gave it the appearance of an iron-clad.

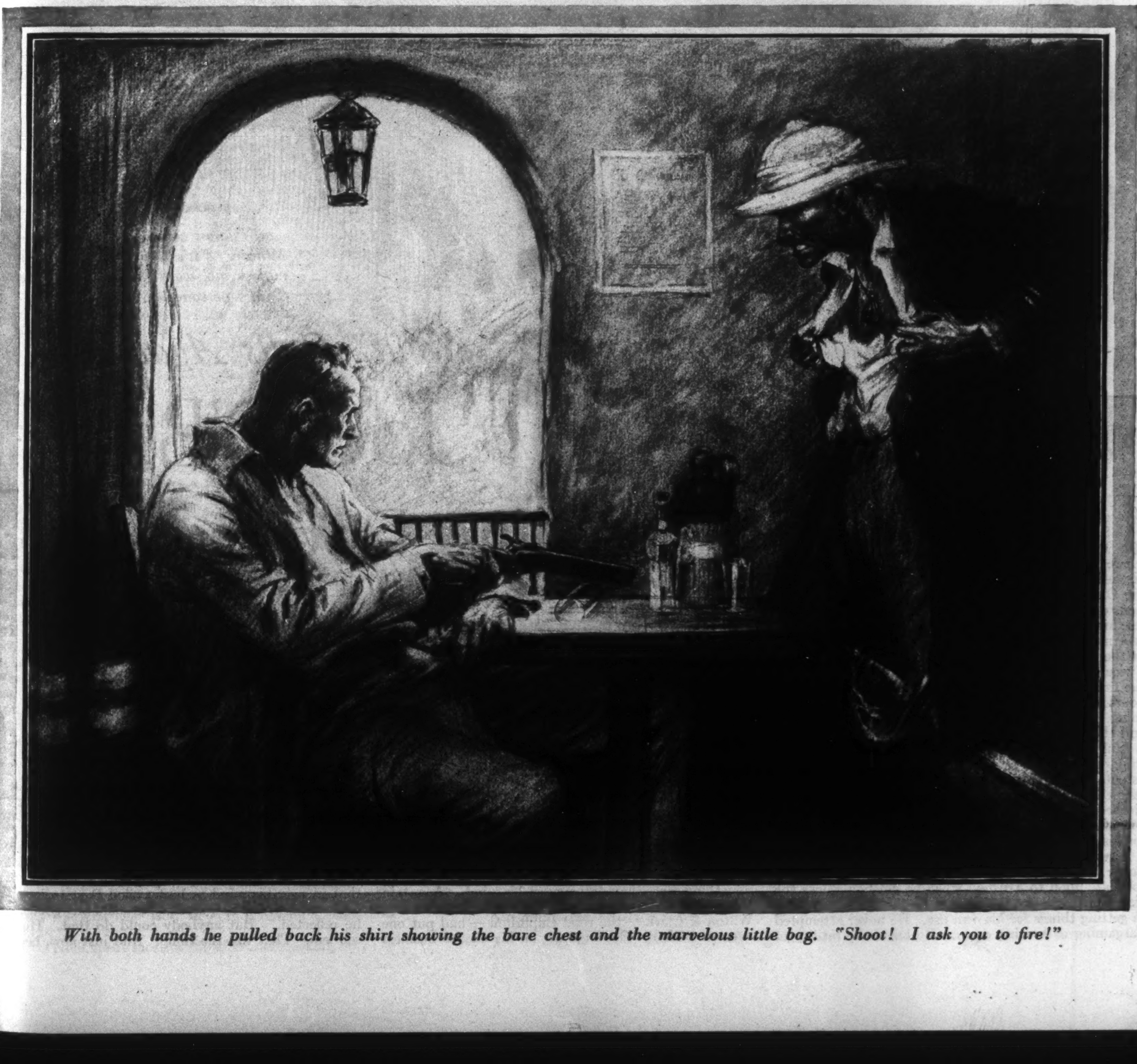
This diminutive fowl of devilish cunning was the *caburé.*

Morales and Jaramillo owed their names and a few drops of European blood to the Spanish conquerors who had come to their country centuries before; but, in reality, they were two Guarani half-breeds, short in stature, nimble, apparently weak-limbed but possessing amazing powers of endurance to resist fatigue and privations. United by a fraternal friendship, they went to work together on a new railway which the *gringoes* were building in their province.

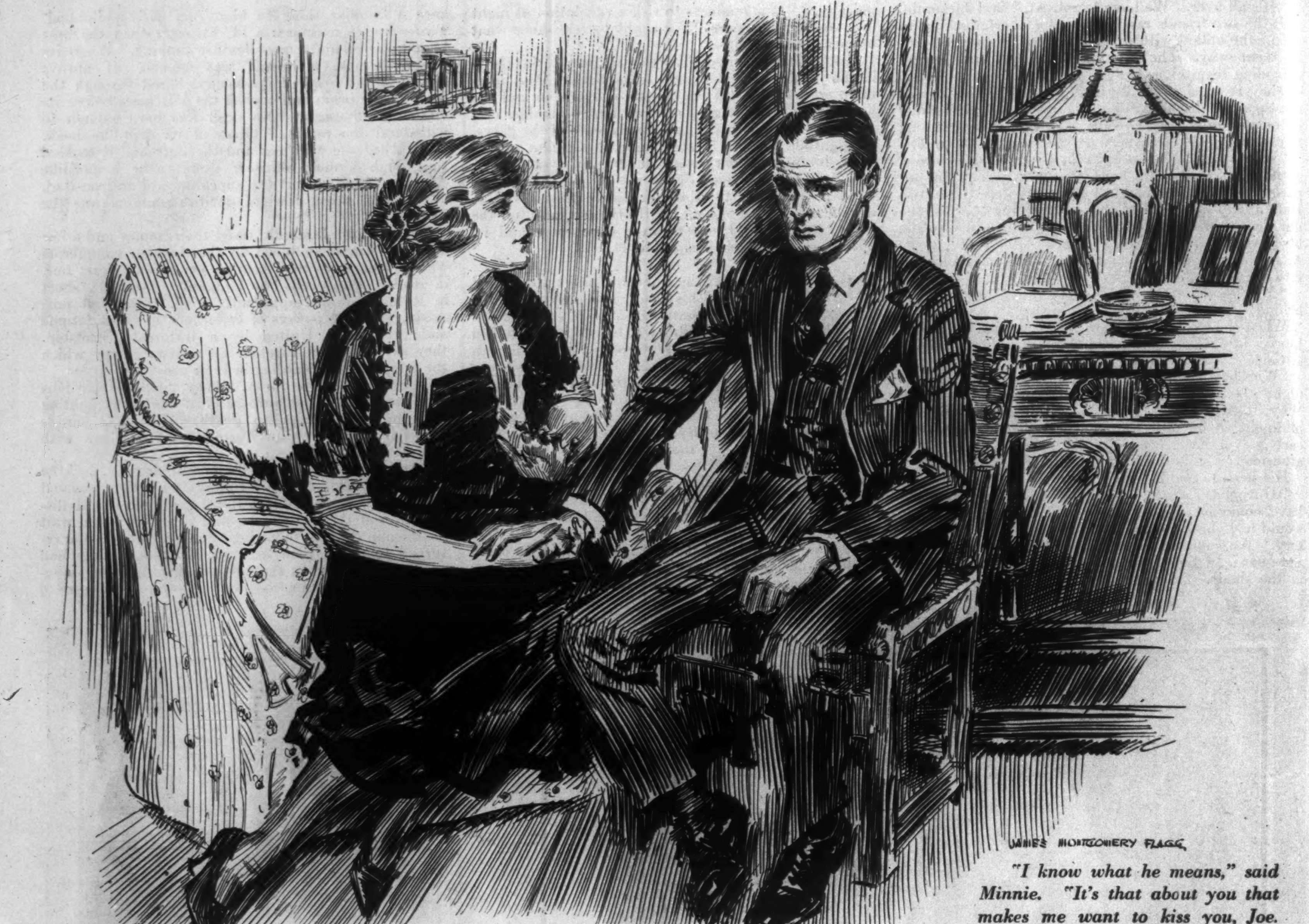
They worked like furies. They tackled their jobs with the vim and set purpose of men who are fighting their mortal enemies to death. The gang bosses recently imported from Europe watched them with sincere admiration.

"And people say that the Indians are lazy . . . " the foreman mused. But on Saturdays, when they received their weekly wages, Morales and Jaramillo would disappear, and their employers and admirers would wait for them in vain the following Monday. They never returned to renew their accursed work until they had spent the last cent in the taverns, drinking and dancing to the tune of an accordion.

[*Continued on page 60*]



*With both hands he pulled back his shirt showing the bare chest and the marvelous little bag. "Shoot! I ask you to fire!"*



*"I know what he means," said Minnie. "It's that about you that makes me want to kiss you, Joe. That's personality."*

## *The Author of "Skinner's Dress Suit" Calls Again*

# The Ladies *and* Joe O'Brien

### *by* Henry Irving Dodge

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

JUST how Joe O'Brien, salesman in ordinary in Squires' hat store on Broadway in the forties, where he had entrenched himself in the good graces of the Old Man and the affections of Minnie, the Old Man's daughter, happened to lose his job came about in this way. O'Neill, of O'Neill & Arnstein, general department store at Big Falls out in the Northwest, came to New York to buy goods. Twice a year, O'Neill came East to look things over for the firm. It was his habit on such occasions to spend hours walking up and down the Avenue taking in anything from rugs to rubies in the great shop-windows, and the little shop-windows, as well, for being a successful merchant O'Neill despised not the day of small things. Although the breezy man from the Northwest ostentatiously affected to despise the effete East, he fancied above all things the natty set of New York clothes — something no Big Falls tailor could get. Therefore, on aforesaid occasions, O'Neill also bought for his own wear, hats and other articles of raiment.

It was quite notorious that O'Neill was a shrewd buyer for the firm. But what he took pride in, loved to dilate upon to Arnstein when he got home, was the way he used to put things over on the New York guys in getting things for his own use. He never attempted bargaining or beating down. He knew the futility of such a thing in the one-price shops on the Avenue and Broadway. O'Neill had a trick that was worth two of that. If he saw a thing in a shop window that tempted him, he didn't purchase at the price marked thereon. Instead, he got the maker's name, looked up the jobber who handled the goods, and got the thing for half-price — for the Big Falls merchant knew everybody worth knowing in the wholesale district. To be sure, O'Neill wasted much valuable time chasing a few dollars. But with him it wasn't so much the value of the pelt, as it was the joy of the hunt. And childish was the delight he took in it.

On the occasion relating to Joe O'Brien's losing his job at Squires' on Broadway in the forties, O'Neill had something more than ordinary on his mind. A certain thing had happened out in Big Falls. Specifically, Wilton & Clark — the rival emporium — had put one over on O'Neill. One morning on his way to business he had noticed a crowd staring in the show-windows of his rival. O'Neill stopped and stared. What he beheld was a window-dresser, a stranger, and clearly a fellow of infinite magic, his touch transforming the dreary mass of articles into a picture more than artistic. It was bizarre — compelling. The crowd watched and waited expectantly as the stranger worked, even as the audience at a vaudeville show watches the operations of a chalk and blackboard artist, who, by deftly filling out the jowls and eliminating the hair from the roof, transforms a Woodrow Wilson into a William Jennings Bryan. O'Neill glanced down the street. Nobody was looking into the windows of his store.

O'Neill was not a man to jump to conclusions. He would wait a bit. But, presently, decreasing sales in certain of his own departments convinced him that the magic of the aforesaid ingenious window-artist was effective.

Morning, noon and night O'Neill studied, pondered, schemed to beat those trade-diverting show-windows. It became an obsession with him. It was the one thing that was on his mind as he traveled East to look the field over and buy new stock. He could buy goods, yes, he reflected. But anybody could do that. How to sell 'em. That was the thing. And just now, because of those show-windows, Wilton & Clark were beating him to it. The idea of importing an artist to dress up his own store-windows was out of the question, too imitative. The man who merely imitates — plays second fiddle — is not a dangerous rival, he reflected. Above all things, O'Neill loved a battle of wits. He must do something original, unique — worthy of O'Neill.

Where competition is keen, there ideas flourish. That's why O'Neill came to the crowded metropolis a bit earlier than was his custom. Being up against it, the Big Falls man haunted the Avenue and Broadway looking for an idea. Then he searched the byways and hedges of the great town where small shops obtained, the birthplace of ideas that eventually come into splendid fruition on the Avenue or Broadway. So far, O'Neill had found nothing available. He was disappointed. And with O'Neill, to be disappointed meant to be grouchy. Therefore, one morning the man from Big Falls was in a more or less bellicose mood when he went over to Broadway, first to pursue the joyous game of putting one over on some New York guy and second to get a natty hat that might set the sports of Big Falls by the ears.

When O'Neill came to Squires' up in the forties, he stopped short. There was a wonderful hat in the window. O'Neill fell in love with it on sight. And, oh joy, it was marked twelve dollars. Surely the game of getting that hat for six dollars at the jobber's was worth while.

As the Big Falls man stepped into the store he swept the place with practised, ever-on-the-alert-for-a-suggestion eyes. But there was nothing unusual about the place. Just an every-day hat store. That was all. The salesmen were a drab, colorless lot with Brooklyn and the Bronx written all over them. O'Neill looked all around, then paused. "By golly," he thought, "I guess that feller at the desk knows me. And that's a pretty girl he's talking to."

It was Joe O'Brien O'Neill was looking at. Joe was standing at the cashier's desk talking in a rich musical undertone to Minnie Squires, the Old Man's daughter. Just then Minnie indicated with her eyes the unattended customer and Joe came forward with a grin of welcome. Being a true Irishman O'Neill noted first of all Joe's athletic build, not bulky, trim, just enough above medium height to be graceful. The young man stood out from the colorless lot like a lighthouse on a hill. O'Neill also noted the red hair of the young fellow, the fine teeth, and the sunny Irish eyes that acted on the man far from home like a fraternity grip. Later he noted that Joe had freckles on the back of his neck, without which no redheaded man is complete; and the fact endeared him to O'Neill.

As the Big Falls man followed Joe down the length of the store his eyes rested admiringly on Joe's athletic shoulders. "By golly," he thought, "this fellow could hand you a wallop; a good one. And he could hand it to you so quick you wouldn't know he was doin' it you'd be that groggy."

Just what kind of a wallop Joe O'Brien could hand to make one instantaneously groggy, and whether aforesaid wallop would be physical or psychological, the unsuspecting O'Neill did not at the moment realize. But he did realize it twenty minutes later when he came out into the glare of Broadway again wearing a wonderful hat — not the wonderful hat that had first caught his eyes and lured him into the place, not the one whose price, twelve dollars, had stimulated him to the game of putting one over on a New York guy, but something totally different from anything he'd ever put on his head. And O'Neill had given up eighteen hard dollars for that same — nothing off.

It took some time for O'Neill to realize what had happened to him. As he looked into the heavens and saw the same old friendly sun, the same sun he had known in Big Falls, he brushed the cobwebs from his brain and marveled. "What's the matter with you, O'Neill? How comes it that redheaded feller made you pay three times as much as you ever paid for a hat in your life? By golly, but that was salesmanship." He stopped in front of a Childs' restaurant window and gazed at his reflection therein while pretending to wonder at the prestidigitorial skill of the man who was flopping pancakes. "By golly, O'Neill, it looks better on you than any hat you ever had. You're a different man in it."

O'Neill spent most of the afternoon looking in shop-windows, seeing but not perceiving, for against every rug or beautiful piece of furniture behind the glass was the reflection of a very becoming hat and a very good-looking man underneath. But no matter how often O'Neill looked at the aforesaid reflection, no matter what the satisfaction with which he regarded it, there was sure to obtrude through the picture the letter S with two vertical bars and the number 18, the same suggesting to the supersophisticated man from Big Falls that he had been taken in — properly done. But O'Neill was a good sport. So the resentment he felt at having permitted anybody to put one over on him immediately gave place to admiration for the fellow who had done the "putting," and a desire to analyze said fellow's method and store it away in his, O'Neill's, stock of experience for use out in Big Falls. He kept remembering Joe O'Brien — Joe O'Brien with the red hair and the grin of welcome and the freckles on the back of his neck, and he wondered which of these it was that had hypnotized him. Suddenly O'Neill halted. He grinned. "Whoopee! I've got it!" he cried. "By golly, I've got it!"

O'Neill hurried to the Commodore, called up Squires' hat store in the forties and asked for Joe O'Brien. "Hello. Is this you, O'Brien? This is O'Neill from Big Falls that got a hat there this forenoon — and paid eighteen dollars for it. Will you come over to the Commodore on your way home? No, nothing wrong with the hat. But I'd like to have you tell me how you got the eighteen. Dine with me to-night. Good. Seven-thirty. So long." O'Neill hung up, chuckling as he did so.

O'Neill was not only a good business man, but he was a good politician. So he gave Joe O'Brien the dinner of his life that evening and encouraged the young man to talk about himself. "I'm lonesome," said he. "I want somebody to talk to me. Tell me all about yourself, O'Brien."

"You mean my business experience?" said Joe, much flattered.

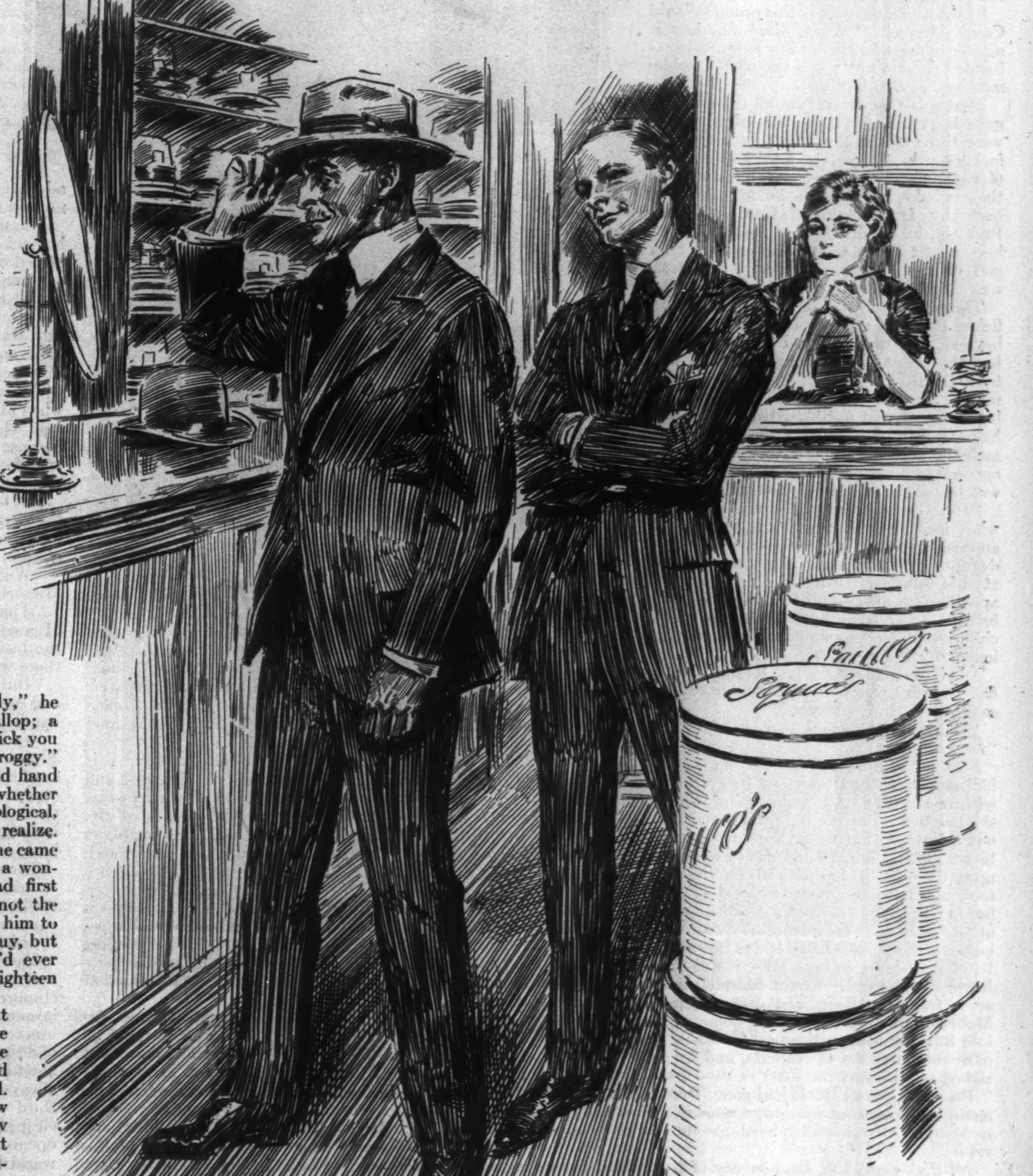
"No. Tell me about your life in the great city here. I suppose you grew up in it?"

"I did, praise God," said Joe, and then quickly, "but that's no reflection on Big Falls, Mr. O'Neill."

O'Neill nodded understandingly.

Joe loved New York. He told the man from the prairies of his adventures along the docks on the West Side when he was a little boy, how the little tadpoles —

[*Continued on page 73*]

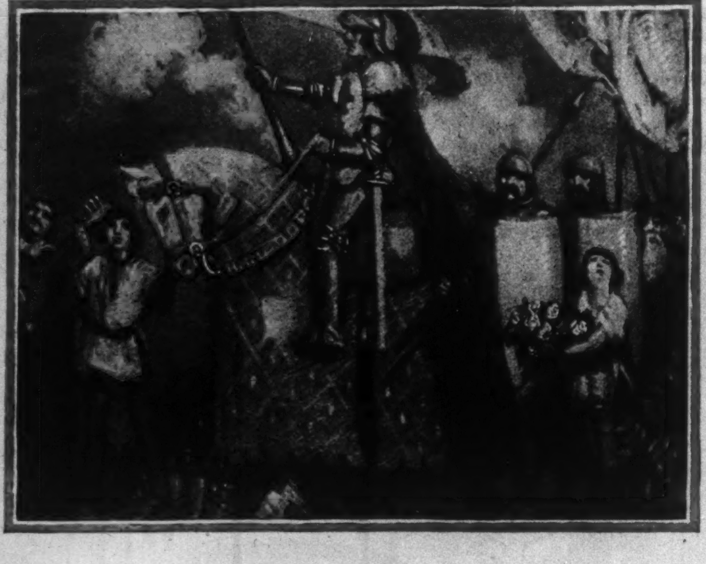


*Was it Joe O'Brien's red hair or his beguiling smile that hypnotized O'Neill into parting with eighteen hard dollars for a hat?*

# The Hair *of* Melicent

## *by* James Branch Cabell

Illustration by Arthur E. Becher



THEY of Poictesme narrate that in the old days Count Manuel performed many notable exploits and wedded his true love and lived happily ever afterward. They tell also how he opened a window, at his fine home at Bellegarde on a fine summer morning, to confront an outlook more perturbing than his experienced eyes had yet lighted on.

So he regarded it for a while. Considerately Dom Manuel made experiments with three windows in this Room of Sesphra, and found how, in so far as his senses could be trusted, the matter stood. Thereafter, as became an intelligent person, he went back to his writing-table, and set about signing the requisitions and warrants and other papers which Ruric, the clerk, had left there.

"I will think no more of this prodigy," said Count Manuel. "What, after all, does it matter to me, who am not any longer a vagabond champion but a well-thought-of nobleman well settled in life?"

That was easy saying: yet all the while his gaze kept lifting to the windows. There were three of them, set side by side, each facing south. They were of thick clear glass, of a sort whose manufacture is a lost art, for these windows had been among the spoils brought back by Duke Asmund from ancient raidings of Philistia, in which country these windows had once been a part of the temple of Sesphra, an immemorial god of the Philistines. For this reason the room was called the Room of Sesphra.

Through these windows Count Manuel saw familiar fields, the long avenue of poplars and the rising hills beyond. All was as it had been yesterday, and as all had been since, two years ago, Count Manuel laid siege to Bellegarde, and took the castle, and severed Asmund's head from Asmund's body. All was as it had been, except that until yesterday Dom Manuel's table had stood by the farthest window. He could not remember that until to-day this window had ever been opened, because with the years' advance Count Manuel was becoming susceptible to draughts.

"It is certainly very curious," Dom Manuel said, when he had finished with his papers. He was again approaching the very curious window when his small daughter Melicent, long afterward a famous lady, but at this time a child of four, came noisily, and in an appallingly soiled condition, to molest him. She had bright beauty later, but at four she was one of those children whom human powers cannot keep clean for longer than four minutes.

Dom Manuel kept for her especial delectation a small flat paddle upon his writing-table, and this he now caught up.

"Out of the room with you, little pest!" he blustered, "for I am busy."

So the child, as was her custom, ran back into the hallway, and stood there, no longer in the room, but with one small foot thrust beyond the door-sill, while she laughed up at her big father, and derisively stuck out a tiny red tongue at the famed overlord of Poictesme. Then Dom Manuel, as was his custom, got down upon the floor to slap with his paddle at the intruding foot, and Melicent squealed with delight, and pulled back her foot in time to dodge the paddle, and thrust out the other foot beyond the sill and tried to withdraw that, too, before it was spanked. So it was they gave over a quarter of an hour to rioting, and so it was that grave young Ruric found them. Count Manuel rather sheepishly arose from the floor, and dusted himself, and sent Melicent into the buttery for some sugar cakes. He told Ruric what were the most favorable terms he could offer the burgesses of Narenta, and he gave Ruric the signed requisitions.

Presently, when Ruric had gone, Dom Manuel went again to the farthest window, opened it, and looked out once more. He shook his head, as one who gives up a riddle.

All that week, too, the memory of it troubled Dom Manuel, in the back of his mind, while he was busied in the pursuit of Othmar and Othmar's brigands in the Taunenfels: and so soon as Dom Manuel had captured and hanged the last squad of knaves, Dom Manuel rode home and looked out of the window, to find matters unchanged.

He meditated, and sounded the gong for Ruric. Dom Manuel talked with the clerk about this and that. Presently Dom Manuel said: "But one stifles here. Open that window."

The clerk obeyed. Manuel at the writing-table watched him. But in opening the window the clerk necessarily stood with his back toward Count Manuel, and when Ruric turned, the face of Ruric was impassive.

Dom Manuel, playing with the jeweled chain of office about his neck, considered Ruric's face. Then Manuel said: "That is all. You may go."

But Count Manuel's heart was troubled. "For it is likely," he reflected, "that I am out of my wits, and that what I seem to see from that window is a delusion. I must keep careful watch over myself, lest my wife be disturbed and the household upset and the neighbors started gossiping. Nevertheless, I shall also watch Ruric, my young clerk."

THIS Manuel did. He noted that in the afternoon Ruric went often into the Room of Sesphra when nobody else was there. "Now it must be he is peeping out of that window," Manuel reflected, "and is puzzling, as I puzzled, over what is to be seen from that window."

The next morning, in broad daylight, Manuel detected Ruric carrying into the Room of Sesphra, of all things, a lantern. The count waited a while, then went into the room. It was empty. Count Manuel sat down, and drummed with his fingers upon the top of his writing-table.

"Once," he reflected, "I would not have lured any dark and prim-voiced young fellow into attempting this adventure, but would have essayed it myself post-haste. Well, but I have other duties now; and people would talk if they saw a well-thought-of nobleman well settled in life climbing out of his own windows, and there is simply no telling what my wife would think of it."

After a while the third window was opened. Ruric the clerk climbed over the sill.

"You are braver than I," Count Manuel said, "it may be. It is certain you are younger."

The clerk turned, startled. His hands went to his smooth chin, clutching it. His face was white as a leper's face, and his eyes now were wild and glittering, and his head was drawn low between his shoulders, so that he seemed a hunchback as he confronted his master. Another queer thing Manuel noticed, and it was that a great lock had been sheared from the left side of Ruric's black hair.

"Well, what is to be encountered yonder?" said Manuel.

"All freedom and all delight," young Ruric answered, "and all horror and all rebellion."

Then he talked for a while with Manuel. When Ruric had ended his speaking, Count Manuel laughed and spoke as became a well-thought-of nobleman. Ruric whipped out a knife and attacked his master. Count Manuel caught him by the throat, and with naked hands Dom Manuel strangled the young clerk.

"Now I have rid the world of much poison, I think," Dom Manuel said, when Ruric lay dead at Manuel's feet. "In any event, I cannot have such dangerous talk about my house. Yet I would that I had not trapped the boy into attempting this adventure, which, by rights, was my adventure. I did not use to avoid adventures."

Manuel went to his bedroom, and was clothed by his lackeys in a tunic of purple silk, and a coronet was placed on his graying head, and the trumpets sounded as Count Manuel sat down to supper. Pages in ermine served him, bringing Manuel's food upon gold dishes, and pouring red wine and white from golden beakers into Manuel's gold cup. Skilled music men played upon viols and harps and flutes while the high Count of Poictesme ate richly-seasoned food and talked sedately with his wife, Dame Niafer. They had not fared thus when Manuel herded swine and Niafer was a slave girl, and when the two had endured strange adventures because of their love for each other. For these two had once loved marvelously, and even now Count Manuel was rather fond of Niafer.

But to-night Dame Niafer was mildly fretted, because the pastry cook was young Ruric's cousin, and was, she feared, as likely as not to fling off in a huff on account of Dom Manuel's having strangled the clerk.

"Well, then, do you raise his wages," said Count Manuel.

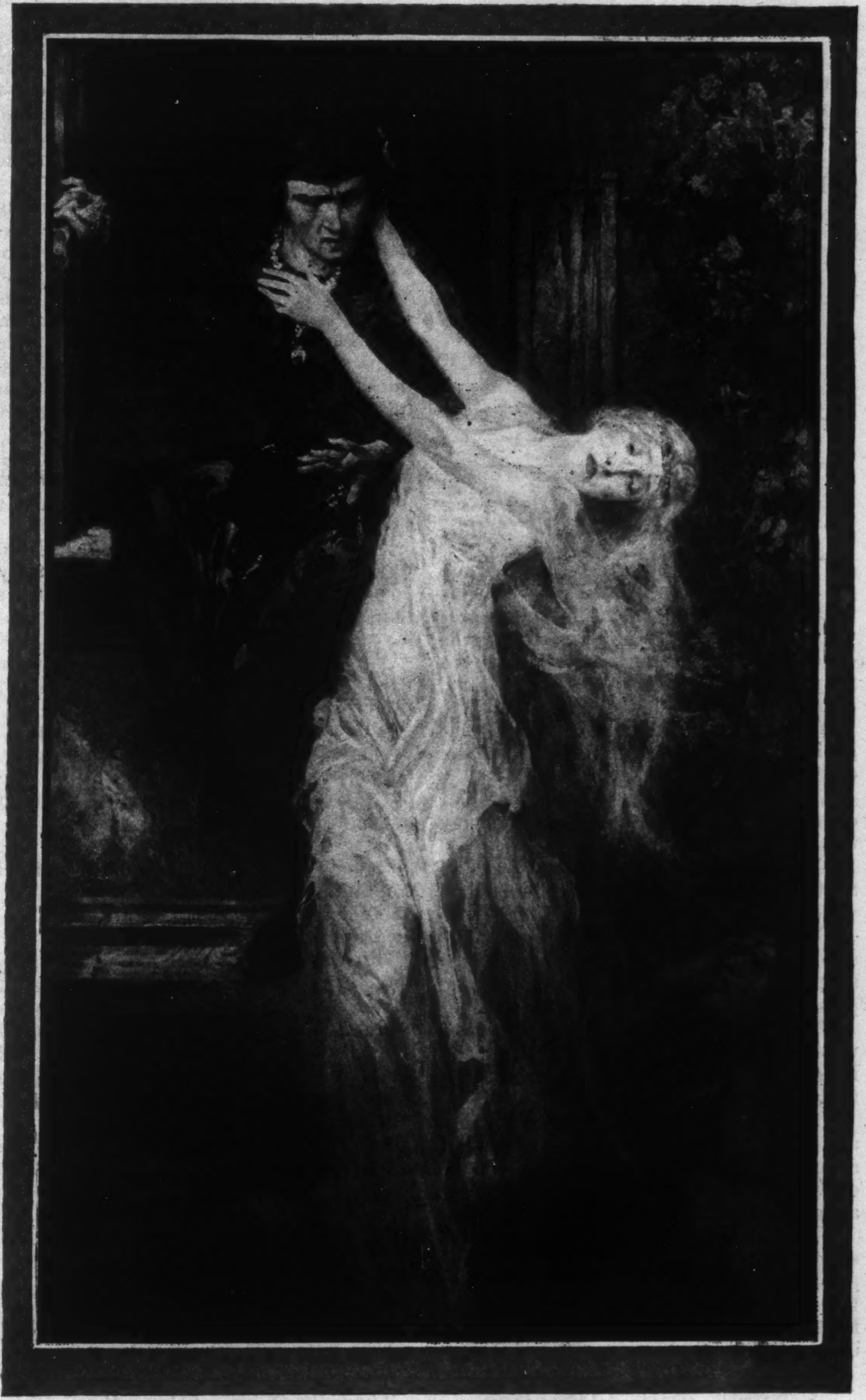
"That is easily said, and is exactly like a man. Why, Manuel, you surely know that then the meat cook and the butler, too, would be demanding more, and that there would be no end to it."

"But, my dear, the boy was talking mad blasphemy, and was for cutting my throat with a great horn-handled knife."

"Of course that was very wrong of him," said Dame Niafer, comfortably, "and not for an instant, Manuel, am I defending his conduct, as I trust you quite understand. But even so, if you had stopped for a moment to think how hard it is to replace a servant nowadays, and how unreliable is the best of them, I believe you would have seen how completely we are at their mercy."

Then she told him all about her second waiting woman, while Manuel said "Yes," and "I never heard the like," and "You were perfectly right, my dear," and so on, and all the while in the back of his mind continued to think about that very curious window.

Thereafter, Count Manuel could not long remain away from the window through which Ruric had climbed, and through which Ruric had returned insanely blaspheming. The outlook from this window was certainly curious. Through the other two windows of Sesphra, set side by side with this one, and in appearance similar to it in all respects, the view remained always unchanged, and just such as it was from the third window so long as you looked through the thick clear glass. But when the third window of Sesphra was opened, Count Manuel found, all the sunlit summer world that you had seen through the thick clear glass was gone quite away, and you looked out into a limitless gray twilight wherein not anything was certainly discernible, and the air smelt of spring. It troubled Dom Manuel to regard his prospering domains through the clear glass, and then find them vanished as soon as the third window was opened. It made him dubious about things in which, he knew, it was wisdom's part to believe implicitly.



*A crowned girl rose beside him, and clasped her lovely arms about him as she kissed him for the last time*

Now the second day after Ruric had died horribly, Count Manuel stood at the three windows, and saw in the avenue of poplars his wife, Dame Niafer, walking hand in hand with little Melicent. Niafer was still a fine figure of a woman, he reflected, with obscure surprise to find himself noticing Niafer's looks one way or the other: then Dom Manuel remembered that he was viewing Niafer through the third window of Sesphra.

He opened this window, to face gray sweetly-scented nothingness. But in the window glass, he saw the appearance of his flourishing gardens remained unchanged: and in the half of the window to his right hand were quivering poplars, and Niafer and little Melicent were smiling at him, and the child was kissing her hand to him. All about this swinging half of the window was nothingness; he, leaning out, and partly closing this half of the window, could see that behind it, too, was nothingness: it was only in the glass of Sesphra that his wife and child appeared to live and move. That tedious dear nagging woman and that priceless snub-nosed brat, then, might not be real. They might be merely happy and prosaic imaginings, hiding the night, which alone was real. To consider this possibility was troubling.

"None the less, I know that I am real, and certainly the grayness before me is real. Well, no matter what befell Ruric yonder, it must be that in this grayness there is some other being that is real and dissatisfied. I must go to seek this being, for here I become as a drugged person among sedate and comfortable dreams."

Then in the gray dusk he saw a face that was not human, and the round toothless mouth of it spoke feebly, saying, "I am Lubrican, and I come to guide you if you dare follow."

"I have always thought that 'dare' was a quaint word," said Manuel.

So he climbed out of the third window of Sesphra. When later he climbed back, a lock was sheared from the side of his graying head, and his face was grave, but it was younger looking.

NOW the tale tells that thereafter Dom Manuel was changed, and his attendants gossiped about it. His wife Dame Niafer also was moved to mild wonderment over the change in him, but did not think it very important, because there is never any accounting for what a husband will do. Besides, there were other matters to consider, for at this time the Northmen came up from the sea into the territories of King Theodoret, and besieged Megaris, and the harried king had sent messengers to Dom Manuel.

"But this is none of my affair," said Manuel, "and I begin to tire of warfare, and of catching cold by sleeping on hard-won battlefields."

"You would not take cold, as I have told you any number of times," declared Niafer, "if you did not insist on overheating yourself at the fighting. Still, you had better go."

"My dear, I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Yes, you had better go, for those Northmen are notorious pagans, and King Theodoret has at least the grace to call himself a Christian, and besides, it will give me a chance to get your rooms turned out and thoroughly cleaned."

So Manuel, as was his custom, did what Niafer thought best. Manuel summoned his vassals, and brought together his household, and without making any stir with horns and clarions came so swiftly and secretly, under cover of night, upon the heathen Northmen that never was seen such slaughter and sorrow and destruction as Dom Manuel wrought upon those tall pagans before he sat down to breakfast. The realm was thus rescued from dire peril, and Manuel was detained for a while in Megaris by the ensuing banquets and religious services and the executions of the prisoners and the nonsense of the king's sister. For this romantic and very pretty girl had set King Theodoret to pestering Manuel with magniloquent offers of what Theodoret would do and give if only the rescuer of Megaris would put aside his aging wife and marry the king's sister. Manuel laughed at him, and returned into Poictesme, with a cold in his head to be sure, but with fresh glory and much plunder and two new fiefs to his credit: and in Poictesme Dom Manuel found that his rooms had been thoroughly cleaned and set in such perfect order that he could lay hands upon none of his belongings, and that the pastry cook had left.

"It simply shows you!" said Dame Niafer, "and all I have to say is that now I hope you are satisfied."

Manuel laughed without merriment. "Everything is in a conspiracy to satisfy me in these sleek times, and it is that which chiefly plagues me."

He chucked Niafer under the chin, and told her she should be thinking of what a famous husband she had nowadays, instead of bothering about pastry cooks. Then he fell to asking little Melicent about how much she had missed Father while Father was away. And afterward he went alone into the Room of Sesphra.

Thereafter he was used to spend more and more hours in the Room of Sesphra, and the change in Count Manuel was more and more talked about. And time passed: and whether or no Count Manuel had, as some declared, contracted unholy alliances, there was no denying that all prospered with Count Manuel. But very certainly he was changed.

Now the tale tells that on the last day of September little Melicent, being in a quiet mood that time, sat with her doll in the tall chair by the third window of Sesphra while her father wrote at his big table. He was pausing between phrases to think and to bite at his thumb-nail, and he was so intent upon this letter to Pope Innocent that he did not notice the slow opening of the third window: and Melicent had been in conference with the queer small boy for some while before Dom Manuel saw them. Then Manuel seemed perturbed, and called Melicent to him, and she scrambled obediently into her father's lap.

There was silence in the Room of Sesphra. The queer small boy sat leaning back in the chair which little Melicent had just left. He sat with his legs crossed, and with his gloved hands clasping his right knee, as he looked appraisingly at Melicent. He displayed a beautiful sad face, with curled yellow hair hanging about his shoulders, and he was dressed in a vermilion silk coat: at his left side, worn like a sword, was a vast pair of shears. He wore [*Continued on page 69*]

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## This Election

**COERCION, opportunism and group selfishness are casting speculative eyes toward the ballot box.**

**Organized minorities are waiting in the candidates' anterooms, estimating the weight of their vote in terms of national disadvantage.**

**America has just demonstrated the genius to coordinate a hundred million citizens against a foreign foe.**

**These same men must now prove their capacity to protect common rights from their own fellows.**

**This election must restore to the United States the spirit of jealous democracy in which they were conceived.**

**This election must indicate our loyalty and devotion to the traditions and institutions under which we have proudly prospered.**

**This election must issue warning to unreasonableness and cupidity that the interest of the many, not the profit of the few, shall be served.**

**This election must proclaim to Mexico and to every government seeking to affront our dignity that the sword just drawn to preserve the earth for justice is as ready to answer the call of honor.**

**This election must end government by experiment and favoritism, restore Congressional authority, and change Washington from a party purse and a playground for theorists to the seat of disinterest and common sense.**

## Planets and Microbes

**IT isn't nearly so important to find life on the moon as to discover death on the earth. Science is wasting time searching planets while man is still at the mercy of undetected microbes. Expeditions to stellar space are well postponed for a few, less spectacular but far more helpful snoops through nearer places. One cornered "flu" germ is worth more to this generation than a complete map of the Lunar Canals.**

## High Cost of Loafing

**LOW production, not high wages, has debased the dollar. Money can't deliver more than it receives. Not until labor appreciates the high cost of loafing shall we properly handle the high cost of living.**

**Every hour cut from a normal working schedule proportionately increases the burden of overhead on the unit of production.**

**The interest table doesn't quit on the whistle; a forty-four hour week adds twelve per cent. to the rent account, means two hundred and eight more idle hours a year for the plant, subtracts two hundred and eight hours' annual use from factory equipment and throws a heavier tax load on a reduced output.**

**This lost time and expense must be figured, with all charges incidental to distribution, in the ultimate purchaser's sales' check.**

**No matter how much is obtained from the employer, each raise is promptly offset by absorbing readjustments in other lines. "Everybody's doing it" and nobody's benefiting.**

**We are like a lot of South Sea cannibals who, instead of increasing their yields, prefer to prey upon each other.**

**Labor declares war on capital, capital retaliates upon labor; the farmer caught between, joins the mêlée and when the battle royal is over, everybody is battered and no one is bettered.**

**Recent strikes and disorders are not passing twinges, but signals of deep-seated community misunderstandings, only to be temporarily alleviated by hasty liniments and reckless anodynes.**

**Our economic muddle will persist until enough people understand the laws of barter and appreciate that money is nothing more than a convenient symbol representing an exchange of goods and service—that when we give less goods and less service, money is worth just that much less.**

**A dollar never works harder than the man who made it.**

## The Price of Beauty

**THE exquisite adornment chiseled on medieval manors and expressed in ancient handicraft was only possible when men were cheap and clocks without a qualm of conscience.**

**Time had no value then—labor drudged from dawn to dark—the few owned all, the many nothing, and so rich and potent men could have their pick of skill and genius upon such terms as left them free to exact perfection.**

**These newer centuries may not be so captious. The world's hunger for beauty, together with the nowaday cost of satisfying it, severely limits the opportunity for possessing distinguished originals.**

**Benvenuto Cellini, in this year of our Lord, 1920, could hardly ripen his consummate art to the supreme pitch it attained in his own hour. Under our system his precocious talent would soon grow dull at a die-sinker's bench. Canny factory managers would have delivered the decoration and finishing of his pieces to rouletting machines and buffers, stamping presses would produce them in gross lots and an army of drummers scatter the replicas broadcast.**

**Bring Heppelwhite, Sheraton, the Adam Brothers back to earth and they'd probably be discovered in Grand Rapids thriftily investing their flair to best financial advantage.**

**Not that we are less sensitive to precious bits than our forebears; when all is said and done they marketed as much merchandise as contemporaneous facilities permitted. They turned out such wares as would find readiest sale at maximum profit, and because pennies were then as big as dollars, overhead was the least factor in their reckonings.**

**Equivalent wares and works could be as plentiful hereabouts if we were as cruelly wasteful of human energy and as niggardly in rewarding it.**

## King George and King Gorge

**ONE hundred and fifty years ago sundry sensitive fellow citizens kicked one George of England off the local map simply because the old gentleman insisted upon boosting the price of tea without consulting the consumer.**

**To-day King Gorge of America, with equal contempt for the opinion of the people, levies upon the incomes of some 20 million families on such a brazen scale that the late Hanoverian now looks like a cheap little pickpocket.**

**We deny government the right to tax us without representation, but we tolerate the tyranny of any private individual or concern pleased to exercise that privilege.**

**The sums we pay into the Treasury are driblets compared to the overcharges exacted by practically everybody who performs a service or who sells us a commodity. Manipulation, economically unjustified wage demands and combinations in restraint of output have lately conspired to make this country the dearest spot of its size on earth.**

**Europe is buying the bulk of her necessities from us, yet despite depreciated currency, customs dues and long haul transportation charges, folks over yonder generally pay less for food and goods than we expend.**

**But that's because they know how to handle the profiteer. They have laws against gouging—laws that are strictly enforced. Greed is not allowed to run rampant. The sale of all essentials is regulated, and the regulations are loaded with fines and imprisonment.**

**The trouble with us is we have lately lost the Boston Tea Party attitudes.**

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# Shall The Direct Primary Stand?

## *by* Henry M. Hyde

THE net result of last spring's presidential preference primaries was to make impossible the nomination of any one of the three candidates who spent most time, money and effort in contesting the primaries and who entered the Republican National Convention at Chicago with much more than a majority of the delegates pledged to support them.

Two of these candidates were discredited because they had spent so much money in their primary campaigns; the third because his primary fight had aroused so much personal bitterness and animosity that it was considered his nomination would be dangerous to party success.

Now that the conventions are over it is fair to say that the presidential preference primary — as at present operated — has few friends left. How far can the defects developed and emphasized at Chicago and San Francisco be corrected? How far are they inherent in the popular primary system?

It is certain that as a method of ascertaining the choice for President of the majority of the voters in either the Democratic or the Republican party, the primaries held last spring were an utter failure. Delegates from some states came to the Chicago convention instructed in favor of a certain candidate as the result of a primary in which less than ten per cent. of the party vote was cast. At the Republican primaries in other states much more than one hundred per cent. of the party vote was cast. That was true because wherever the so-called "open primary" is in use there is nothing to prevent Democrats, Socialists or what-not from voting at the Republican primaries and vice versa. The folly of taking the result of the primaries in such states as a true measure of party sentiment is apparent. It is likely —almost certain—to be misleading and it cannot be anything like accurate.

There was not even a pretense of ascertaining the majority will of Democratic voters at the presidential primaries. Most of the leading candidates for the Democratic nomination refused to enter the primaries. In most states Democratic voters stayed away from the primaries almost unanimously.

Several of the Republican candidates did make serious attempts to win the presidential nomination through the primaries. They canvassed state after state and spent hundreds of thousands of dollars. As already pointed out the net result was that the three leaders made their own nominations impossible.

In some of the states where the contest was closest the primary returns are especially interesting and significant.

California, for example, is a state where the "open primary" is in use. A voter may have been always affiliated with the Democratic party, he may be enrolled and registered on the voting lists of the Democratic party, yet he may go to the polls on primary day and vote the Republican ticket if he so chooses. In the same way a Republican may vote at the Democratic primary. Now, with these facts in mind, look at the results of the presidential preference primary in California.

Senator Johnson and Mr. Hoover polled between them about 590,000 votes at the Republican primary. In 1916, Mr. Hughes, Republican candidate for President, received 462,000 votes and lost the state. At the same election Senator Johnson, running for the Senate and supported, as generally reported, by many Democrats, polled 574,000 votes, which is by far the largest vote ever credited to the Republican party in the state and yet is less by 15,000 than the total vote cast at the Republican party primary of last spring. Meanwhile the Democrats, who carried the state for Wilson in 1916 with 466,000 votes, cast only about 60,000 votes at the recent presidential primary. What part, if any, did the other 400,000 Democrats play in the primary?

In Michigan the "open primary" does not nominally obtain, but primary conditions are said to be practically as free and easy as in California. No particular effort is made to keep primary voters within party lines. At the Republican presidential primaries the total vote cast last spring in Michigan was 409,000, while the Republican candidate for President in 1916 carried the state with but 337,000. The vote at the Democratic primary was 89,000, as opposed to 286,000 for Wilson in 1916. In other words, 70,000 more votes were cast at the Republican primary than were polled for the last Republican candidate for President, while 200,000 Democrats either voted at the Republican primary or stayed away from the polls. It is explained that the recent extension of woman suffrage in Michigan may have complicated, though it does not explain, these results.

Under such conditions it is perfectly possible for the radicals or the conservatives or, indeed, the bosses of both parties to combine their votes at the primary and force the nomination of a candidate who is not approved by the real members of the party whose name he bears.

In states where party lines are more or less strictly drawn at the primaries the results are different, but equally significant. At the presidential primary in Illinois the contest was hot. The state was stumped by General Wood, while Governor Lowden, as the "favorite son," was supported by most of the newspapers and political leaders. The fight was complicated and made more bitter by the struggle between Governor Lowden and Mayor Thompson for control of the state organization. The total vote cast at the Republican primary was 462,000, as compared with 1,152,594 polled for the Republican candidate for President in 1916 or forty per cent. of the normal Republican vote. Governor Lowden won the state, with 237,000 votes, which is about one-fifth of the Republican strength.

In Georgia there was a real fight at the Democratic primaries. "Tom" Watson ran against United States Senator Hoke Smith and Attorney General Palmer. Watson led in the popular vote, but under the primary law of the state — presumably arranged by politicians for their own purposes — the result is determined not by the vote cast in the state at large but by giving greater weight to the returns in certain counties. Under this so-called "county unit" system Palmer was given the Georgia delegation to San Francisco. Georgia politicians say that one-third of the popular vote of the state, properly distributed, is enough to carry the so-called popular primaries.

In Vermont the presidential preference primary touched the height of absurdity. In 1916 the combined presidential vote of the Republicans and Democrats was 63,000. Last spring the state went to the expense of printing and distributing ballots for all these thousands of voters, rented polling places in all the voting districts and paid judges and clerks to man them. And less than 6,000 voters of all parties went to the polls. General Wood led the Republican candidates with the noble total of 3,500 votes, while Mr. McAdoo stood at the head of the Democratic poll with 137 votes in his favor! At that he had twice as many as his nearest competitor.

In Wisconsin, Senator La Follette was endorsed for President by a big majority, leaving Wood, Johnson, Lowden and the rest to divide fewer than 3,500 votes among them. Yet outside Wisconsin La Follette made no contest and neither outside nor within the state was he regarded as a serious contender.

Senator Johnson is an ardent advocate of the popular primary system. Yet if one may believe charges made by Senator Johnson, himself, during the recent campaign, political bosses can manipulate presidential primaries quite as effectively as they manipulated the old-time conventions. The Johnson charges grew out of the presidential primary in Minnesota.

The Minnesota Legislature had repealed the presidential primary law and the governor had approved the repeal, but at the last moment, at the request of the candidates, it was decided to hold a primary anyway. After the returns were announced Senator Johnson charged that the state political machine had favored another candidate. The machine vote was chiefly in the cities, while he, himself, was strong among the farmers. So, with malicious intent, according to Johnson, the machine decided that the polls should be kept open but a single hour and that between six-thirty and seven-thirty in the evening. It was a convenient hour for city voters, but the most inconvenient hour possible for the farmers. It was after dark, and the country roads were deep in mud. The evening milking had to be attended to, the animals fed and the farm chores done. Consequently, many of his friends were disfranchised and in a state which cast 180,000 votes for the Republican candidate for President in 1916, fewer than 25,000 Republican voters went to the primary polls last spring.

Herbert Hoover announced that he was a candidate for the Republican nomination, and refused many offers of Democratic support. Within ten days the presidential primary was held in Michigan and the Democrats returned him at the head of the poll. In Maryland, Attorney General Palmer was the only

### . Leaders Give Their Views Through McClure's

**Senator Johnson**

*"I intend to work for a national law under which presidential preference primaries will be held in all states on the same day."*

**General Wood**

*"There is no question as to the desirability of the continuance of the preferential primaries. The primary elections in the various states should be held on the same day. The need of a uniform Federal preferential primary law is evident."*

**Herbert Hoover**

*"Presidential preference primaries should be held in all states on the same day. The national nomination conventions should be limited in choice of candidates to the men whose names have been voted on at the presidential preference primaries. The unit rule under which state delegations vote solidly should be abolished. The delegates from each district should follow the instructions of the primary in voting."*

**Nicholas Murray Butler**

*"The presidential preference primary system has failed as it was bound to fail. It is unsound in theory, unworkable in practise, and as un-American as any political device that has been suggested by anybody. This system has invited, indeed has almost compelled, huge expenditures on the part of those who have fallen victims to its solicitations, and yet it has proved nothing except that the great mass of Republican voters await with entire confidence the result of unprejudiced and untrammelled discussion by the delegates to the national convention. As a method of exaggerating the importance of small minorities this method is quite ideal."*

**Governor Lowden**

*"Primary elections must continue to be controlled by law. The old voluntary party caucus was intolerable and doubtless resulted in great fraud. The question remains as to just what the scope of the primary should be. Should it directly nominate candidates or be limited to the selection of delegates to the conventions? The true principle seems to me to be to limit direct choice of candidates to territorial divisions small enough so that voters within those divisions may have real knowledge of the candidates for whom they are asked to vote. The ordinary sized county doubtless would come within this definition. When candidates, however, are to be selected from larger political divisions I think we must go back to the principle of representative government and select delegates from primary districts small enough so that the voters may select some one they know to represent them in a convention."*

Democratic candidate to enter the primary race. It happened that there was no Palmer sentiment in that state, but under the law if he had run unopposed and half a dozen votes had been cast for him the whole Maryland delegation would have been bound to support Mr. Palmer as long as his name was before the San Francisco convention. Since no other real candidates could be persuaded to enter the primary it was found necessary to warn Mr. Palmer that, unless he withdrew, the Democratic governor of the state, who had no presidential aspirations, would be put in as a stop-gap and the vote of the state cast for him. Mr. Palmer accordingly withdrew and there were no candidates on the Democratic ticket.

Much ado was made over the capture of the Democratic primaries in that "unconquerable citadel of the Republican party, Pennsylvania, by Mr. Palmer, when in reality his victory was almost as unimportant as that of Mr. McAdoo in the Vermont primaries.

The direct primary has been characterized as a costly affair. Before the convention General Wood asked in a speech in Boston if experience had shown that the presidential primary was worth the great expenditure of money and effort which it made inevitable. He pointed out that to send one letter to each voter in the country would cost the enormous sum of $1,500,000. And how is a presidential aspirant to make any campaign at all unless he appeals to the voters at least once?

Much also was made, before the national convention, of the senatorial investigation into the money spent by candidates at the primaries. It was ascertained that about $1,200,000 was spent in behalf of one candidate, while the next highest sum, so far as the senate committee discovered, was less than half a million dollars.

These are large amounts and the public was naturally suspicious and resentful when the facts were made known. It seemed like putting up the great office of President at auction; like making the chair of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt the prize in an advertising contest, in which, on bill-boards, dead walls and in newspapers, the wild man from Borneo, the dog-faced boy and the Living Skeleton, so to say, were urging their rival claims on the attention of the public.

People recalled how only a compelling sense of duty brought Washington from the retirement of Mount Vernon. They remembered that as recently as 1892 Grover Cleveland refused to solicit the support of a single delegate to the Chicago convention and waited in silence, at Princeton, until the voice of the people had summoned him to take the nomination. And not until a dozen state Governors of his party had appealed to Theodore Roosevelt did he enter the fight in 1912.

The revulsion of the people was natural and proper, because they may not have fully recognized that presidential primaries make the expenditure of large sums of money inevitable. One cannot escape the conviction, however, that there was some hypocrisy in the goggle-eyed horror with which the senatorial investigators affected to view the disclosures. No one knows better than a United States senator that to fairly present one's claims to 30,000,000 voters scattered over half a continent costs a great deal, in the way of organization, advertising and publicity, traveling and other legitimate expenses.

That the senate does understand is proved by the fact that Senator Borah, instigator of the investigation, has introduced a bill limiting the primary expenditures of presidential candidates to $10,000 in each state, which would allow $500,000 to each candidate with which to cover the country.

One cannot but ask again how it is possible for any but a very rich man to raise such a sum without incurring obligations which are likely to affect his official actions?

The senate investigation failed to touch on another sort of expenditure inevitable in presidential primaries and which, in the aggregate, amounts to much more than the individual expenditures of the candidates. It is also something which affects the people much more directly. Here is a modest example of what is meant:

There were about 127,000 voters eligible to cast their ballots at the presidential primaries in the city of Baltimore. It took $40,000 from the public treasury — from the pockets of the people — to print and distribute the primary ballots, pay the rental of polling places and man the polls with judges and clerks in that single city. And something like 27,000 voters in all went to the polls! Multiply that $40,000 by several hundred and then ask whether the results are worth the cost.

It is the indifference of the voter, the failure of the electorate to go to the polls, which is the fundamental weakness of the primary system — exactly as it was the fundamental weakness of the old convention system. If every voter took an active and intelligent interest in the selection of candidates for office, students of political science say that either the convention or the primary system would work well. Because a majority of the voters shirk their duty the bosses found it easy to control the old nominating conventions, just as they are now finding it easy to control the primaries.

Jonathan Bourne, Jr., former United States Senator from Oregon (the political experimental farm of the nation) and an early advocate of the direct primary, believes in compelling the voter to go to the polls.

"I believe in the direct primary more strongly than ever," says Mr. Bourne. "I would extend its application by taking away from the President the power of appointing postmasters and all other officials, except members of his cabinet and a few other similar administrative officers. I would have all other officers nominated and elected by the people. But I would not stop at that.

"THERE has been too much talk about the right, the privilege of voting. Now voting is not a privilege, but a duty, about the most important duty of every citizen. Another duty is that of jury service. If a man refuses to serve on a jury or attempts to evade it, he may be fined or sent to jail by the presiding judge. The duty of voting is more fundamental. It lies at the foundation of good government. Yet there is no punishment provided for failure to vote. I favor a compulsory voting law, under which a man who fails to go to the polls shall be disfranchised, deprived of his citizenship, branded as a man without a country."

Radical as is the proposed remedy, it is not without precedents in the history of republics. A number of years ago the Argentine Republic passed a law, which is still in force, making voting compulsory on the part of every citizen. After the first failure to vote, without reasonable excuse, the delinquent's name is publicly posted and he is advertised as a citizen who does not do his duty. If he absents himself from the polls a second time he may be arrested, taken into court and fined.

At the Argentine embassy in Washington it is said that the law has had an exceedingly good effect. Before its passage a comparatively small percentage of the total vote was cast. Now it exceeds eighty per cent. of the registration. And there are always a considerable number of citizens who, because of recent change of residence, illness or some other cause, are disqualified, so that the percentage of the possible maximum is really larger than it sounds. More effective than the possible punishment is the moral effect of the law. The Argentine electorate is being educated to regard the man who fails to do his duty at the polls as a bad citizen. To stay away from the polls is to hurt one's standing in business and in society.

The brand-new republic of Jugo-Slavia has also put a compulsory voting law into effect, which provides severe penalties for failure to attend the polls.

Because in the South the primary is more important than the election, some of our southern states have led the way in making primary reforms. One of the principal faults found with the primary system is that where there are several candidates for a given office a small minority of the voters may control the nomination. For instance, if six men are running for governor, the candidate who gets twenty per cent. of the party vote may easily win, even if every man on the registration list goes to the polls. The South has revolted against this possible minority control within the party. If, in South Carolina, for instance, there are three or more candidates for the same nomination and none of them gets a majority of the votes cast at the primary, a second primary is held. All but the two leading candidates are dropped from the ballot and the nomination goes to him who gets the majority at the new primary. This, of course, doubles the expense and the demand on the time and attention of the voters. In an effort to avoid these objections Louisiana has adopted a primary system under which every voter marks on the ballot his first and second choice for each office. If no candidate has a majority of the first choice votes the second choice votes are counted and the nomination goes to him, who has in his favor the largest number of first and second choice votes.

Wishing to escape the added expense of the first plan and the complexity of the second, the new primary law of Iowa puts into effect still another scheme for nullifying the worst evils of minority control. It provides that in case no aspirant for a given office gets thirty-five per cent. of the total vote cast at the primary there shall be no nomination and the candidate shall be named by the state convention of the party.

One of the reforms most strongly urged by those who wish to make the direct primary system more effective is the adoption of the so-called "Short Ballot." At present, it is urged, no voter, however highly educated and alert, can possibly select with any degree of intelligence candidates for forty or more offices from the bewildering list of 300 or more names printed on the primary ballot. The short ballot would limit the nominations to be made at the primary to candidates for not more than five or six highly important and powerful offices. To the officials so chosen would be given the power of appointing men to fill all the minor offices. It is argued that in this way the voters would be able, by concentrating their attention, to select capable and trustworthy candidates for the controlling positions. At each succeeding primary and election these officials could be held responsible for their actions and those of their appointees. If derelict, the whole administration could be promptly turned out of office. If efficient and honest, it could be endorsed and continued in power. Control and responsibility would remain in the hands of the people, and government would become responsive to the popular will.

The short ballot has the hearty endorsement of many sincere reformers who are working, in an organized way, for its general adoption. Albert Kales, professor of law at Northwestern Univerisity, concludes his impressive volume entitled "Unpopular Government in the United States," by declaring that "the short ballot is the emancipation proclamation for our government. The faithful and complete application of the principles underlying the short ballot in our local and state governments will be as important and perhaps as difficult a step for us to achieve as was the emancipation of the slaves."

On the other hand, some sincere friends of popular government are opposed to the short ballot.

"I admit the difficulty of selecting thirty or forty candidates from the long list of names on the primary ballot," says Senator William E. Borah, "but I am not convinced that the short ballot is the proper remedy. There is too much centralized power in our government now. I do not believe in giving to half a dozen men the control of all the minor offices which are now elective. I believe in keeping the selection and removal of all public servants as nearly as possible in the hands of the people. I am inclined simply to admit the difficulty complained of and to set off against it the vastly greater evils and abuses which grew out of the old convention system."

Another suggestion is that the presidential primaries should be held on the same day in every state in the union. At present there are about twenty different presidential primary days in as many different states and the farce is prolonged for more than six months. The first is held in North Dakota in March and the last in Florida in June. In the interval there is a constant succession of crises, each state being declared "critical" and "strategic" by the candidate who wins at its primary. To hold all the primaries on the same day would at least get the agony over with more quickly. But the fixing of a national primary day by Congress would probably be unconstitutional and the chance

[*Continued on page 57*]

Another McClure Discovery

McClure's has long been noted for finding new authors. It was the first to publish the work of a number of authors whose names are household words to-day. And it is continuing that policy. A few months ago it published a story, "The Girl in the Sampan," by B. Howard Wenner, who was then practically an unknown author. Next month it will begin

"The Man, The Tiger and The Snake"

*by* Ferdinand Reyher

Mr. Reyher is not well known to magazine readers, but he will be as soon as this story is published. It is one of those stories that, beginning with the title, holds your interest throughout, commands your respect.

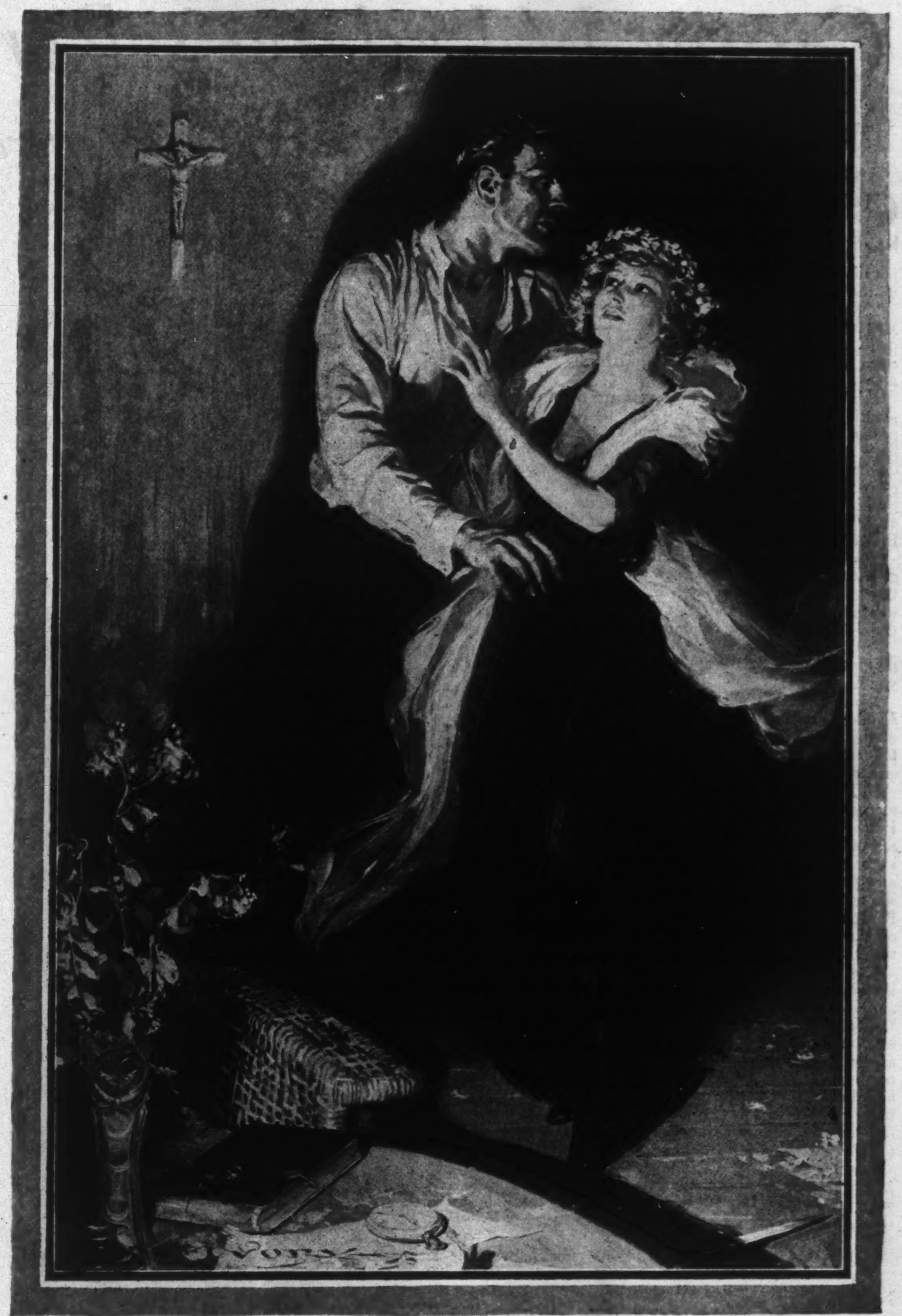
**In the October McClure's**

# *The* Shy Ghost

## *by* Harrison Rhodes

### *The Mystery in a Clergyman's Life*

**Illustration by P. V. E. Ivory**



*The knife clattered to the floor as he raised her in his arms. Marietta, his beloved Marietta, with orange flowers again starring her golden hair, had come home*

IT WAS when the Reverend Angus Fergusson's wife left him, in October, that he went to live in the little cabin in the small orange grove he had bought up the Creek Road. He answered none of the questions which the braver members of his congregation put to him. She had gone, so he told them. Whether she was coming back or not he did not know. That was all.

Many would have been ready to sympathize with him, and would have enjoyed abuse of such a flighty creature as that yellow-haired girl had been. That she was worthless they could have told her husband long ago. But there was no invitation in his manner.

If there were any sour-minded doubters in the Presbyterian Church who would have liked to hint that perhaps he might have given her good reasons for going, that her story, had they but known it, would have shown some dark mystery in the reserved Scotch clergyman's life, they were forced into silence by the worn haggardness of his face, and the new fire in his sermons. It is not often in these sluggish days that in the churches one is made to shudder with the fear of sin and its final punishment or to find one's eyes hot with tears at the thought of mercy, divine and human. Yet all that autumn and winter a fierce passionate fire flamed in the pulpit of Tomocala church, and burned slowly at the very life of its minister. He did his parish duties more conscientiously than ever perhaps. But the shutters were nailed tight on the parsonage windows, and every night Fergusson went up the lonely Creek Road to that desolate little cabin, set among orange trees, in a clearing in the pines. No one passed that way by night. There he was almost as remote from Tomocala as Tomocala was from the world. There at last he could be alone, alone with memories.

More than the village, more even than the parsonage, this cabin in the woods reminded him of Marietta. The orange grove he had bought only the winter before, when he brought this new wife south with him. And she, who had never felt at home in Tomocala, who had hated the parsonage, fled gladly with him to this woodland corner, and here was gay, put flowers in her hair, sang odd songs, half Italian, half some French *patois*, and, — that is what he remembered, — seemed, for the time at least, to love him. That winter, before the flowers came she had hung herself one day with long trailing gray moss that floated around her like some fantastic ghostly robe, and set a wreath of dark bay-leaves on her pale hair. She was always wanting to wear flowers, to hang herself with garlands. When the orange bloomed in March she went back to Tomocala one day at dusk with its white blossoms set thick like stars in the unbound masses of her shining curls — to the scandal of the village.

Now that she was gone, the minister, through solitary hours in the cabin, through nights, silent but for the sound of wood things, could think over his madness which was now ended. It had been sheer folly from the beginning, this marriage of his when he was forty, when he had already buried a good and well-loved wife, of the kind it was meant ministers of the Lord should marry.

There had been a strange half-foreign woman dying in the boarding-house in New York City where he found himself on his vacation in the north. She had no friends. She was an unexplained creature, though there had been in the house talk, which he had only partly understood, of some connection with the opera; — how intermittent and heart-breaking this poor connection must have been, he vaguely guessed. Some tawdry faded costumes and some battered opera scores had been all the unhappy creature had left when she died, with Angus Fergusson watching by her bedside; these and Marietta, an elfish thing of perhaps nineteen. The child was, it appeared, absolutely alone in the world, unless the words the dying mother had said to this strange Protestant priest who had been her friend in that last dark hour were to mean anything. If they were, Marietta was in some loose illegal meaning of the word his ward; it was his charge to keep back the world, that world of Broadway of the glaring lights which was ready, he felt, to pounce on this trembling pretty prey.

He pondered for a day on this strange new problem. Then the folly and the madness began, when he knew that he loved her. For a time he fought against it, this Indian summer heat that throbbed in his blood. And then, — more folly — he gave way before the miracle of it, he hid his eyes before the blinding light of this love that came, like some divine visitant, uninvited, indeed, not understood. This was not what had made his first marriage serene and happy. This was the madness poets dreamed of. This was something descended on him. He asked her if she would be his wife.

Her answer was, "Yes," given in a curious half-foreign accent. "Why should I not try to be your wife? I have no one. You are good. Yes, you are handsome. Has any one told you that?"

"I believe no one has." [*Continued on page 42*]

# *George W. Lederer's Reminiscences*

## *The Broadway of Yesterday*

*As set forth by*
George
Jean Nathan

*As a press agent stunt Edna Wallace Hopper disobeyed Lederer's orders on the opening night of "La Belle Hélène" and appeared in tights. She got publicity — so much of it that Lederer forgave her*

SOMETHING, I had noticed for some time, was disturbing our Lederer: a peculiar look when I asked him questions, an even more peculiar look when I gave opinions on his exploits, a look more peculiar still when the tense of my remarks was pitched in the past. Upon this look I sought enlightenment.

"Well," said our Lederer, "if you must know, it's this: you treat me like a Rip Van Winkle, like some ancestral dodo, and I don't like it! I'm not the back number you seem to think I am. I am still theatrically as young as a two-year-old."

I inserted my monocle. I performed an elaborate scrutiny of the Lederer. "Doubtless," I observed presently, "it is that cravat you wear: maroon, sky-blue and cerise compose a trying combination: yes, doubtless it is the cravat. It was that which deceived me. There — place your hand over it. Ah, excellent! I was certain. Without the cravat you look as if you were just on the point of entering Yale. Remarkable!"

Was ever a man so compactly appeased? A beatific grin spread across our Lederer's visage. He summoned the hovering *garçon* to fetch instanter a dozen kingly weeds. I perceived that the moment had come to get the fellow once again to unbelt himself.

"What do you want — what'll I talk about?" he promptly rejoined. "Anything you say — go as far as you like."

I proposed that not I, but the Lederer, go as far as *he* liked: that he vouchsafe a number of salty *chroniques* of the Broadway of bygone days: that, in a word, he tell us tales *on* the theatre folk of that era rather than the customary tales *about* them.

"I'll go you!" he cried, his hand still covering the maroon, sky-blue and cerise cravat. "Here's one on Edna Wallace Hopper. Little Edna was the greatest self-press-agent I ever had under my management. She knew more ways to get herself into the limelight than any professional press-agent I ever encountered. And she was as omnivorous of publicity as a baby is of milk. For example, on the opening night of my production of 'La Belle Hélène' Edna, unanticipated by me — since I had dressed her in skirts — calmly walked out on the stage in as daring a pair of tights as ever I laid eyes on. I was flabbergasted. I rushed back-stage and, on her exit, demanded to know what she meant by thus displaying her person. 'It'll make me and it'll help make the show, my dear, so don't worry. Wait and see the morning newspapers. They'll prove the truth of what I say.' And she was right, by hick! Edna had, before this, been appearing both on the dramatic stage and on the musical stage in long skirts, and her sudden and unexpected revelation of herself in tights provoked a lot of talk. The newspapers printed almost as much about her figure (it was, my friend, a cute one) as about the Offenbach operetta itself. And, despite my rule against wearing tights in any of my productions, I had to let her go on wearing them.

"SO FAR, so good: I tell you this story merely by way of introducing the real one. Edna wasn't content with this, to her, comparatively small dose of self-press-agency. The show hadn't been running three weeks when she was up to another — and this time a boomerang — stunt. She came to me and told me that one of her many rich admirers had presented her with a steam-yacht, that it was due to arrive in the North River the following Wednesday, that she planned to invite the principals of the company to a rechristening party and wouldn't I please see that the reporters were invited to cover the event. I told her I would see that the newspaper men were apprised of the event; I duly carried out my promise; and I waited.

"Immediately the matinée was over on Wednesday, Edna and her guests — the principals of the troupe, the reporters and a number of friends — left for the foot of One Hundred and Tenth Street, where the yacht was to anchor. Edna and her party arrived. And found to her complete chagrin and to the loud, raucous laughter of the reporters, that what her rich admirer, by way of a practical joke, had presented her with was — a coal barge!"

"Yes," I remarked, peering at the Lederer through my eye-glass, "yes — I am certain it was the cravat."

"And here's one on Rosie Witt, the famous 'Little Miss Flirt,' of 'The Belle of New York,' and one of the celebrated dancing team of Witt Sisters," pursued our friend, ostentatiously heedless of my reassurances on his unmistakable youth. "Rosie in particular was good to look at and, believe me, Rosie knew it. Oh God, how she knew it! It was her constant boast that she would marry only an Adonis. 'I am determined to be one of a perfect couple: we, my future husband and I, will set a eugenic standard for the world!' Many were the jokes cracked at the self-satisfied Rosie's expense by the other members of the company, but she wasn't phased. She stuck to her flag like a Nelson.

"Time passed, and the company was booked to sail for London on the steamship *St. Paul.* The first day out, one of the men in the company approached Rosie on deck and told her that he had laid eyes on her Fate. In other words, that there was a man on board who looked even more like a Greek god than a Greek god himself. The actor said that he would fish for an introduction to the magnificent specimen and then present him, in turn, to the eager Rosie. That evening, after dinner, the magnificent specimen and Rosie were duly introduced. Rosie was enraptured. And, as luck would have it, the magnificent specimen seemed to share Rosie's elation. They fell for each other like two tons of lead. Another day passed, and Rosie told the actor who had introduced her to her Adonis that her dream was, she hoped, about to be realized. 'I'll bet you five hundred dollars it isn't,' returned the actor. Rosie, was — to put it mildly — no spendthrift: a dollar looked as big to her as the *St. Paul* itself: but she was so confident of landing her handsome one that she took up the bet and posted the money. 'I love him madly,' she said, 'and he loves me; we shall surely be married.' Whereat the actor smiled. 'Why do you smile?' Rosie inquired. 'We shall see what we shall see,' responded the actor mysteriously.

"TWO WEEKS after 'The Belle' opened in London, Rosie proudly announced that she and her Apollo were to be married the next day at noon. She demanded that the actor declare that she had won the wager. 'The bet,' asked the actor, 'was that your dream would be realized, wasn't it?' Rosie agreed. 'Well, then, let us wait a while — a very short while — longer,' said the actor. This was on a Monday. On Wednesday, the actor — and not Rosie — collected the bet. He had seen the Adonis under a shower-bath aboard the *St. Paul.* The Adonis, Rosie's dream of the ideal eugenic mate, had a wooden leg!"

"Yes, yes," I observed, "it was the cravat: the more I look, the surer I am. Yes, yes, it was the cravat."

Our Lederer made haste to hold a flame to my cigar and bade me take a couple of the kingly weeds.

"Here's one on Charlie Frohman," he beamfully went on, the palm of his left hand still cupping the cravat. "When Klaw and Erlanger secured the manuscript of a play, they usually got Charlie Frohman's opinion of it before they produced it. Charlie was, so to speak, their play adviser. Accordingly, when the manuscript of 'Ben Hur' came into their hands, they asked his opinion of it. Frohman read it and said the thing didn't stand the ghost of a chance. Klaw and Erlanger, however, had enough faith in the play to get a production ready and, hopeful that Frohman might change his mind, urged him to see the dress rehearsal and give them his opinion of the play in actual production. Frohman came, sat through the play, and repeated that it would close in two weeks. The rest is history. 'Ben Hur' made over $2,000,000.

"But let me vary the performance and tell one on myself," continued the Lederer, scarcely pausing to suck in a breath. "If there is anything that I pride myself on, it is my talent for selecting appropriate costumes and colors for the young women under my direction. I have always felt that I know exactly what best suits a girl. In the company that I was rehearsing for 'The Belle of Bohemia' in 1901, there was a girl named Katherine Powell who annoyed me extremely by coming to me every day and suggesting colors and costumes that would, she said, suit her very much better than those I had selected for her to wear. She was a very pretty girl and I didn't want to fire her, but I couldn't stand her contradictions of me and my color and costume judgment. Finally, I told her that unless she wore what I wanted her to wear, she could pack up and clear out. 'I'll stay and wear what you tell me,' she returned, 'but I'll prove to you some day that I know a lot more about such things than you do!'

*As a chorus girl Katherine Powell failed to convince Lederer that she knew more about color and costume than he did, but nineteen years later, as a designer, she proved her case*

"Nineteen years passed and I was putting on an elaborate musical comedy. I was having some difficulty trying to get just the right costume designs — and I sent out to the various theatrical costume designers for suggestions, plates, samples, shades and bids. Four designers complied with my request. Only one gave me exactly what I wanted, exactly what I had tried to do myself and couldn't. The designs were submitted anonymously at my request, the names of the designers being in separate, sealed envelopes. I accordingly opened the accompanying envelope and learned that the successful designer was one 'Madame Arlington'. I sent for her. She was none other than Katherine Powell. The girl I had wanted to bounce from 'The Belle of Bohemia' because she thought she knew more about costumes and colors than I did had gone into the very business and, true to her word, had proved it to me.

"And here," went on the breathless Lederer, "is still another one on me. The best burlesque writer of earlier Broadway days was a man named Leonard Grover. At the height of 'The Mikado' wave, Grover was commissioned by M. B. Leavitt to write a burlesque of that comic opera for Leavitt's then celebrated Rentz-Santley company. I had the job of staging the burlesque. But when the time arrived to stage the burlesque, there was no burlesque to stage. Grover, who had been telling us how beautifully the burlesque was coming on, actually hadn't touched a finger to it. Time was short; the show was soon to open; what was to be done? Full of confidence, I jumped into the breach. 'I will write the burlesque!' I said. 'You?' Clarke howled. 'What do you know about writing burlesque?' 'Nothing,' I replied, 'but just watch your uncle Georgie.'

"The show opened and my 'burlesque' proved a hit.

"'Hit or no hit,' Clarke said to me, 'it's a hell of a burlesque. Why, you haven't changed a line of the original!'

"'True enough,' I returned, 'but you will observe that I had the sagacity to put comic putty noses on characters!'

"It was the truth. All I did was to put a green putty nose on the Mikado, a bright yellow one on Nanki-Poo, a purple one on Ko-Ko, a red one on Pooh-Bah, a striped one on Pish-Tush, a large hooked one on Nee-Ban, a squashy one on Katisha, and three brilliant pumpkin-colored ones on Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo."

"But," I interjected, "where is the joke on you? So far as I can make out, the joke was on the public."

"Not at all," responded our Lederer. "The joke was on me. The public was so fond of 'The Mikado' that it took my putty nose burlesque of it 'straight': that is, it wasn't my putty nose burlesque that the public laughed at, but the Gilbert and Sullivan thing itself. The applause that we had mistaken for my putty noses was in reality applause for 'The Mikado'. That ended my conceit as a confectioner of burlesque."

"Good," I remarked. "Now that you have thus shrewdly exercised the necessary precaution to keep the reader of this article from regarding you as an unduly vain fellow, which would alienate his sympathy, let us proceed confidently to a few more tales at the expense of other magnificoes of your day."

"There you go again, dammit!" exploded the Lederer. "There you go again with that 'your day' stuff! To hear you talk, one would think I was as much of an antique as John B. Stetson."

An aggrieved look was permitted to cross my features. "You wrong me, sir," I said at length, my voice rich with emotion. "In the words of M. Tullius Cicero, '*Cum in theatro imperiti homines, rerum annium rudes ignarique, consederant tum bella inutilia suscipiebant, tum seditiosos homines rei publicae praeficiebant, tum optime meritos cives e civitate ciciebant.*'"

"ALL right!" shouted the Lederer, "have it your own way — make me out as old as The Battle of Yorktown if you want to — but for God's sake quit talking Spanish. Here's one on Paula Edwardes, one of the best remembered of the Casino stars, a beauty in 'her day' — as your damned phrase has it — and one of the toasts of the Broadway of another time. But there comes, alas, a day when even the most dazzlingly pretty actress loses the lustre of youth and, losing it, finds difficulty in getting work. Thus, Paula Edwardes, when her youth faded, faded simultaneously from view. At least, I didn't hear of her or see her for something like twelve years. Then, one afternoon, the boy in my outer office came in and told me that there was a young girl outside who had a letter of introduction to me and wished to see me. I told him to send the girl in. There entered, with the slouchy walk affected by all the young girls of that particular time, a creature tricked out in complete cutie regalia: big, floppy hat, white baby collar, hair close to the nape of her neck and gathered with a broad black silk bow. 'What is it you wish?' I asked. 'I have a letter to you from my aunt, Miss Paula Edwardes, whom you must surely remember,' she answered, her head bowed and her face concealed by the big, floppy hat. I took the letter, and read that Paula Edwardes wanted me to give the bearer, her niece, a trial in musical comedy: 'I know this is the age of very young girls,' the note went on, 'and my niece, who is only nineteen, ought to fit into something you are doing. She has had some experience and can sing and dance very well.'

"I pretended to read the note through twice, and then told the bearer how very sorry I was that I had nothing in rehearsal, nothing scheduled at the moment — that I would, however, keep her in mind, etc., etc. She left, and my heart ached. For I had recognized her for all her elaborate cutie make-up, for all the concealment of her big, floppy hat. The 'niece' was Paula Edwardes herself. She had got herself up like a nineteen-year-old girl in order to fool me, to have me offer her work and then, when I offered it, to lift up her head from under the hat and prove to me that, since she had fooled *me*, she could equally well fool an audience. And when she saw, or felt, that I had seen through her strategem, she was too hurt to confess, and silently left me."

"A wistful tale — a touching *conte*," I noted. "You bring a tear to this old nose. Pray, professor, liven up the party with something a bit jazzy."

"Even so," responded our friend. "Here, in a different tempo, is still another one on George W. Lederer."

"The name is familiar," I observed. "I have heard you speak well of him often. Go on."

"The first experiment I ever made in the revue form — the first experiment in this form made in America — was, as you doubtless recall, 'The Passing Show'," began our mentor. "I got the idea for such a revue when I organized Hermann's Trans-Atlantique Vaudevilles in 1889. It then occurred to me that a show made up of high-class vaudeville acts deftly strung together with dialogue and chorus numbers might prove a successful novelty. I was so enthusiastic about the idea that I spent several years elaborating the plan and gradually got the revue into definite shape. That is, I got the song numbers together, worked out the dance numbers, had a travesty of 'Sowing the Wind' (one of the big dramatic successes of the day) written, got Captain Alfred Thompson to work up an half-hour act called 'Around the Operas in Thirty Minutes', hired the actors and got the scenery painted. Rehearsals went along smoothly for about three weeks when, one day, John E. Henshaw, the leading comedian, said: 'You've got everything in this show but funny lines.'

"I asked him what he meant. 'Why,' he said, 'take me! I'm supposed to be the comedian of the show, and what have I got? I've got exactly *one* comic line in the first act. How in the name of Heaven do you expect me to do anything with a lonely line?'

"'Well,' I asked, not without a touch of sarcasm, 'how many comic lines do you have to have to make an impression?'

"'At least thirty,' he replied, my sarcasm missing him completely.

"'The one line you have is satisfactory to you, you say? Would you be sufficiently satisfied with twenty-nine additional lines as good as that one line?' I asked, my sarcasm getting its second wind.

"'Sure,' he responded ingenuously.

"'Well, then,' I said, my sarcasm now getting its third wind, 'I'll tell you what you do. You say you like your one comic line. Repeat it twenty-nine times throughout the show at any time you like.'

"Imagine my surprise when, at the next day's rehearsal, Henshaw actually began to repeat his one comic line. I thought at first, that he in turn was waxing sarcastic at my expense, and I determined to call him down for his presumption. Not wishing to interrupt the act, I sat out front and watched Henshaw's antics, my choler rising as he kept on repeating the line twice — three times — four times — five times ——

"Suddenly I began to realize, on the fifth repetition of the line, that his device of constantly repeating a line that was in itself not funny, actually made it funny. By the time the second act got under way, with Henshaw still repeating the line every ten minutes, he had me laughing heartily. And when the show opened, it was Henshaw's one line repeated thirty times that went a long way toward making the revue a success. That line was 'It's a good thing; push it along.' It became the catch-word of its time, and it inaugurated the procession of so-called single gag lines in the many music shows that followed."

My hand went to my collar.

"What are you doing?" whooped Lederer.

"You have done your darndest; you have entertained us well, old cock," replied I. "As a mark of our appreciation, I am giving you *my* cravat!"

*Rosie Witt made a bet that she would marry the perfect Adonis, but lost when it was found that he had a wooden leg*

## *The Too Early Closing of a Delightful Serial*

# Rainy Week

## *by* Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

Illustration by F. R. Gruger

RAINY WEEK is a play staged as a house party and acted by the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Delville, and eight guests. The leading characters — those that pique the curiosity — are Allan John, the unexpected guest who arrived intoxicated; Ann Woltor, the woman with a past and a broken tooth, and the May Girl, May Davies. Nobody knows them — except possibly Mr. Delville. Ann Woltor, for some strange reason, wants to flee but is brought back by Mr. Delville; Allan John goes on his way, saying nothing, increasing the mystery that surrounds him. The May Girl plays at being engaged to a different man every day. Then it is discovered by chance that she is engaged to Dr. Brawne, a man twice her age. At least, he says so. The May Girl says she is not engaged but that very likely she will marry him. Does she love him? She loves everybody. And what about her history? Her father is dead: her mother eloped with a friend of Dr. Brawne—because she saw in a mirror (she was tall) that she was getting round-shouldered trying to keep down to Father's level. It wasn't Father's fault—it was just the natural male instinct of wanting to be the Everythinger himself. The May Girl also is tall; the men talk down to her. Dr. Brawne is described by her as being quite short, but his years are tall and anyway everybody wants her settled. Whom does she like best? Allan John.

On the third day (in the play) the actors, looking through a window of the Delville house, are surprised to see a red-roofed bungalow on the rocks in the sea — a bungalow that wasn't there yesterday. It appears to be a mysterious place in more ways than one and the actors start out to investigate. The sea is running high, it will be almost impossible to reach it in a boat, but Delville predicts that Ann Woltor will be the first to get there. Why? The last act begins:

IN this annual Rainy Week drama of ours, one of the very best parts I 'double' in, is with the Chambermaid — making beds!

Once having warned my guests of this occasional domestic necessity, I ought, I suppose, to feel absolutely relieved of any embarrassing sense of intrusion incidental to the task. But there is always, somehow, such an unwarrantable sense of spiritual rather than material intimacy connected with the sight of a just-deserted Guest Room. Particularly so, I think, in a seashore Guest Room. A Beach makes such Big Babies of us all!

Country-House hostesses have never mentioned it as far as I can remember. Mountains evidently do not recover for us that particular kind of lost rapture. Nor do even green pine woods revive the innocent lusts of the young. But in a seashore Guest Room, every fresh morning of the world, as long as time lasts, you will find, on bureau-top, desk or table, mixed up with chiffons and rouges, crowding the tennis rackets or baseballs, blurring the open sophisticated page of the latest French novel — that dear, absurd, ever-increasing little hoard of childish treasures! The round, shining pebbles, the fluted clam-shell, dried sea-weed, a feather, perhaps from a gull's wing! Things common as time itself, repetitive as sand! Yet irresistibly covetable! — How do you explain it?

Who in the world, for instance, would expect to find a cunningly contrived toy-boat on Rollins's bureau with two starfish listed as the only passengers? Or Paul Brenswick's candle thrust into a copperas-tinted knot of water-logged cedar? In the snug confines of a small cigar box on a lovely dank bed of maroon and gray sea-weed Victoria Brenswick had nested her treasure-trove. Certainly the quaint garnet necklace could hardly have found a more romantic and shipwrecky sort of setting. Even Allan John had started a little procession of sand-dollars across his mantelpiece. But there was no silver whistle figuring as the Band, I noticed.

What would Victoria Brenswick have said, I wondered, what would Allan John have thought, if they had even so much as dreamed that these precious "ship-wreck treasures" of theirs had been purchased brand-new in Boston Town within a week and "planted" most carefully by my Husband with all those other pseudo-mysteries in the old trunk in the sand? But, goodness me, one's got to "start" something on the first day of even the most ordinary house party!

With so much to watch outside the window, figures still moving eagerly up and down the edge of the cliff, and so much to think about inside — all the little personal whims and fancies betrayed by the various hoards — the bed-making industry, I'm afraid, was somewhat slighted on this particular morning. Was my Husband still standing at that down-stairs window, I wondered, speculating about that Bungalow on the rocks even as I stood at the window just above him — speculating on the same subject? Why did he think that Ann Woltor would be the one to get there first? What had Ann Woltor left there the day before that made her so specially anxious to — get there first? Truly this Rainy Week experiment develops some rather unique puzzles. "Maybe if I tried," I thought, "I could add a little puzzle of my own invention!" Just for sheer restiveness I turned and made another round of the guest rooms. Now that I remembered it there was a bit more sand oozing from the Bride's necklace box to the mahogany bureau-top than was really necessary.

The luncheon hour developed a most extraordinary interest in the principles of Physical Geography which, beginning with all sorts of valuable observations concerning the weight of the atmosphere or the conformation of mountains or the law of tides, ended invariably with the one direct question: "At just what hour this evening, for instance, will the tide be low again?"

MY Husband was almost beside himself with concealed delight.

"Oh, but you don't think for a moment, do you —" I implored him in a single whisper of privacy snatched behind the refilling of the coffee-urn, "you don't think for a moment that anybody would be rash enough to try and make the trip in the big dory?"

"Well — hardly," laughed my Husband, "if you'd seen where I've hidden the oars."

The oars apparently were not the only things hidden at the moment from mortal ken. Claude Kennilworth and Ego still persisted quite brutally in withholding their charms from us. Rollins had retreated to the sacristy of his own room to complete his convalescence. And even Allan John seemed to have wandered for the time being beyond the call of either voice or luncheon-bell. Allan John's deflection worried the May Girl a little, but not unduly. It didn't worry the men at all.

"When a chap wants to be alone — he wants to be alone!" explained Paul Brenswick with unassailable conciseness.

"It's a darned good sign," agreed my Husband, "that he's ready to be alone! It's the first time, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's all right, of course," conceded the May Girl amiably, "if you're quite sure that he was dressed right for it."

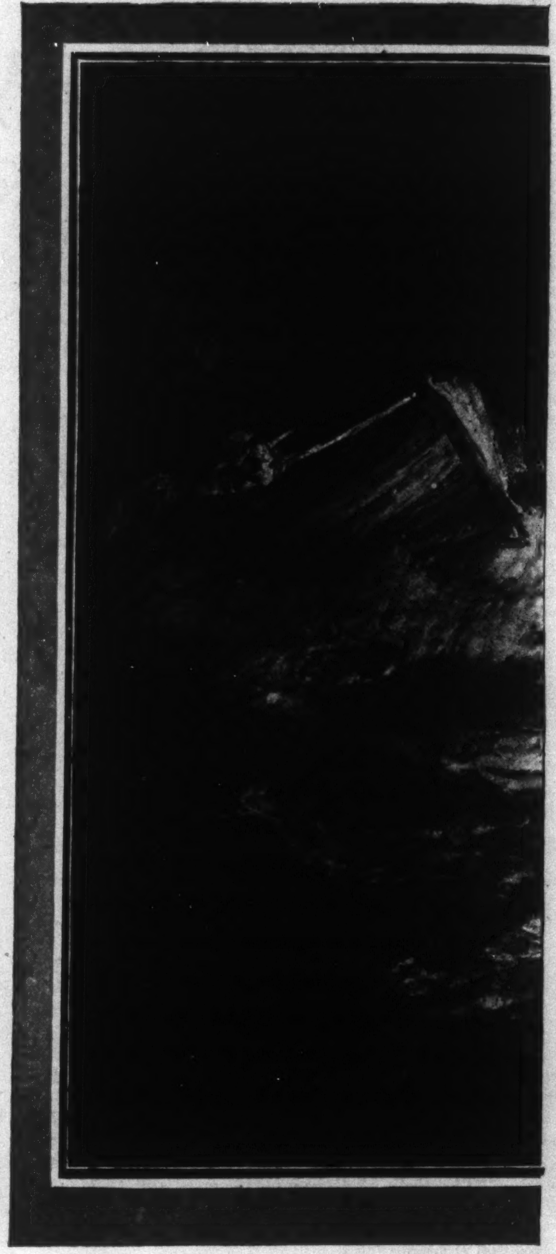
"Maybe a hike on the Beach at just this moment — whether he's dressed right for it or not," asserted George Keets, "is just the one thing the poor devil needs to sweep the last cobweb out of his brain."

"I agree with you perfectly," said Victoria Brenswick.

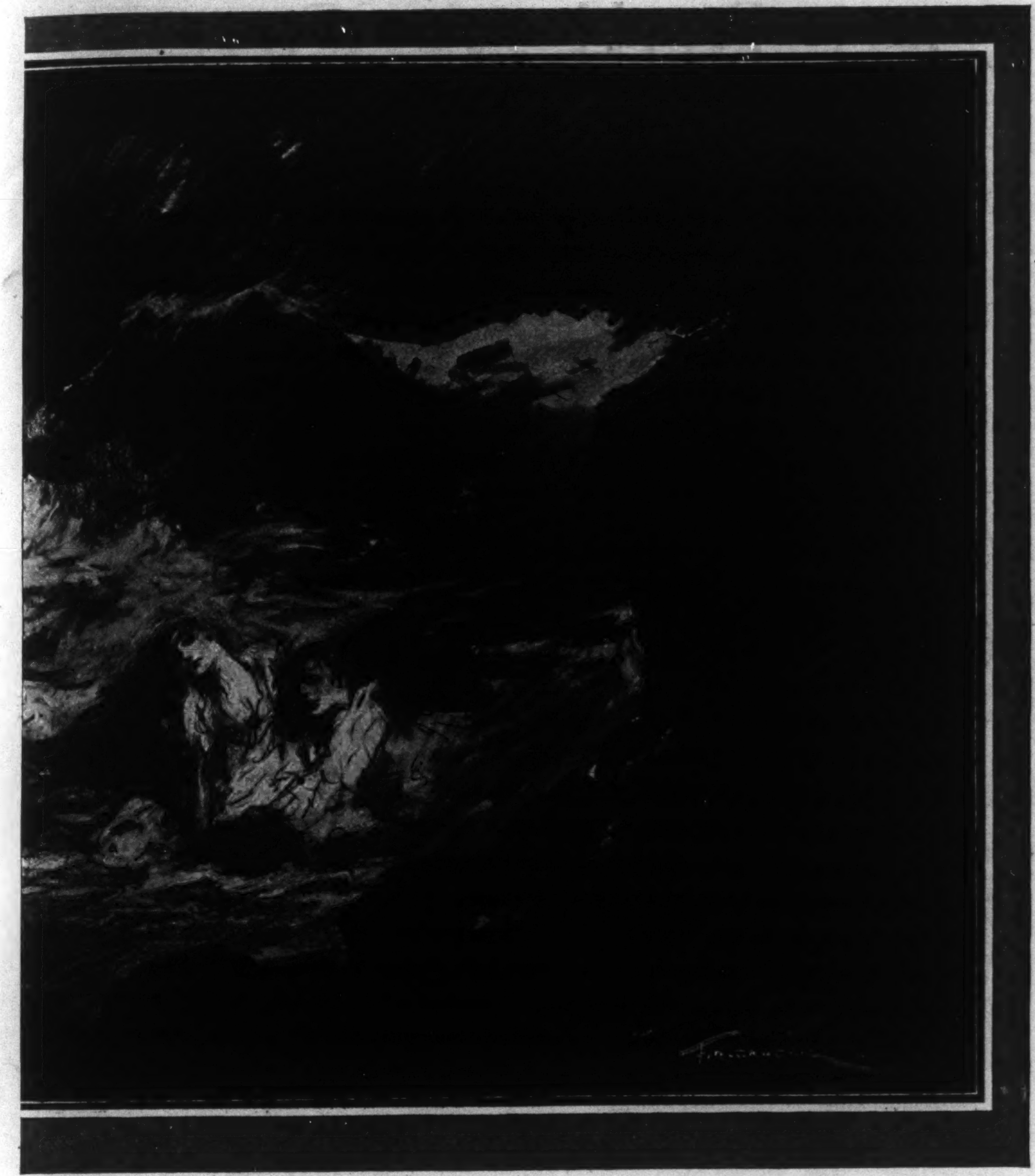
It was really astonishing in a single morning how many things George Keets and the Bride had discovered that they agreed on perfectly. It teased the Bridegroom a little, I think. But any one could have seen that it actually puzzled the Bride. And women when they are puzzled, I've noticed, are pretty apt to insist upon tracing the puzzle to its source. So that when George Keets suggested a further exploration of the dunes as the most plausible diversion for the afternoon, it wouldn't have surprised me at all if Victoria Brenswick had not only acquiesced in the suggestion for herself and her Bridegroom but exacted its immediate fulfilment. She did not, however. Quite peremptorily, in fact, she announced instead her own and her Bridegroom's unalterable intent to remain at home in the big warm library by the apple-wood fire.

It was the May Girl who insisted on forging forth alone with George Keets into the storm.

"Why, I shall perish," dimpled the May Girl, "if I don't get some more exercise to-day! Weather like this, why — why, it's so glorious!" she thrilled. "So maddeningly glorious! I — I wish I was a Sea Gull so I could breast right off into the foam and blast of it. I wish — I wish —!" But what page is long enough to record the wishes of Eighteen?



*The May Girl looked as though of her skin the brutal*



***she would never be conscious again. Against the ghastly pallor bruises loomed like love's last offering of violets***

My Husband evidently had no wish in the world except to pursue the cataloging of shells in Rollins's crafty company.

Ann Woltor confessed quite frankly that her whole human interest in the afternoon centered solely on the matter of sleep.

Hyacinths, of course, are my own unfailing diversion.

Tracking me just a little bit self-consciously to my Hyacinth lair, the Bride seemed rather inclined to dally a moment, I noticed, before returning to her Bridegroom and the library fire. Her eyes were very interesting. What bride's are not? Particularly that bride's whose intellect parallels even her emotions.

"Maybe," she essayed quite abruptly, "maybe it was a trifle funny of me not to tramp this afternoon. But the bridge-building work begins again next week, you know. It's pretty strenuous, everybody says. Men come home very tired from it. Not specially sociable. So I just made up my mind," she said in a voice that, though playfully lowered, was yet rather curiously intense, "so I just made up my mind that I would stay at home this afternoon — and get acquainted with my husband!" Half-proud, half-shamed, her puzzled eyes lifted to mine. "Because it's dawned on me very suddenly," she laughed, "that I don't know my husband's opinion on one solitary subject in the world except — just me!" With a rather amusing little flush she stooped down and smothered her face in a pot of blue hyacinths. "Oh — hyacinths!" she murmured, "and May rain! The smell of them! Will I ever forget the fragrance of this week — while Time lasts?" But the eyes that lifted to mine again were still puzzled. "Now — that Mr. Keets," she faltered. "Why — in just an hour or two this morning — why in just the little time that luncheon takes — I know his religion and his Mother's first name. I know his philosophies. And just why he adores Ruskin and disagrees with Bernard Shaw. I know where he usually stays when he's in Amsterdam. And just what hotel we both like best in Paris. Why, I know even where he buys his boots, and why. And I buy mine at the same place and for just exactly the same reason. But my husband —" Quite in spite of herself a little laugh slipped from her lips. "Why — I don't even know how my husband votes!" She gasped. In some magic, excitative flash of memory her breath began to quicken. "It — it was at college, you know, that we met, Paul and I," she explained. "At a dance the night before my graduation." Once again her face flamed like a rose. "Why, we were engaged, you know, within a week! And then Paul went to China! Oh, of course, we wrote almost every day. But ——"

"But lovers, of course — don't write a great deal about buying boots," I acquiesced, "nor even so — specially much about Ruskin — nor even their mothers."

In the square of the library a man's figure loomed a bit suddenly.

"Vic! Aren't you ever coming?" fretted her impatient Bridegroom.

LIKE a homing bird she turned and sped to her mate! Yet an hour later when I passed the library door I saw Paul Brenswick lying fast asleep in the depths of his big leather chair. Fire wasted — books neglected. Chance itself forgotten or ignored! But the Bride was nowhere to be seen.

I was quite right, though, when I thought that I should find her in her room. Just as I expected, too, she was standing by the window staring somewhat blankly out at the Dunes.

But the eyes that she lifted to me this time were not merely puzzled, they were suffering. If Paul Brenswick could have seen his beloved at this moment and even so much as hoped that there was a God, he would have gone down on his knees then and there and prayed that for Love's sake the very real shock which he had just given her would end in laughter rather than tears. Yet her speech when it came at last was perfectly casual.

"He — he wouldn't talk," she said.

"*Couldn't*, you mean!" I contradicted her quite sharply. "Husbands can't, you know! Marriage seems to do something queer to their vocal chords."

"Your husband talks," smiled the Bride very faintly.

"Oh — beautifully," I admitted. "But not to me! It doesn't seem to be quite compatible with established Romance somehow — this talking business, between husbands and wives."

"Romance?" rallied the Bride. "Would you call Mr. Delville ex — exactly romantic."

"Oh — very!" I boasted. "But not — conversationally."

"But — I — wanted — to talk," said the Bride very slowly.

"Why, of course, you did, you dear Darling!" I cried out impulsively. "Most brides do! You wanted to discuss and decide in about thirty minutes every imaginable issue that is yet to develop in all the long glad years you hope to have together: The friends you are going to make. The lands you are going to travel. The house you are going to build. The wall-papers, even, for the house you are going to build. Why, you haven't even glimpsed a child's picture in a magazine, this the first week of your marriage, without staying awake half the night to wonder what your children's children's names will be."

"HOW do — you know?" asked the Bride a bit incisively.

"Because once — I was a Bride myself," I said. "But this Paul of yours," I insisted, "this Paul of yours, you see, hasn't finished wondering yet about *just you!*"

"For Heaven's sake!" called my own husband through the half-open doorway, "what's all this Pow-Wow about?"

"About husbands," I answered quite frankly. "An argument, in fact, as to whether — taken all in all — a husband is ever very specially amusing to talk to."

"Amusing to talk to?" hooted my husband. "Never! The most that any poor husband can hope for is to prove amusing to talk about!"

"Who said 'Paul'?" called that young person himself from the farther shadows of the hallway.

"No one has," I laughed, "for as much as two minutes."

A trifle flushed from his nap, and most becomingly disheveled as to hair, the Bridegroom stepped into the light. I heard his Bride give a little sharp catch of her breath.

"I — I think I must have been asleep," said the Bridegroom.

Twice the Bride swallowed very hard before she spoke.

"I — I think you must have — you Rascal!" she said. It was a real victory!

Really my Husband and I would have been banged by the door if we hadn't jumped out as fast as we did!

George Keets and the May Girl came in from their walk just before supper. Judging from their personal appearances it had at least been a long walk if not a serene one. George Keets, indeed, seemed quite unnecessarily intent in the vestibule on taking the May Girl to task for what he evidently considered her somewhat careless method of storing away her afternoon's accumulation of pebble and shell. Every accent of his voice, every carefully enunciated syllable reminded me only too absurdly of what the May Girl had confided to me about "boys always trying to make her feel small." He was urging her now, I inferred, to stop and sort out her specimens according to some careful cotton-batting plan which he suggested.

"Whatever is worth doing at all, you know, Miss Davies," he said, "is worth doing well."

The May Girl's voice sounded very tired, not irritable, but very tired.

"Oh, if there's anything in the world that I hate," I heard her cry out, "it's that proverb! What people really mean by it," she protested, "is 'Whatever's worth doing at all is worth doing — *swell!*' And it isn't either! I tell you I like simple things best! All I ever want to do with my shells to-night is just to chuck 'em behind the door!"

Truly if Claude Kennilworth hadn't turned up for supper all in white flannels and looking like a young god, I don't know just what I should have done. Everybody seemed either so tired or so distrait.

The tide would be low at ten o'clock. It was eight when we sat down to supper.

Ann Woltor, I'm sure, [*Continued on page 64*]

# The Sacred Bull *in* Our Economic Premises

## *by* Garet Garrett

SUSPICIOUS Romans used to test their money by filing it on the edge to see if it was sound or plated. So people learned to expect that a genuine coin would be notched; and when this expectation came at length to be universal both the counterfeiters casting false pieces and the government coining genuine money always put a notch in the edge in imitation of the file mark. People would not take it otherwise.

We laugh at them for this. It seems so naïve. Yet all of us are still that way about money.

The strangest thing in a foreign land is the money. You invariably say: "What funny stuff. It doesn't look like money. It doesn't feel like money." After a while you get used to it, because you find you can spend it for things you want. But if the country happens to be China, where coins have a square hole in the middle, you cannot ever quite believe *that* is money, even though people do accept it. Then you say: "What queer people they are to think this is money!"

In economics habit is often stronger than any statistical fact.

Money habits are hard to break. There is first a habit of the senses which is satisfied only by money that has a certain look and feel and sound. Then there is a habit of thought, as when we speak of a *gold dollar.*

Literally, there is no such thing as a gold dollar. You never saw one. There is only the idea of it. An actual gold dollar would be too small and fragile for any practical use. There are physical multiples of it, in five, ten, and fifty-dollar gold pieces; but even these you very seldom see. You have almost no use for them really. They lie in bank vaults and are precious as "reserve money," on which great pyramids of paper currency and bank credit are wonderfully inverted.

The gold dollar is an honorable myth. Or it is the notch which people no longer see but only imagine to exist in their money. The gold monetary system itself is full of weird and arbitrary mysteries which cannot even be stated without bringing endless controversies to pass. They rise mainly from two facts, namely,—

*First:* That the quantity of available gold in the world is miraculous, accidental and subject to sudden variations, all without any relation whatever to the amount of wealth that is produced and exchanged in terms of money, and,

*Second:* That the amount of paper money and bank check currency based upon this miraculous quantity of gold is extremely variable, since it is related, not to the needs of daily commerce, but to the gold supply.

When this money increases rapidly, prices rise. When it decreases, actually or relatively, prices fall. Alternately, by these great swings in prices, first creditors and then debtors are cheated and the land is bedeviled by speculation, profiteering, confusion and strife.

All the while the delusion persists that gold money is one of the few constant things in this ruined Paradise. The cost of living having increased about one and one-half times in five or six years, owing mainly to a fearful and unparalleled dilution of money, we hold fast to a forty-cent dollar because it looks the same as it always did and denounce prices because they look so different. Prices are the effect of a notorious cause. But if you talk of acting on the cause, that is, of doing away with this unstable, mercurial measure of value which we name the gold dollar, and putting in its place either:—

(a) A non-fluctuating statistical unit of value, based upon given quantities of the things we eat and wear and necessarily consume, which we have named the Wealth Dollar, or,

(b) A stabilized gold dollar, such as Professor Irving Fisher advocates, the gold content of which shall be increased to make dollars fewer as prices tend to rise, and decreased to make dollars more plentiful as prices tend to fall, thereby holding prices in an equilibrium, certainly and automatically,— if one suggests either of these means to make the buying power of money constant and so eliminate fluctuations, people are at once uneasy and direful.

They ask: "What would that kind of dollar represent?"

The answer is that it would represent not gold as gold, not gold at all necessarily, but things in fact — basic things called commodities, like wheat, sugar, meat, butter, cotton, iron, hides, coal, lumber, oil, copper and wool. The list might be made very long and would seem, at first glance, incongruous, and yet on reflection you will be interested to realize that no single commodity you can think of may be produced without the use or consumption in some measure of all the others. The loaf of bread on your table represents some use of pretty nearly everything that exists in civilization — education, credit, fertilizer, ships, chemicals, steel, hard and soft wood, brass, concrete, horse-power, steam-power, leather, fuel of many kinds, insurance, railroad transportation, paper, twine, mail-order catalogues and a thousand things you might remember if you went on trying to cast them up.

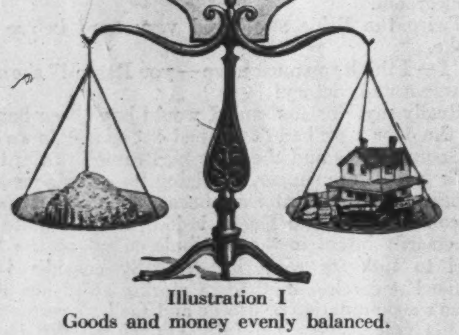


Illustration I
Goods and money evenly balanced.
*Mean prices*

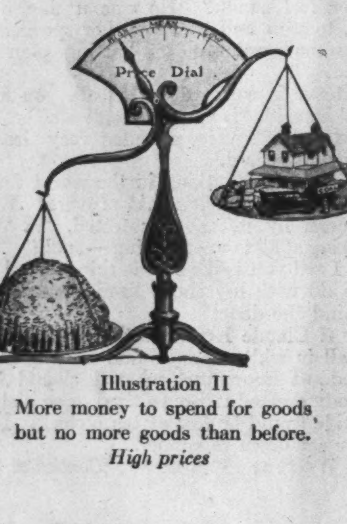


Illustration II
More money to spend for goods but no more goods than before.
*High prices*

Then they ask: "But though a dollar could be made to represent commodities in this manner, how could it be made to stand for constant quantities of them, since the production of commodities, as we know, is variable? For example, for many reasons beyond human control, there may be more grain one year than another. How could the dollar be made at all times to buy an invariable amount of grain?"

The answer to this question is crucial. In the case either of the Wealth Dollar which we have so named or the Stabilized Gold Dollar advocated by Professor Irving Fisher, the vital principle is this: that the number of dollars with which to buy commodities shall be automatically increased or decreased as production varies. If there is more grain than usual, grain prices tend to fall; then immediately the number of dollars is increased, which stops the fall in prices. If there is less grain than usual, and grain prices for that reason tend to rise, then the number of dollars is decreased, which stops the rise in prices.

This is really a much simpler operation of cause and effect than the mere statement of it might seem to imply. You have only to imagine the total output of all manner of goods in one pile and the total amount of money in another pile and balance them against each other.

Money is spent for goods, and for nothing else.

Goods are sold for money, and for nothing else.

Obviously, if you divide all the money into all the goods the result will be the money value of the goods at that given time. This is crudely visualized in Illustration I, which shows all the money and all the goods balanced at mean prices — that is, at prices neither high nor low.

Now suppose, as in Illustration II, that you increase the amount of money that may be spent for goods without increasing the amount of goods that can be bought with money. What happens? Then all the money divided into all the goods gives a higher result. Prices rise, as the finger on the price-dial shows.

[*Continued on page 48*]

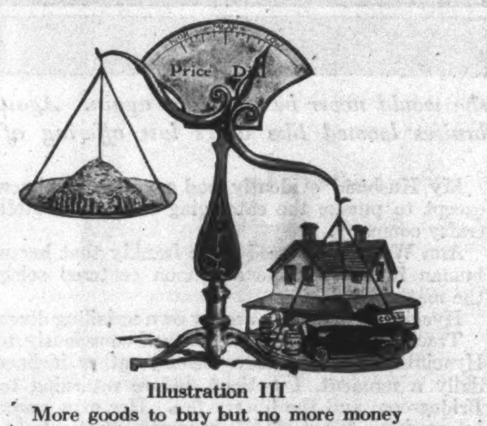


Illustration III
More goods to buy but no more money than in the first case to buy them with.
*Low prices*

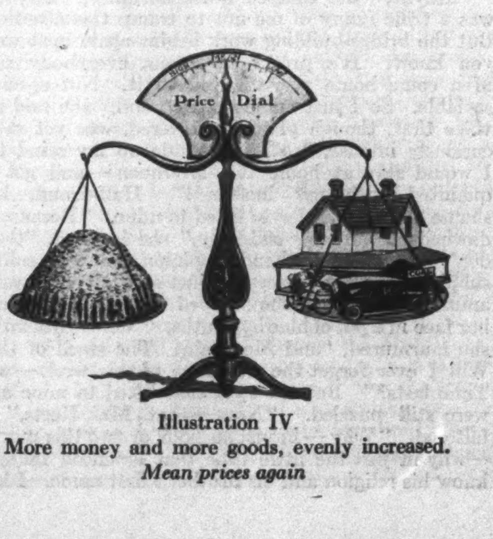


Illustration IV
More money and more goods, evenly increased.
*Mean prices again*

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PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

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The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

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This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it. Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

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"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

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"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO an ideal shampoo. It can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."

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"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

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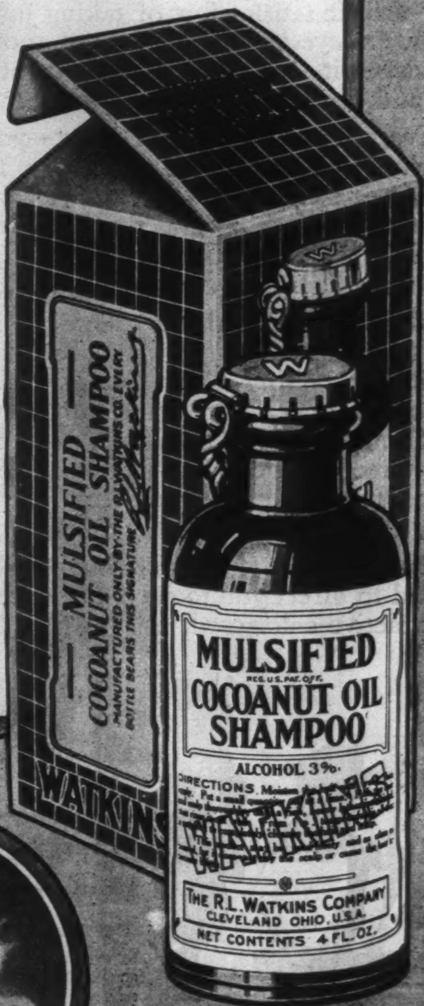
"Not only is the use of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO beneficial to one's scalp and hair but the refreshing and stimulating after effects are delightful and indescribable."

MARION DAVIES
"WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is the kind of a hair shampoo one has hoped to find. I like it."

MAY ALLISON
"Of all shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."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# Being Unpopular in Europe

[*Continued from page 16*]

of their fifteen hundred thousand dead and the British and the Italians of their three-quarters of a million.

This enormous sacrifice is war propaganda that is pitilessly and eternally true. Much war propaganda was true — true to the character of brave men and women and the heart of humanity. The present feeling exemplifies the same human beings in a bruised and irritated mood.

The average Englishman or Frenchman does not realize that we lost even fifty thousand dead. Our Argonne Battle and the accompanying operations, in which we lost the majority of our casualties, came at the end of the War when the press of each country was occupied with the victorious sweep of its own veterans. All the reports of our efforts at home are forgotten war-propaganda.

I overheard one Frenchman say to another, "America was too late to do anything except make a grand gesture. She stayed out of the War to her profit and came in at the right time for her profit."

To the European nations their multitude of dead was a grave economic handicap. As their stricken homes faced the bitter problems of reconstruction the survivors realized how huge had been the War's cost in money as well as in blood. They had paid the money to us, as they reasoned, in the course of saving us from the Kaiser. As our part on the battlefield diminished to the vanishing point in European consciousness — the consciousness of those stricken homes struggling to recover their prosperity — it cast us for the part of greed in reaction to the habit of thought which in pre-war days had regarded Americans as "dollar chasers."

We are partially at fault for this view. After we went into the War we prodigally answered all the calls of the Allies for money and food by Hooverizing and floating huge loans. The Allies became used to depending upon us for money. After the War Europe still needed money.

"America will send it," was the thought of the people as they placed the President in the gold chair and cheered him as the savior of civilization, in the midst of a fever of extravagant spending. Then America in her abrupt, incomprehensible way suddenly drew her purse-strings tight except in relief work; European exchange kept on going down; profiteers began hoarding silver in France; prices were rising with the inflation of paper currency as they were everywhere in the world. Who was to blame? America!

"If you haven't all the money," said a French laborer, "then why is there no more silver in circulation? You Americans have it. Our fool women are spending it for American silk stockings."

Silk stockings have caused a good deal of trouble in the world. They influenced the fate of nations in feminine intrigues at court in ancient days, but no one ever thought that they would cause international ill will after the world was made "safe for democracy." The publication of the enormous list of imports from America which had been dropping the balance of trade against France revealed silk stockings among the items.

Silk stockings to France the home of silk manufacture! And America had not yet signed the Peace Treaty! If France did not watch those Americans she would wake up some morning to find that she was an American colony. The French like a *cri* or a symbol of an idea in a word as much as we. American silk stockings became a *cri*. The woman who bought them was a Bolshevik and pro-German.

"Now you are going to charge me a French and not an American price," I said to a woman clerk in a Paris store.

"You ought to pay double the price, considering the rate of exchange," she replied. The proprietor called her to terms when she went to the rear of the store. His interest in recovering his share of the money which had been lost to the Americans was as keen as that of individual Americans each to get his share of the wealth which we are reputed to possess.

Why not? Wasn't an American doughboy accustomed to throw down a silver *franc* on a fruit-stand in France, saying, "Let me have an orange, Froggie!" and then to walk away without asking for any change? Money must be grown on trees in America if it meant so little to a private soldier. The French shopkeeper knew how much it meant to him; so he made the price of an orange a *franc* to an American.

"Froggie!"

The doughboy said it with a smile. You and I know, if the French do not, that among themselves the doughboys used much worse epithets, which were considered endearing if accompanied by a smile; if not — prepare to fight. The Frenchman did not like being called a frog, though, when his country needed aid he concealed his feelings under the agreeable mask of French politeness. He likes it even less in recollection, now that he realizes that the money which our men spent so lavishly in France was only part of our war profits from selling munitions to France and her Allies.

A bit of stage business in which Americans indulge when abroad does not tend to lessen the irritation on this point. I have heard at least a dozen Americans exclaim to other Americans when foreigners were present: "Do you want to see some real money?" and then exhibit an American five or ten or twenty-dollar bill. Not infrequently, too, they gave it as their opinion that Europe was bankrupt.

The American who exhibits his bills is quite unconscious of any malice. The sight of the bill gives him a thrill of national pride; it is a symbol of home of the same appealing kind as the sight of a piece of pie or griddle cakes after long exile on European food.

SURELY I should find that we are popular in Belgium. Hadn't we fed the Belgians, knitted socks for the Belgians, and sent our old high hats and frock coats over to clothe the Belgian peasant as he tilled his acres under guard of the German sentry? From all I heard, I might conclude that the clothes we sent did not fit, and our food rations caused indigestion. Subtle reasoning could even have persuaded me that we stood guilty of having kept the Belgians alive in order to exploit them after the War.

"Look at the rate of exchange!" said the Belgians. "Flour costs in *francs* three times what it did before the War and we have to pay three times that because it now takes fifteen *francs* to make a dollar where it only took five before the War. Think of what we suffered under the Germans for the sake of the rest of the world! Now America who knew nothing of the horrors of war will not even sign the Treaty to come to little Belgium's defense if the Germans attack again—when you are so rich and we are so poor."

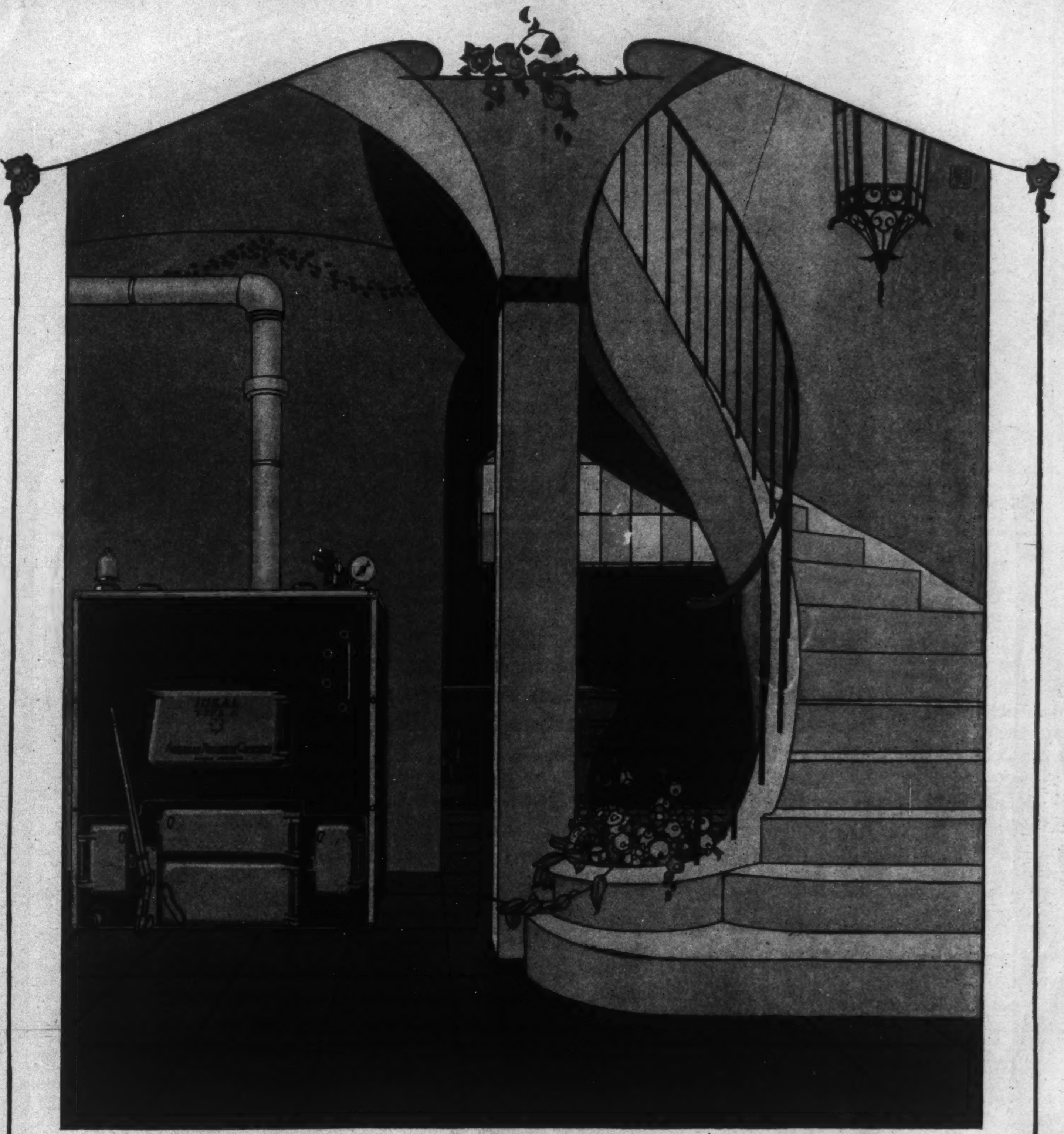
The shock from hearing this view was tempered by the remark of a thoughtful Belgian, which has a wider application than in Belgium itself:

"We're just thinking in the vexatious present as we struggle back on our feet. By and by, when we have leisure to think of the past again, we shall remember America's goodness."

This suggested that there might be such a thing as international gratitude. One does not expect it; or, if he does, the American in Europe is inclined to the reflection that it is for him to give and not to receive. Again, while I am on the subject of Belgium, I was reminded by Belgians that, with all honor to Hoover's initiative and organization, the sums which America gave him for food relief were relatively small. The bulk of the fund came from the British and the French governments, as Britons and Frenchmen do not hesitate to remind the Belgians in these commercial days when each nation, aiming at trade opportunities in its neighbor's market, can always find a popular subject in turning a point against the international scapegoat.

Holland having been neutral and also sharing the discredit of being a "war profiteer," I at least looked for sympathy there. Yet, even Holland was infected by the general European view.

"If America had landed her army in Holland instead of blockading us — we are suffering from that still — and supported us in a way to enable us to be in the War at the end, how much better it would have been," said one Dutchman, expressing an angle of Dutch opinion which at least took its origin in the thought that our army had been of some service in the War, (*Continued on page 39*)



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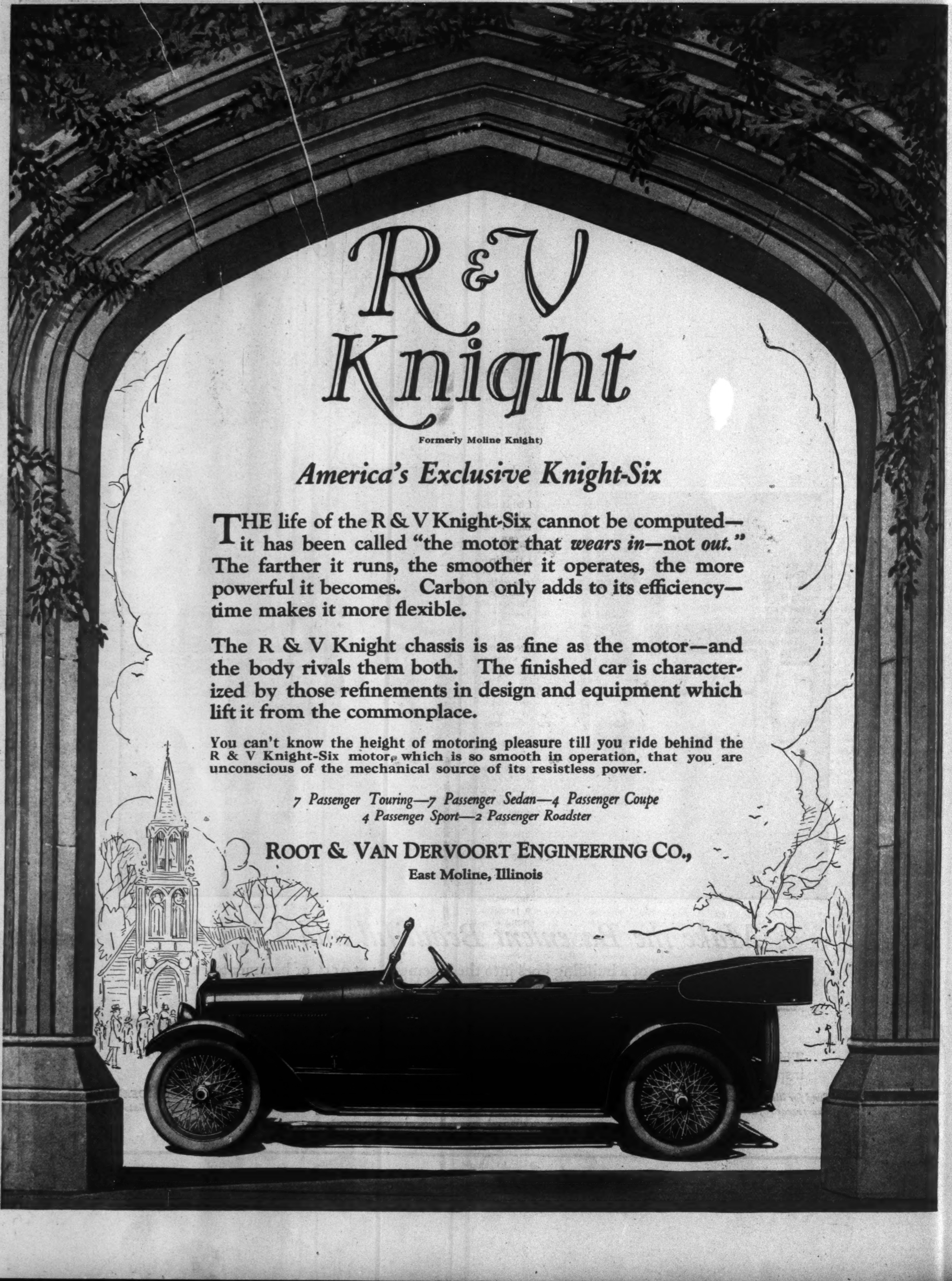

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**ROOT & VAN DERVOORT ENGINEERING CO.,**
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# Being Unpopular in Europe

[*Continued from page 36*]

while it kept faith with the tendency to blame everything on America.

After I had had the assurance of our Allies of our small part in the War and how the President's insistence on the Fourteen Points had robbed them of the fruits of victory, I went to Germany expecting that the late disagreement at arms might be prolonged into a disagreement with the Allies' view of us. Far from it! Underneath the urgent desire for our help in credits and raw material was the same latent resentment, embittered by the despair of a beaten people.

"If America had not come into the War we should have won," I was told. "Look at the value of the *mark* — two cents when it used to be worth twenty-five cents! We quit because we believed in your Fourteen Points. See what we got!"

In their misery as they stare at the uncertain future, the Germans occasionally solace themselves with visions of how to-day they might be in Paris — but for America. They blame us because they had to submit to the loss of so much territory and the Allies blame us for not having permitted more annexations.

"If it had not been for America we should have had Fiume," say the Italians; "and we would have had the left bank of the Rhine," say the French.

When I left the old nations behind and came to the new nations, I thought that our staunch championship of suppressed nationalities would be reflected in more amiable feelings. This was measurably true of the Jugo-Slavs, who appreciated the President's stand about Fiume; only they thought that we should have thrown the Italians out of Fiume, leaving it to them, if we had been true to our ideals and power.

In Poland we were keeping the children from the danger line of starvation and our doctors were fighting typhus. We had spent fifty million dollars in relief in Poland, I was told. It was a noble work; the Poles did not deny that. But was Crœsus giving enough? Even in fighting typhus we used an unpopular method, though scientific and effective, by asking the peasants to take baths and fumigate their houses.

"We do not want charity," complained Polish leaders. "We want credits, raw material for our factories and tools for our farms, and to be put to work. Let America give us loans instead of gifts. The Allies set us up as a nation and then gave us nothing to keep house with."

Perhaps we are more nearly popular in Vienna than anywhere else; but it is a popularity which we would gladly forego if Vienna could be saved. In that dying city of a dismembered empire there is the anemic gratitude of the hopelessly poor stunned by a misfortune that left none of the petulance of defeated ambition or of the spirit of restless hope. The Viennese want more food; but they lack the strength to make an outcry if they do not receive more, while no rivalry with other nations stirs their listlessness.

"Americans are machines," said an Esthonian peasant. "They have machines for making money, they scatter seed with machines and reap and make bread with machines. If they will not send us money, let them send us some of their machines and we will make ourselves rich."

"But some of us are poor," I protested again and again, in face of the illusion of our inexhaustible wealth.

"Poor!" exclaimed a German in answer. "You have a room with a bath."

"It costs me only two hundred *marks* a day — two dollars in our money," I replied.

"It is two hundred marks to us. A laborer's family tries to live on a thousand a month!" he exclaimed, using my own argument against me.

Every American confirms this view by the prodigality with which he spends his money abroad. Our money is popular if we are not. While the traveler's money holds out he may learn from guides and waiters that ours is a country without fault, that our women are the most beautiful in the world and that we won the War single-handed, though what the guides and waiters say behind our backs is another matter.

Some people think that an article of this kind does harm because it feeds irritation with irritation. They hold that soft soap and molasses, whose reaction we now have, is the better way. I think that it hides real feelings which one day may violently erupt through the crust of deception.

Only by seeing ourselves as others see us and others as they see themselves; only by learning the causes of our unpopularity can we remove them. We Americans can afford the luxury of being amiable. Our wealth, our power includes the responsibility of the soft answer that turns away wrath.

If I were to give a recipe for traveling Americans which would promote international good feeling — that brotherhood of man for which we fought in the War — one of the first items would be to avoid the stage business of showing some "real money" to nations whose pride is sore hit by their depreciated currency. It is a sure way to encourage the thought of repudiation in some form when the determination of these great peoples to pay their debts to the last cent is such a tribute to their honesty and courage.

INSTEAD of being cross because America's part in the War is not recognized, the American may turn diplomat who is as quick in his sympathy as he is grateful for his own good fortune; in recognizing the part played by the nation of the man to whom he is speaking. He can say: "Without you we would have lost the War," to Britons, Frenchmen and Italians and be perfectly confident that he is speaking the truth. ("Even if you were wrong, how you fought! You stood off the whole world!" will bring tears of pride to the German, if he is interested in a friendly feeling from the "hated Hun," who is now not marching toward Paris but wondering how he can earn a living.) Following this line of "salesmanship" in international amity, as the drummers would say, will bring the retort courteous: "What would we have done without America?" which, if you know about it yourself — do you? — will give you the opportunity to tell something about the part we played in our Argonne Battle.

I can vouch for this method from personal trial. Using it after I had encouraged candor, which always relieves a speaker's mind and puts him in a soft mood, I found that I was becoming popular enough to lead me to think that a hundred thousand such ministers plenipotentiary going about Europe might do more to reduce armaments than the present official status of the League of Nations.

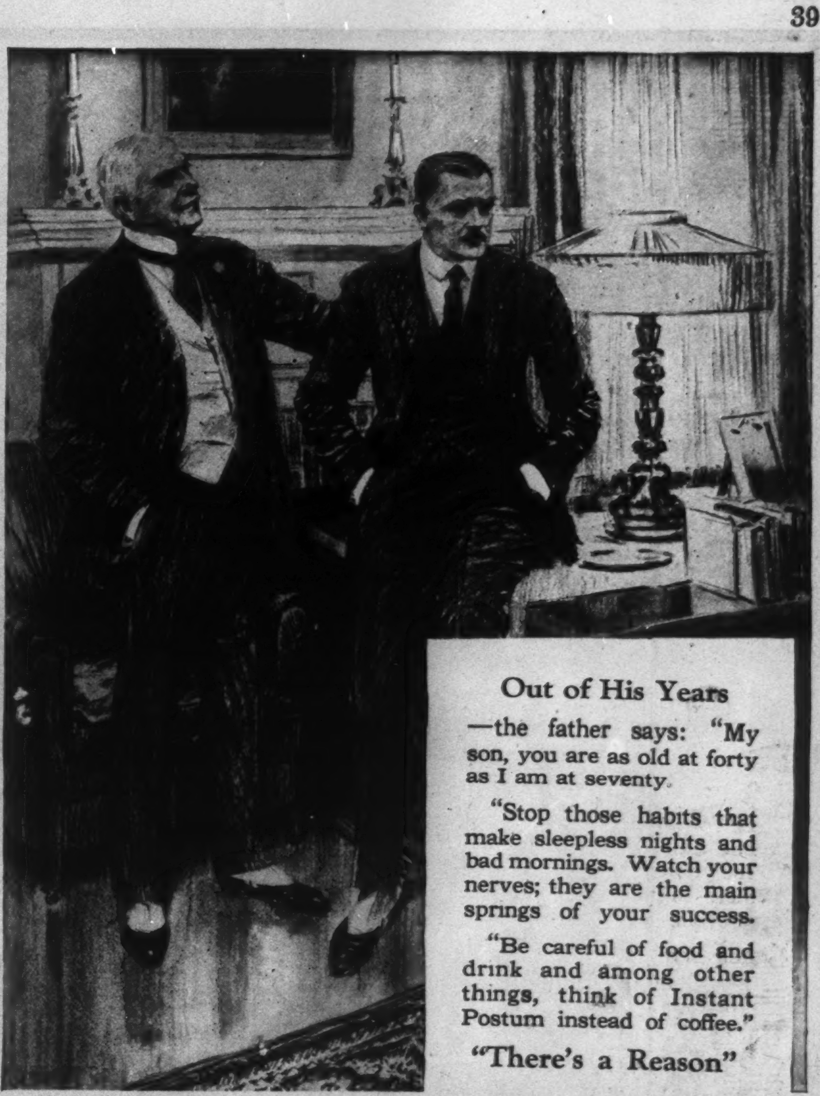
Of course, there is the T-h-w-you method as follows:

"You Allies were all in; you were broke — and you know it. Joffre and Lloyd George said that the only hope was America and America might be too late. Could you have mastered the submarine without our troops' help? No. We kept you from bankruptcy and starvation. Talk about saving us! We saved you. When the kaiser saw how our soldiers fought and how fast they were coming, he quit."

This method is warranted, however, to feed irritation with irritation.

I may mention that I tried the method I favor on a stubborn old French peasant to whom America was a usurer forcing him to pay higher taxes. I told him about our high prices and worries at home, which were much the same as those in France; how our people Hooverized and had to subscribe out of their own pockets for all the loans and relief work; and, finally, that though we had been given a quantity of pieces of paper called money — only helping, the bankers say, to make prices higher — the trouble had been that the energy of the world for four years had been fired from the cannon's mouth in destruction instead of producing real wealth for making that noble phrase "the advancement of the world" a fact.

"So — so!" he said. "There may be something in that. Oh, you clever Americans — but you do have all that paper money. Anyway, I know that my son will not go to war soon. No, it will be a long time before you can get many sons to try the trenches again. Meanwhile, we have time to think things out as we work on repairs, and by the time they are finished this old world will be feeling better-tempered — if the crops continue good."



Out of His Years

—the father says: "My son, you are as old at forty as I am at seventy.

"Stop those habits that make sleepless nights and bad mornings. Watch your nerves; they are the main springs of your success.

"Be careful of food and drink and among other things, think of Instant Postum instead of coffee."

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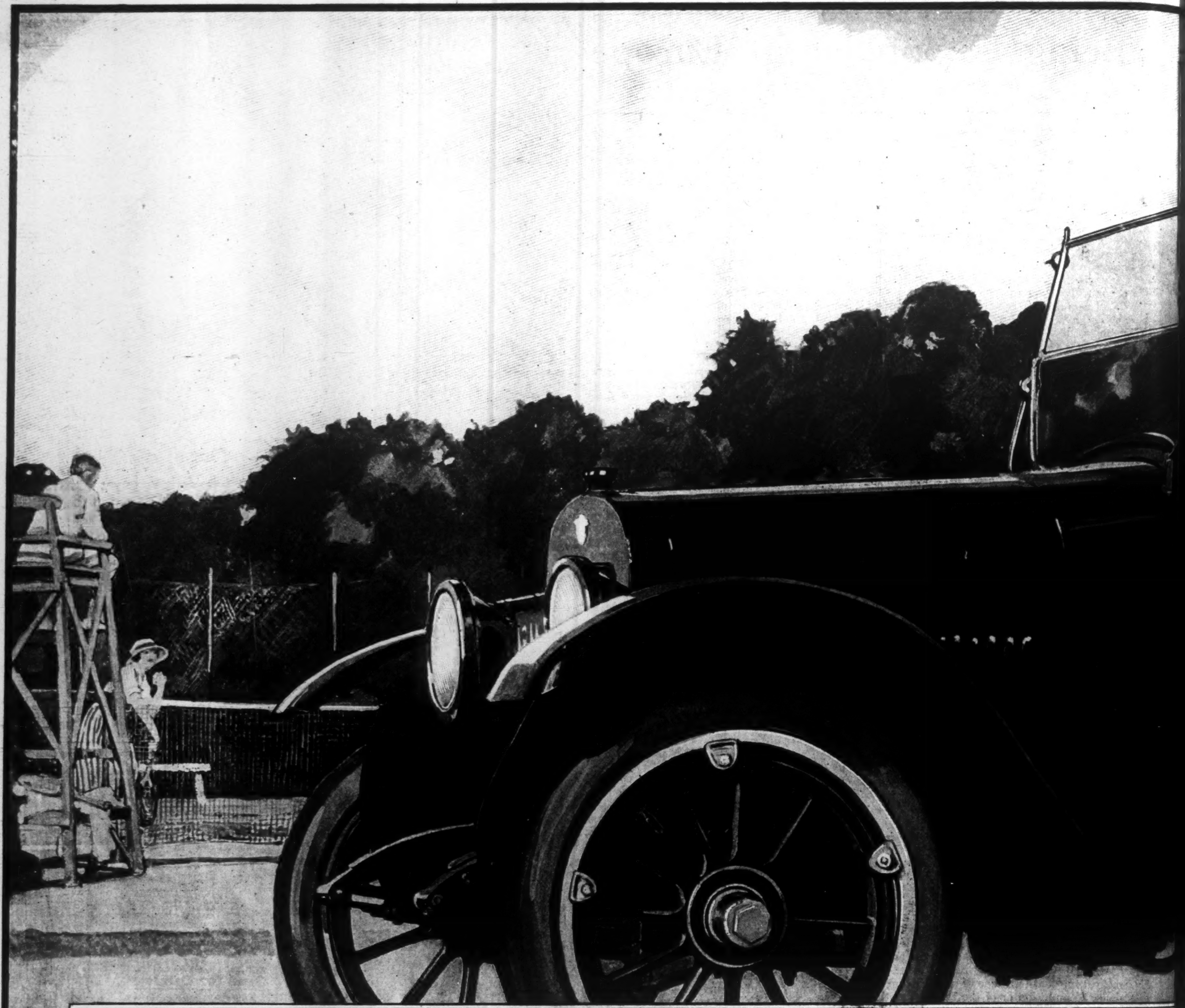


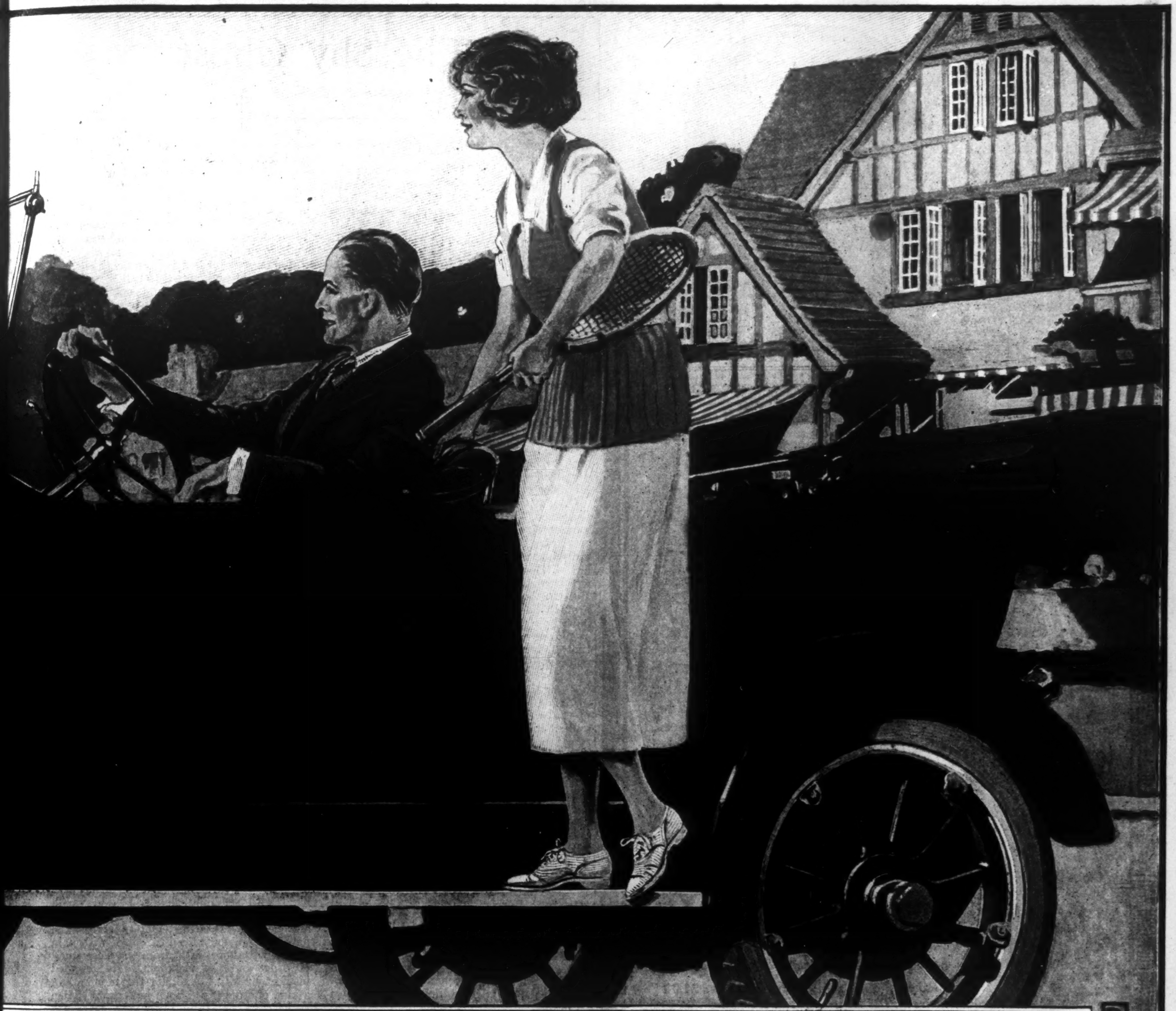
# An Analysis of the "Road Speed" of a M

MEN driving larger cars have often wondered at the "road speed" of a Maxwell.

True, in an open straight stretch they have run away from a Maxwell. But in any "piece of going" in which hills, turns, curves or rough roads enter into the general average they do not outrun a Maxwell.

The reason for this is the special steels in a Maxwell. They are made to Maxwell's own formulae, and make possible construction combining great strength with light weight.

The lightness of the weight enables a Maxwell to take a turn with more ease and less slowing up, come down a hill under



# XWELL Is a Tribute to Its Special Steels

better control, ascend a hill as well, and make more time over a rough piece of roadway.

The strength of its steels enables a Maxwell to stand equally as well, or better, side strains, road unevenness, etc.

In other words, a Maxwell makes speed when a larger car cannot, and thus evens up to a high average its "road speed" without breaking the speed laws. This ability in a Maxwell is one of many that is winning new friendships daily.

Nearly 400,000 of them to date; in another year 500,000.

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*A Real Razor-made Safe*

**Standard Set with 3 Detachable Blades $1.00**

Consisting of the razor, safety guard and 3 two-edged blades. Packed in a durable, sanitary case of American ivory. Just the thing for traveling bag or kit. *Other sets $2 to $12.*

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# The Shy Ghost

[*Continued from page 29*]

She laughed and clapped her hands like a child.

"I tell you now. You are very, very beautiful in your strong dark way. You will love me very, very much, *n'est-ce pas?* And I will love you. And we will be always happy, eh?"

He had married her and for almost a year she had tried, as she promised, to be his wife. But what could you expect of such vagrant blood? How could you think that a gypsy could make a home of a parsonage? How could you imagine that the fairy who, in some wild prankishness under the full-moon, had put her hand in yours and sworn to love you would not slip out the door as the next new crescent set over the dark pines?

There was an old story of a Fergusson of the Isle of Mull which his mother had told him, doing what she could to keep always before this child born in an alien land the misty purple hills of Scotland, and the forefathers that through centuries had battled with the sea-fog there. This story now came back to her son as through long nights of sleeplessness and despair he paced the little cabin floor.

Once at the point of rocks near where the Fergussons lived there had been a wreck of some foreign ship. She had gone down with great shouting and crying and praying to the saints by the wretched creatures aboard her. There had been fine plunder in the wreckage, chests of silk and casks of brandy. But the Angus Fergusson of that day had brought home with him just a pale golden-haired girl, an eerie creature who could not speak one word of English, but was, for all that, taken to the kirk the next day and made wife of the Fergusson. He was mad with love of her, and spent his money in fetching rich gowns and jewels for her adornment. And he set flowers for her in a hollow of the wind-swept isle and would go there and sit idly with her by the hour while she sang strange songs, and laughed loudly, and flew to kiss him from time to time.

Then one night a ship lay off the point on a calm moonlit sea. And Fergusson found his wife with a little bundle across her shoulder launching a small skiff and making for the unknown craft without one word of good-bye. The rest of the story was dark with passion and hate and bloodshed. And ever afterward this frail ghost, with flowers in her hair and moaning wild foreign songs had wandered restlessly at midnight around the house, and the Fergusson, once he had seen it, grew quite mad and so died years afterward, a raving white-haired old man, always crying for his wife.

Had she too tried, Angus asked himself, this pretty child caught before she knew it by this sad grim Covenanting ancestor of his, had she too tried and found it impossible to be his wife?

WHILE the wind swept across the woods and sang in the Florida pines the Fergusson of Tomocala would light a candle and would read again the scrap of paper that had been Marietta's good-bye. And there alone at midnight he would sometimes laugh aloud as though across the years he scoffed at Fergusson of the coasts of Mull who had had never a word of farewell.

"I have tried, Angus dear," his letter ran, "so hard. And you have loved me very very much, as you promised you would. But I cannot stand the parsonage, nor your frowns when I cannot make things go well. Then your face grows dark, — though this is not your fault, — when you are going to preach of sin and punishment. I have been happy sometimes, mostly at the little cabin in the orange grove; it is there I shall think of you. Nothing is your fault, I am just a wicked girl; I must come of bad people. Even when I loved you most it frightened me to think that I had promised that it should be for always. Then the world called. I can't help it, I see the lights, I hear the music. I must go to it. Perhaps I shall not like it very well either — not for always, I know. Perhaps I shall grow tired, and want to come back. Will you want me? You had perhaps rather that I were dead and that you were, too, than that I should come back. For how do I know what kind of a playground I shall find the world to be? I am a wicked child. Forgive me, perhaps you can, for you are very good. I was, at least for a little while, with all my heart,

Your Marietta."

This was her farewell, a farewell that made the heart faint with the memory of past happiness as well as with the apprehension of long desolate years. By turns he magnified his own gloominess, his age—everything, to find excuses for her, then, quickly changing, tried to teach himself to call her a loose evil woman. Yet he could not hate her. She had been good in her own way. Had not every baby in the village reached out its chubby arms and cried smilingly for her as she passed by? Perhaps, had there been small arms at the parsonage to hold her back she might have stayed. In the solitary night his head would go down upon his hands, and his eyes be hot with tears, tears bitter yet tender, too. His Celtic blood brought back to him half-forgotten legends he had read or heard, of peasant lads in Scotland or Ireland who had loved among the fairy people, and who could never forget, though they died of the remembering.

HE, too, Angus Fergusson, could not forget, yet, less fortunate than they, he could not die of the remembering. Through the long months he prayed that either Marietta might come back to him or that death might come. Once at least he was in a mood to defy God. It was the night of a hot thunder shower, and the lightning flashes seemed to come straight down upon him from the Eternal Law and the Eternal Vengeance, and to stay his hand. Through the winter the knife, its point smeared with his own blood turned rusty brown, hung on the wall beneath a crucifix. These were the months when, worn and pale, with eyes blazing almost like a madman's, he went through Tomocala tracking down illness, sorrow, poverty, like some hot-breathed hound. The town came to love him the more it pitied him. Yet too it feared him. It felt something almost uncanny about him, when he came out from his backwoods hermitage. But they did not guess in Tomocala that now at last Angus Fergusson was no longer alone; that there was a Thing which had come to live with him.

One evening he had sat late by a sick-bed in the village. Toward one in the morning he started home. It was, for our tropical climate, a cold winter's night. The sky was filled with scudding clouds, behind which raced a thin moon, emerging occasionally and casting fantastic shadows across the path. Fergusson's head throbbed with pain and he felt almost faint from the close smell of drugs and the sickroom. He dragged his feet wearily. And, for the moment, in a kind of stupor of fatigue he forgot. Then as he came out from under the tree into the little clear stretch of road by his house, a great wave of memories seemed to rise up over him, bitterer than before. He stopped. And then it was that for the first time it seemed to him that the rough little cabin looked out from the orange trees as if it were stealthily on the watch for him. The windows on either side of the door were like two eyes peering down the path. He stopped and gazed at it. Did it wait, he asked, to hear his midnight prayer? Could it not rest till it had gloated over his suffering? What grotesque face was that? He passed his hand over his eyes to drive away such fancies, and, withdrawing it, saw only the unpainted cabin he knew. Yet at the same time it came over him somehow that this was not the solitude he had left, something uneasy beat like a feverish pulse in his loneliness, that the very quiet of the forest held new sounds in lurking. Fergusson walked straight up to the house and, at the door, stopped. He was not surprised, some extra sense seemed already to have told him. Inside the cottage something was moving to and fro. By the door Fergusson crouched to listen. The thing moved gently, soft footfalls wandered hither and thither, and fumbling hands seemed to touch objects.

There was an instant when his heart stood still at the thought of one joyous possibility.

"Marietta!" he cried.

Then he waited. The soft footfalls padded to the door, then there was silence.

# ESAU, THE SKILFUL HUNTER, HAS RETURNED

*by Richard J. Beamish*

"Esau, the skilful hunter, has returned. He sets his snares and his price. Fair woman clamors for the choice of his kill—and you, Messieurs, must pay your share of the toll."

WHEN the world war drafted men by millions from farm and factory the habits and occupations of whole communities were twisted topsy turvy. New trades were born. Old arts and practices were revived.

Esau, the mighty hunter, was reborn and came again into the birthright surrendered so long ago to Jacob.

Into the forests went thousands of hunters and trappers after skins to keep warm the men exposed to the bitter cold and sweeping storms of Northern Europe; the aviators flying the icy upper levels of the air.

That was the beginning of the great hunt, the most determined, the costliest and the most successful fur forage this old earth has ever known.

Then women took up the demand for fur where the fighting men laid it down. Not since man emerged into civilization has there been such a hunting and trapping as that which woman inspires today.

Prices for fur have soared beyond all precedent and previous imagining.

Esau brings the furry pelts of his kill into the highest market of all time. Modistes and milliners of world-wide authority have set the fashion in furs. Dressmakers and furriers have carried the fashion into every community and stratum of civilized society.

The fur fashion has also been set for men. Custom tailors and makers of ready-to-wear have snapped up all the suitable fur they can get for fur collars and linings of overcoats and reefers. Fur caps and gloves are in unprecedented demand.

The return of Esau has driven sky-high all fabrics into which fur enters.

Beaver, Nutria, Hare, Rabbit—soft, fine furs always in high favor with Madame, are precisely those furs on which the maker of fine hats must also rely, because of their supreme felting quality.

So your next derby or soft hat must pay a considerable tribute to Madame's love of fine furs.

* * *

"Fur in my hat!" you say. "What do you mean?"

Exactly that! Every good hat worn by men is *felted fur.* Examine your Stetson under a microscope and you will see neither warp nor woof, but a fine, close-meshed material, denser, softer, more durable than any product of loom and needle.

The felting process is one of the most interesting and least known of all industrial fabrications. Every filament of fur consists of a central shaft with tiny barbs extending along it, opening toward the tip of the filament. In the making of Stetson Hats, the furs best adapted are the Beaver, Nutria, Hare, Scotch Rabbit and pelts of like fineness.

The fur is cut from the hide by knives revolving like the blades of a lawn mower.

The fur fibres are weighed, so many ounces to a hat and the filaments are now ready for felting.

They are fed into a machine which blows them under high pressure into a chamber containing a finely perforated copper cone about three feet high.

Through the perforations comes sufficient suction to catch the filaments after they have been whirled madly around the chamber by the blast, their barbs having meanwhile meshed and locked as they whirled.

A skilled worker opens the chamber and finds adhering to the cone a film so tender that a careless touch will break it. He removes the cone with the fur felt upon it, carefully wraps it in flannel, places a metal cover over it and plunges it into hot water to shrink and compact the felt.

Then follows the coloring with dyes of the highest quality, the shaping and trimming, the stiffening with India shellac, the finishing touches of finest leather and silk—all of which have climbed to record-breaking costs since the war.

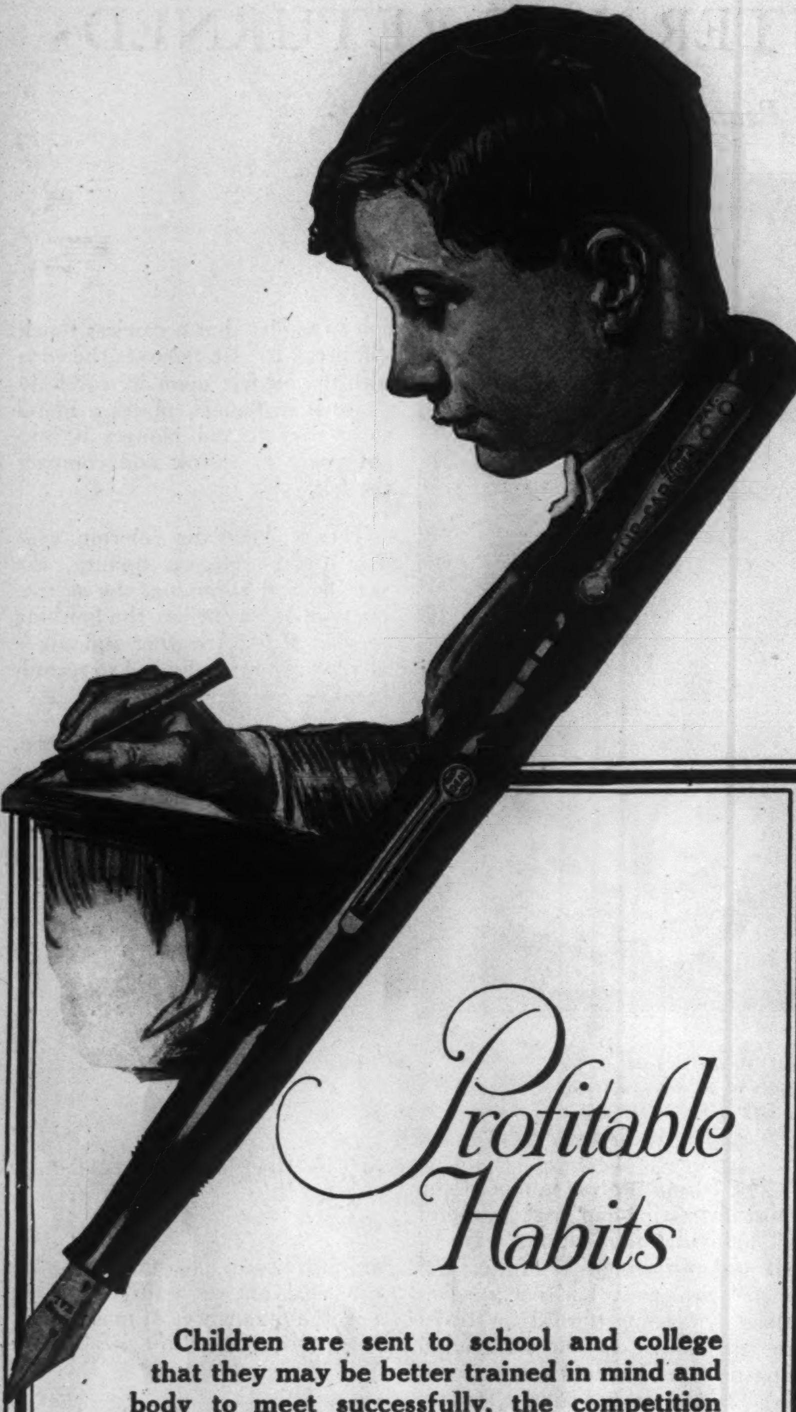
Every Stetson is hand finished, just as every Stetson shape has been designed by artists who have studied heads, the temperaments, the facial conformations, the callings and the preferences of mankind.

* * *

Fur in a hat! Nothing but the best fur if it's a Stetson. And the quality is maintained, even though fur prices have increased to ten times the pre-war level, and Beaver and other fine furs used in a Stetson are obtained only after arduous search and high bidding.

Esau, the skilful hunter, has returned. He sets his snares and his price. Fair woman clamors for the choice of his spoils and you, Messieurs, must pay your share of the toll!

Now if you want to know more about the inside facts of Hat Quality, The John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, will be glad to send you the little book, "The Making of a Stetson Hat".—showing how these fine Stetsons are made of the furry pelts brought home by Esau, the hunter.



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"Marietta," he cried again, but hope died in his heart. He caught at the door-knob, and then, his hands trembling with excitement, he got his keys out and opened the door.

It swung wide open. Cautiously he took one step within, then struck a match. There was just his cabin sitting-room with its few rough chairs, nothing disturbed.

At one end was the door to his little bedroom. There was a light in his eyes, and his hands twitched. Yet he deliberately lit a lamp and then slowly went to this other room. For one second at the door he hesitated, then quickly stepped inside, held the light in his hand high, and saw — nothing!

Then a kind of panic seized him. He rushed back to the larger room, flung the door to, and locked it. And as he did so, outside he heard those same trailing steps and it seemed that fingers fumbled at the lock.

It was the work of a moment to be out of the door and to stand on guard peering into the night. Softly behind him he closed the door. And as softly in an instant, behind him, there was the sound of steps inside and of hands tapping idly on the wall.

An hour or two, perhaps, that night he slept by the water's muddy edge under the bridge at Tomocala, and as dawn came slunk back to wait outside his yard until sunlight came and no ghosts could walk.

BUT in a little while he grew less afraid. The thing was shy and furtive as a woodland creature. It waited inside for him as he came home at night and then slipped out as he entered, and through the night, so long as he kept within, it pattered to and fro outside. He lost the first terror he had felt. The thing could have been a friend, a comrade to him, had it not been so timid. Sometimes he talked to it through the door and begged it to come in and be at rest.

We in the village thought he had the fever. Perhaps he had. Old Dr. Anderson stopped him one day on his way home and filled his hands — in spite of him — with quinine and tinctures and tonics. The minister smiled his queer sweet smile. He could afford to laugh. When he began to guess the truth he could not have told himself. But as once before a Fergusson's wife had come back, so now this gentle dove of a ghost had found its way home to its own orange grove. When Marietta went away there had been nothing of happiness left in life. But this was the ghost of happiness at least. And it was the direct answer to his prayers. Marietta back again or Death, he had asked. Death must have come to Marietta so that she might come to him, and he and she would wait together, happily, till Death should be ready for him, too.

Angus Fergusson's happiness was short-lived enough. Young Armistead, who was at Trinity in New York, saw the girl pass him in a cab on Fifth Avenue and wrote of this to his friend.

Then Fergusson knew which boon was to be granted him. It was Death that was his comrade. Once, opening the door suddenly, he had thought that he saw trailing filmy grey vanish around the corner. That was before Armistead's news came. He had remembered the autumn day when Marietta had hung herself with moss and put a wreath of bay leaves and rose haws in her hair. Now he was wiser; he knew that the grey had been of some dusty shroud, that in the pale hair were waxy lilies, heavily odorous. Death that he prayed for but dared not take himself now, he was sure, prowled near.

In exasperation he tried to pounce upon the thing, to force it to come to him. Through the long nights he and it kept vigil like enemies. He cried to it, he abused it, even once he cursed it through the door. Yet as ever it slid by him unseen and mysterious. It made a jest, a mockery of him. At last it broke his spirit.

Something made his eyes burn and his heart pound in his chest. In March there came a warmer night. The oranges had bloomed again. By the door crouched Fergusson, and through the thin boards he pleaded with the thing outside. He begged, he cajoled, he caressed with a queer sweet voice such as only she besides had ever heard from him.

"Oh dear Death, oh good Death, oh my beloved — "

It would be seeing too much of a soul in pain to know all that he said. Especially would it be wrong that any one should know what he whimpered as he grew weary. The night went on. The candle on the table flickered out, and the man on the floor finally slept with his head against the door like a tired child. Outside in the heavy sweet air did the thing, sleepless, keep watch?

He was aroused by the doleful shriek of the night train leaving Tomocala station. It awoke him to fresh energy. Still half-dazed by sleep he crashed heavily against the door, and cried to the thing outside. There was silence, but more than ever did Fergusson feel the presence, and know that he was heard. Something moved him to more violent action. No longer would he be the plaything of this shadow that had chosen to live with him. Death was his right, and Death should come in to him.

He lit the candle again. Deliberately he took down from its place on the wall beneath the crucifix the knife rusty with his own blood. Then he sat down to wait.

"I give you a half-hour," he said. "If you will not come in I will go out to you."

His blood bounded exultantly as he said it, for without he thought he heard a faint low cry as if the thing there whined and knew itself defeated at last.

Without, the night was fair with the drifting perfumes of the spring. It was of a loveliness such as must have brought back bitter-sweet memories of his dead happiness to the man in the little cabin. But he gripped his knife and did not stir. After perhaps twenty-five minutes he flung the door open. As he did this the thing, so he imagined, pattered softly off as if it sought refuge under the sheltering orange trees. But it should never escape so, the man said to himself. His body now was racked with pain. But it was not so he would be conquered — almost a smile came over his face at the thought. His fingers closed around the knife till his nails fairly cut his palm.

"Come, Death," he said in a low voice, "I will wait no longer. Come."

At first there was no sound. Then at the very end of the path by the road something crackled as if under a footfall.

"Come," he said again, and it sounded nearer. There was a gleam of something white under the arching trees, something that floated in the breeze. Then slowly it came up the path. It was in black all but this white scarf. Yet was it madness to see pale orange blossoms starring its grizzly hair? Timidly it came. Then impatiently Angus Fergusson rose. "Come," he called as the thing coweringly mounted the steps. His voice was hoarse with anger. Menacingly he raised the knife in his hand, held it pointed at his own breast.

Then a shrill cry cut the night.

"Angus, Angus!"

The thing took a step forward and then tumbled in a heap in the very doorway. Fergusson stared dazed. Then the knife clattered on the floor and he had raised her in his arms. Marietta, his beloved Marietta, with orange flowers again starring her pale gold hair, Marietta come home, Marietta, the first boon he asked of God, granted.

"YES, I've come home," she said a little later, still clasped tight in his arms. "I did not like the world so much, I wanted to try, a second time, to be your wife. And then —" she hesitated and for the moment she clung more tightly to him "— a child will grow up better here, will it not, Angus?"

Then under the candle-light she turned to look at him.

"Oh my poor Angus, my poor boy," she cried, and then as she quickly put her hands on his hot forehead and looked at his sunken blazing eyes, "you have fever. You must be cared for. You must get well at once."

"I will get well now," he said.

They stood by the door. Again something on the path crackled as if beneath a footfall. Marietta gave a little cry.

"Do you see it?" asked Fergusson hoarsely.

"No," said Marietta slowly, "there is nothing."

The man put a hand again to his burning head. The girl slowly drew him toward the door. Yet he seemed to see. It was as he had so often imagined it, clad in the grey of some dusty shroud, with waxy lilies in pale tangled hair. He caught Marietta and held her tight, while slowly it moved down the path and then parting for a moment the trailing veils showed its face as it waved good-bye.

"There is nothing there!" cried Marietta. "It was Death."

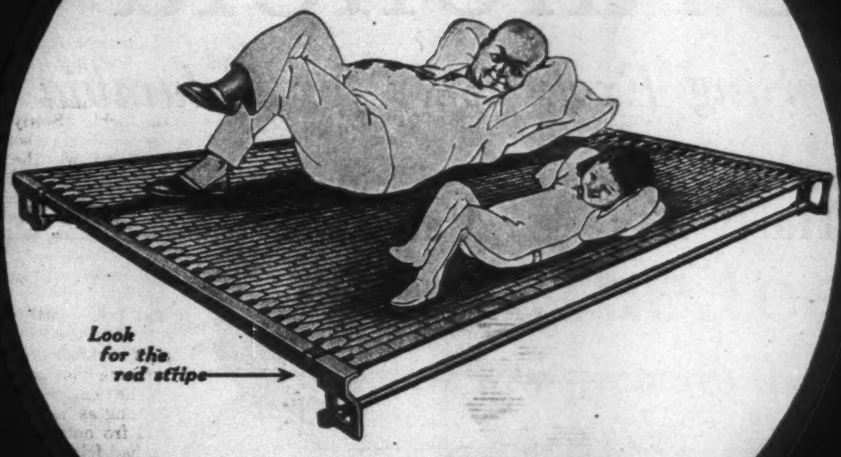
"It shall not have you. I will make you well."

"Yes, it has gone," said Angus. "It will not come back. Not till it shall seem best to God."

By the door they knelt. And before he prayed he kissed Marietta.

"Come, wind of the South, and blow in my garden that is my soul," he said. "Grant to us two thy peace, oh Lord."

"Us three," murmured Marietta.


Look for the red stripe

# Look to Your Sleeping Hours

IF it takes an alarm clock to waken you in the morning, and a mental struggle after that to get you up, be assured, you're not getting the most restful sleep. For the *utmost* in sleeping comfort and restfulness, make the foundation of your sleeping outfit the

**WAY Sagless Spring**

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The resilient surface yields to the curves of the body in any position, giving support to every part—inviting complete relaxation. Does not roll you to center of bed. Noiseless, sanitary, will not rust or tear bedding.

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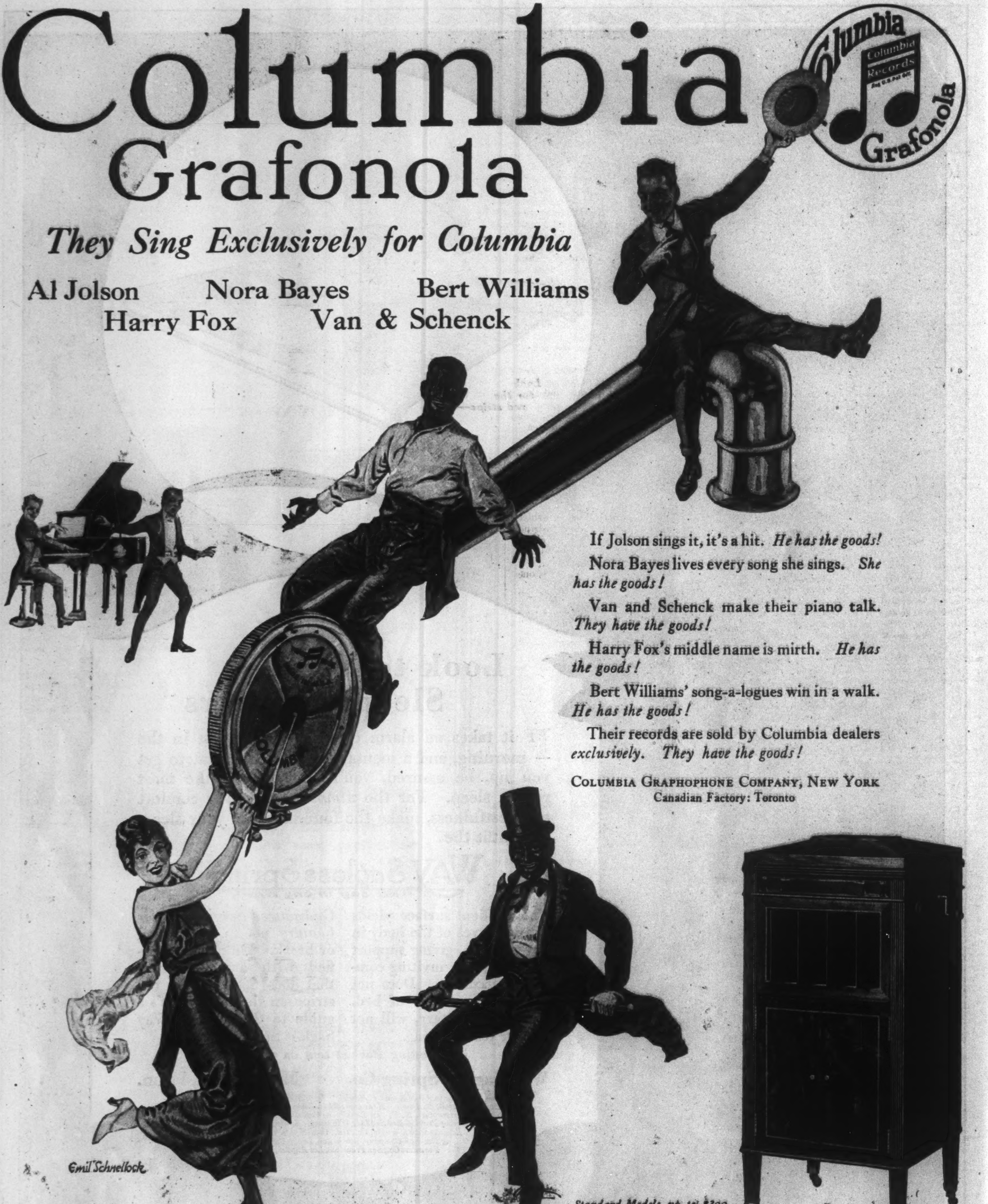
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# The Pragmatic Sanction

[*Continued from page 14*]

"Not for you, it ain't. Listen, now! You know I'm no piker —"

"Of course, but —"

"No, listen, girlie! Lookathis!" He drew thick rolls of bills from his vest pockets. "See, it's all yours! And —"

"I'm not keen on that talk, Frank."

"Wait! Get me right! Here —" he produced a check.

She studied it, pursing her lips; read her own name on it, and the startling figures "$25,000"; saw, too, that it was certified by a New York bank.

"See!"— he was saying eagerly —"that's just a starter, just to show you I mean it! I'm not going to ask my girl to take chances. Not while I've got it."

"What would your wife say?" she asked.

"Let her divorce me. God knows she's not been straight with me. And if she does, honey, I'll make you marry me."

"Nothing doing, Frank. I'll never marry again. It's not my game. Besides, I don't know's I've ever legally divorced Al. No . . . it isn't that . . ."

"What is it, then? What's the matter? You know I'm crazy about you."

"I know. And I won't say I'm not fond of you. And if I turn this down now, and stick in the old wheel, and you go back East I'll miss you."

"Well, then —"

"No, listen! I'm talking straight. I'll miss you. I'll be as lonesome as the devil. And you'll fall for another girl —"

"I won't let you say that!"

"BUT you will! Don't kid yourself. Probably I'll fall for another fellow one of these days, and I don't want to. There's a funny thing happened to-night. It isn't what you think — it's the old folks — my folks. I've just found out that they need me." Quite suddenly, with the quick emotional responsiveness of theatrical folk, she began crying.

"Bless your heart, Min! You'll be able to do everything in the world for them."

"No." She shook her head while the tears fell. "I've got to do it with the money I've made myself. I know I'm funny, but I seem to feel pretty strong about it. You'll have to let me go my own way, Frank."

Late on the following Monday morning, Minnie, tiny white dog in her arms, stepped down from a North Shore train. The little wooden station of her youth had given way to a new elevated structure of concrete. There were substantial new buildings. It was a new Sunbury, into which motion picture houses had already made their way.

A colored hackman recognized her; stared curiously; said, "Hello, Minnie!" And she nodded and hurried by.

A drug clerk in the corner store — it was the Waters boy grown up — inclined his head distantly as he gave the address of her parents. She caught herself flushing. A disturbing experience; for if her hat and frock were somewhat elaborate, she had paid through the nose for every rag of it. It is of mild interest, however, that once around the corner she did slip off a number of her rings and drop them into her purse. It seemed to her even then that the passer-by looked at her as if she were a horned viper.

The neighborhood was depressing. Minnie was passionately sensitive to poverty, and her spirits were sinking fast. The house was one of the drab row backing up to the tracks — little wooden boxes, gable-end to the street, the old fences with a picket missing here and there.

She caught a glimpse, through a film of tears, of a white head and a sharp profile at an upper window, and ran up the steps. A slatternly negro sent her up-stairs. She tapped. Then her mother's feet moved lightly across the floor; suddenly it became clear that she would have known those footfalls and the now-hesitant rhythm of the step anywhere in the world — that familiar sound would have brought her, staring, out of the deepest sleep. When the door opened, she was sobbing, and holding the dog tightly to her breast.

Mrs. Mason stared for a moment, then cried — "Minnie!" — and enfolded her, dog and all, in her trembling arms.

Then the door closed, and, the dog sniffing about the pitifully dingy room, they sat and looked at each other. Minnie saw a broken old woman, mean furniture, and a folding bed. Then she felt those sad eyes on her, and talked in a rush through her tears.

"I bought every rag of it with my own money — I'm making money now — on the square, too — oh, it's the show business, and I know you don't approve of it, but I own two-thirds of my own company, and next year I'm going to put on an eighteen-thousand dollar production — you see this is the old burleyque wheel — that's burlesque— and it's a sure thing — surest there is — nothing like this chancy Broadway stuff. Oh, they get the press and play the big time and all that, but we have our own following and . . ."

And Mrs. Mason, bewildered, struggled both to preserve her sanity and to believe the best.

"Have you had any lunch, Minnie? I haven't much of anything here — but there's a little tea and some crackers. They don't mind our doing a little cooking here. For heavier meals we go over now and then to the bakery."

"Bless your heart, Mama, don't you think of bothering. I had breakfast at ten."

"At ten. . . . !"

"Listen — I want to ask you — does papa ever speak of me?"

Slowly the mother shook her head. There were many things she would have liked to say and to ask, but speech was bitterly difficult. The one thing above all else that she could not possibly have told her daughter was that of late years she and her husband each knew that the other watched at about this season for the name of Minnie Mason among the theatrical advertisements.

"Do you live here, Mama, in just this one room?"

"Well, lately, it's been all we could — "

"Does papa do *any* business?"

"It has been hard. Though Mr. Weston has promised, if he buys the new bank property, to give your father the business, and, of course, Lily — "

"Mama!" Minnie, near to sobbing again, opened her purse,. "Here's a little. Just for now — a hundred or so." She tossed what bank notes she had into her mother's lap. "No, don't you say anything about it. Listen. I suppose papa owes more or less."

"Well, of course — he's very hopeful now, as soon as Mr. Weston — "

"Listen here! I can't stay now. I've got a performance at two. We do two a day, you know. And I've got a hunch you'd better talk with papa first — sorta break it to him. But listen, you and papa sit down to-night and make up a list of every penny he owes — every penny, mind, with interest at six per cent. My father and mother took care of me when I was a kid, and I didn't treat 'em right, and I tell you right now they're not going to suffer while I've got a dollar to share with 'em. . .No, I guess there ain't much use of our trying to talk about it. I'll be out to-morrow on the same train, and I'll expect that list to be ready. Papa won't feel so darn bad when he sees the coin. Money talks."

"Oh, Minnie, it hurts me a little to have you say things like — "

"But it does, Mama! You can't get back of that."

Wm. P. and Mrs. Mason dined that evening on beefsteak, French fried potatoes, asparagus, ice-cream and coffee in the restaurant of the Chicago terminal; and Wm. P. called the waiter, "George," and gave him fifty cents afterward. Then, curiously silent, he helped her on a Clark Street car. Mrs. Mason's face twitched nervously as she rode.

Furtively they slipped into back seats in the dingy theatre. Silently, speaking of other, trivial things, they took car and train back to Sunbury.

It was on the walk home that the mother spoke her thoughts.

"I suppose it — isn't so — bad — if only she wouldn't — w-wear — " She could get no further with it.

"After all," explained Wm. P. with pathetic eagerness, "it's just what Minnie calls it, it's a business. Of course, there's folks out here that wouldn't understand. Narrow folks. Every village has those. But it means something, don't it, that she

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in this new way---remove the film

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

owns her own show. Means character, don't it? I know it's queer, but . . ."

They sat in the two front windows, Wm. P., haggard after a sleepless night, in the patent rocker; Mrs. Mason, who never leaned back, in the straight chair with the cane seat. Outside, the young leaves of the elms rustled brightly in the flooding golden sunlight.

They watched each casual passer-by; strained their eyes at each sound. When the silence had grown long she asked —

"Where'd you put the list, Will?"

He opened his hand to show the folded paper.

"She's coming, Will, I see her."

"Oh, yes!" He was staring out through the screen at the richly attired creature who walked with so conspicuously easy a swing.

"Hadn't we better go down and meet her, Will? You know she's a busy woman."

"Oh, I suppose so. You mustn't scold if I'm a little severe with her, Sue."

"Oh, Will — not now — not when she's —"

"I'll have to act as I feel. There's some things it's no good trying to cover up."

But on the steps, as Minnie came in at the gate, Wm. P. cried.

It was Minnie who took matters in hand.

"Have you got the list, papa?" she asked, strangely like the child he had lost. "If you have, we'll go straight down to the bank."

"I think I've got it all down, Minnie, but I'm not sure about some of the interest."

"Mr. Weston can straighten that out. They have interest tables in banks."

"Oh, I suppose they can. Never thought o' that. Hold on, Minnie, your mother can't walk quite so fast."

They turned the corner into Simpson Street and advanced on the bank, Wm. P. on the outside, the arrestingly handsome Minnie and her dog on the inside, Mrs. Mason between them. Minnie found the flush coming again, and grew quietly angry. Mrs. Mason's face was twitching in that nervous way. Wm. P.'s head was defiantly up and back. Curious eyes were peering out shop-windows. And each of the three sensed an electric whisper flying ahead of them along the street.

In the bank, Minnie drew her father aside, asked how much he would need at the start.

"I'm afraid," he began — "of course, there was a good many old things — and you said — "

"Don't feel that way, papa; just tell me."

"It's — almost a thousand dollars!"

"Is that all!" Minnie was brusquely cheerful. She led them directly across the tiled floor to the mahogany rail.

Mr. Weston, a quiet little man, very bald, with close-clipped gray mustache and large spectacles, breathing the decorum that was felt among the responsible folk of Sunbury to be the ultimate expression of their suburban life, looked up.

"How do you do, Minnie," said Mr. Weston, gravely. For he knew as well as she that when money speaks it is best to listen attentively.

"Good morning, Mr. Weston," she replied; and already, at this encounter, her quick emotions were struggling for expression. "Now listen, papa wants you to help him straighten out a few things here. Here — " she guardedly opened her purse — "here's my check for two thousand. I thought you'd like it certified. Of course you don't know much about me these days — "

"Oh, I'm sure —" began Mr. Weston, politely.

"That's the gospel. You don't. Papa'll tell you what he wants done. Whatever balance there is you'd better just hold to his credit on a check account. I'll send something every week — fifty or a hundred."

"Oh, Minnie," breathed her mother, "not so much! Child, we really — "

But Minnie drew herself up. Her face worked as if in preparation for an emotional scene. Her blazing eyes swept the subtly, pruriently hostile room. "I've got it," she cried. "I tell you I've made good. And, by God, my father and mother are going to have the best there is!"

They left Wm. P. at the bank and walked to the station; and along the street Mrs. Mason, her face averted, said not a word. Minnie started a number of sentences, even worked up an embarrassingly loud laugh, but drew out no response.

On the new concrete platform Mrs. Mason sank on a bench. And then Minnie saw that she was crying.

"Why, mama!" she breathed; sat beside her, put a strong arm around her — "What is it — what's happened?"

Mrs. Mason sobbed — "Minnie, I — I can't bear it! I never thought I'd live to — don't think me ungrateful for all you're doing for us — but the awful thing you said — swearing like that — "

Minnie's thoughts darted bewildered here and there. "I didn't swear, mama!"

"You — you did. Right before Mr. Weston. I — I'm old fashioned, I suppose, but I can't b-bear to think — "

"Oh!" breathed the daughter, softly, "Oh, yes! I remember." Then the tears came and rolled down her fair cheeks.

"Promise me you'll never say that d-dreadful thing again."

"I will, mama!" Her thoughts were racing forward, picturing before the mind's eye the curious complications that lay ahead. "I will — I promise now. You g-get careless in — my crowd. But I'll never swear again. Never."

She held her little mother close, heedless of who might see, warmly, luxuriously happy in this new emotion with its momentary sense of a safe anchorage. And she knew, as the thin shoulders within her encircling arm relaxed their nervous tension, that the mother was richly happy, too.

# The Sacred Bull in Our Economic Premises

[*Continued from page 34*]

Suppose then, as in Illustration III, that you increase the amount of goods without increasing the money. It is clear what will happen now. There are more goods to be bought and sold with the same amount of money as before, and prices fall.

But suppose, as in Illustration IV, that as goods increase so money increases also, in a constant relation. What then happens? Nothing at all. There are more goods to be sold for money, and there is more money to buy goods with, and prices stand still.

And now you say: "Very well, so far. But how shall this constant relation between money and goods be determined? How shall anybody know when to increase or decrease the number of dollars, and in what amount?"

The answer is: By means of an Index Number.

If the production of commodities increases, prices will tend to fall and the Index Number will show it. Then you increase the number of dollars accordingly. If the production of commodities is less, prices will tend to rise, and the Index Number will show this also. Then you decrease the number of dollars. You increase the dollars in one case because there are more goods to be bought and sold and, therefore, more need for dollars. You decrease them in the other case, because goods are fewer and, therefore, there is less need for dollars.

To the economist this is a clear and definite answer. To the rest of us it is dark and perplexing.

What is an Index Number?

While I was thinking how I should make the nature of this fearsome statistical animal clear to the lay person I became dimly aware that the barber was telling me why the price of a hair cut had risen to sixty cents.

"Bread," he was saying, "bread that was ten cents for a big loaf is seventeen cents for a smaller one. A steak that was forty, forty-five, maybe fifty cents is a dollar-and-a-quarter, and they don't care. Potatoes! You know what you pay for potatoes. But do you remember a few years ago that when you went for kerosene the tradesman stuck a potato on the spout of your can to keep the oil in? A nice cabbage used to be five cents for a head. Now they sell him by the ounce. My God! There was Schneider around the corner sold you a hat for a dollar. No more. Now that same hat would be three or three-and-a-half. A suit of clothes. You could get a fine suit of clothes for seventeen dollars. Now a poor suit is forty or fifty, and they are not particular. That is to say nothing of the things we buy in this business. Perfumes, for instance. They have gone up five or six times, and they are water — just water. Nobody is in the least particular."

Well, that way, in his mind, this barber had constructed a fairly good Index Number. He got the food essentials first, put clothes next, and mentioned perfumes last. Weighing one class of things against another and considering not only the extent of the rise but the importance of each kind of thing in the scheme of existence, he concluded that the *average* cost of living had somewhat more than doubled during five or six years. And that is approximately right.

The *average* is what an Index Number must represent, since the cost of living consists in a great number of separate things, and each one of those things is affected in cost by the cost of an incredible number of other things. We cannot take account of everything. All things do not go up and down alike, in the same way and at the same time. Besides, goods of different kinds are of unequal importance. We have to buy much more of some than of others. We have to buy more food than anything else.

If the barber had taken only bread, and Schneider's hats, and perfumes, all three at equal importance, he might have arrived at a conclusion like this: Bread has doubled; that is 100 per cent. increase. A hat has gone up three times; that is 300 per cent. Perfumes cost six times as much as they did; that is 600 per cent. These three things added together have gone up 1,000 per cent., and 1,000 per cent. divided by three is 333 per cent. Therefore, the cost of living has increased three times, or 333 per cent.

That would be wrong. And he didn't do it that way. Why? Because he knew as a matter of common sense that a rise in the price of the hat one buys once or twice a year, or in perfumes, would not affect the actual cost of living nearly so much as lesser increases in the prices of such things as bread and meat and potatoes, which one buys all the time. So, although a hat had increased 300 per cent. and perfumes 600 per cent., he counted them lightly and stressed the prices of food, thereby arriving at the rough conclusion that the average cost of living, according to his experience, had increased about one and one-half times, or 150 per cent. That is not far from the statistical truth.

The statistician works in exactly the same way, only with more care and elaboration. He groups commodities according to their importance in the scale of human wants. He takes, let us say, two items of grain, or one of grain and one of flour, to represent bread; then two of meat, one fresh and one salt; then two of staple vegetables, probably potatoes and beans; then one of butter, which will stand for milk also; cotton, leather and wool to represent clothes; one of lumber and one of iron to represent houses, and so on. Then he finds how much each separate item has increased — this one 100 per cent., this one 70 per cent., and this one 125 per cent., until they are all accounted for. Lastly, he adds all these increases together and divides the total by the number of items. The result is the average increase in the cost of living. It is the Index Number of prices.

Anybody can do it.

Get out the old grocery book of 1914 and let us make a few comparisons, confining them to food alone.

| | |
|---|---|
| If the price of a loaf of bread has doubled, the increase is...... | 100% |
| If meat that was 25 cents a pound now is 60, the increase is..... | 140% |
| If eggs that were 30 cents a dozen now are 60, the increase is.................... | 100% |
| If butter that was 40 cents now is 78 cents, the increase is.... | 95% |
| If potatoes have doubled, the increase is.................. | 100% |
| The aggregate of these increases is..................... | 535% |

And as we have five items, we divide 535 by 5, and the result is 107 per cent., which is the average increase in price of these five commodities. So any Index Number is constructed, only, of course, on a much larger scale.

There are several well-known Index Numbers. The R. G. Dun & Company, commercial agency, has kept one for many years. It is the oldest in this country. The New York *Times Annalist* keeps one which is based on food commodities only, and is corrected weekly. The government keeps one, based on more than 250 different commodities, and its authority now prevails. No two Index Numbers are kept in exactly the same way. The principle is the same, but the statistical technique is original in each case and the selection of commodities is different; and yet they all prove each other. The statisticians say they synchronize. This means that they all rise and fall together and agree remarkably in their testimony as to the course of prices. This is a very important fact, since it shows that we are dealing with a sound and trustworthy instrument.

In the adjustment of great wage disputes the Index Number has become indispensable. When you read in the newspaper that the miners or the railroad employees, arguing their case for higher pay, have introduced evidence to show that the cost of living has risen faster than wages, what does that mean? It means that we have gone already a long way toward dealing with averages in a rational manner. For the period in question the government's Index Number shows, let us say, that the average cost of living has advanced 90 per cent. In the same time wages have increased only 50 per cent. Clearly, therefore, the wage-earners, notwithstanding the rise of 50 per cent. in their pay, are worse off than before. They are entitled to further relief, and generally, on the showing of facts, that is, on the evidence of the Index Number, they get it.

But now consider what this is that happens.

A wild and unscientific dollar, bearing no natural relation to the amount of wealth existing or in process of making, becoming suddenly much inflated, out of all proportion to the increase in the amount of commodities produced, has caused prices to rise absurdly. Wage-earners complain of the cost of living and threaten to strike for more pay. Then everybody concerned goes to Washington and the Index Number is invoked. If it shows that prices have risen faster than wages, a redistribution of dollars is decreed. More dollars are allotted in the form of wages—not to all wage-earners alike but only to those who have threatened to tie up the railroad system or paralyze the mining industry. Then other groups of wage-earners begin to rebel and strike, for the same reasons. Little by little most of them get more or less relief, on the testimony of the Index Number; but it is altogether an awkward and ill-natured performance.

Meanwhile, the increase of wages, beginning at the top, has made a false need for more dollars, and the dollar is further inflated. The cost of living goes up and up; and before you know it the big labor groups, the miners and the railroad employees, are back in Washington with the same case to prove. The Index Number shows that the further rise in the cost of living has eaten up their last increase, and more, so that they are worse off again, and must have more pay. And they get it.

Continually the Index Number is invoked to mitigate the evils that flow from an unscientific, fluctuating money unit.

Repeatedly, on the evidence of the Index Number, a new distribution of depreciated dollars is decreed.

But there is no attempt by means of that same Index Number to control, rationalize and cure the dollar itself.

No. The gold dollar, romantically derived from the rocks, bearing only the most whimsical and arbitrary relation to the human's wealth-producing activities,— is the sacred bull in our economic premises. We build defenses against its cavorting ways. We even go so far as now to indemnify some of the victims of its depredations. But you may not touch the person of the bull. Just propose to do that and all our modern superstitions rise to save it.

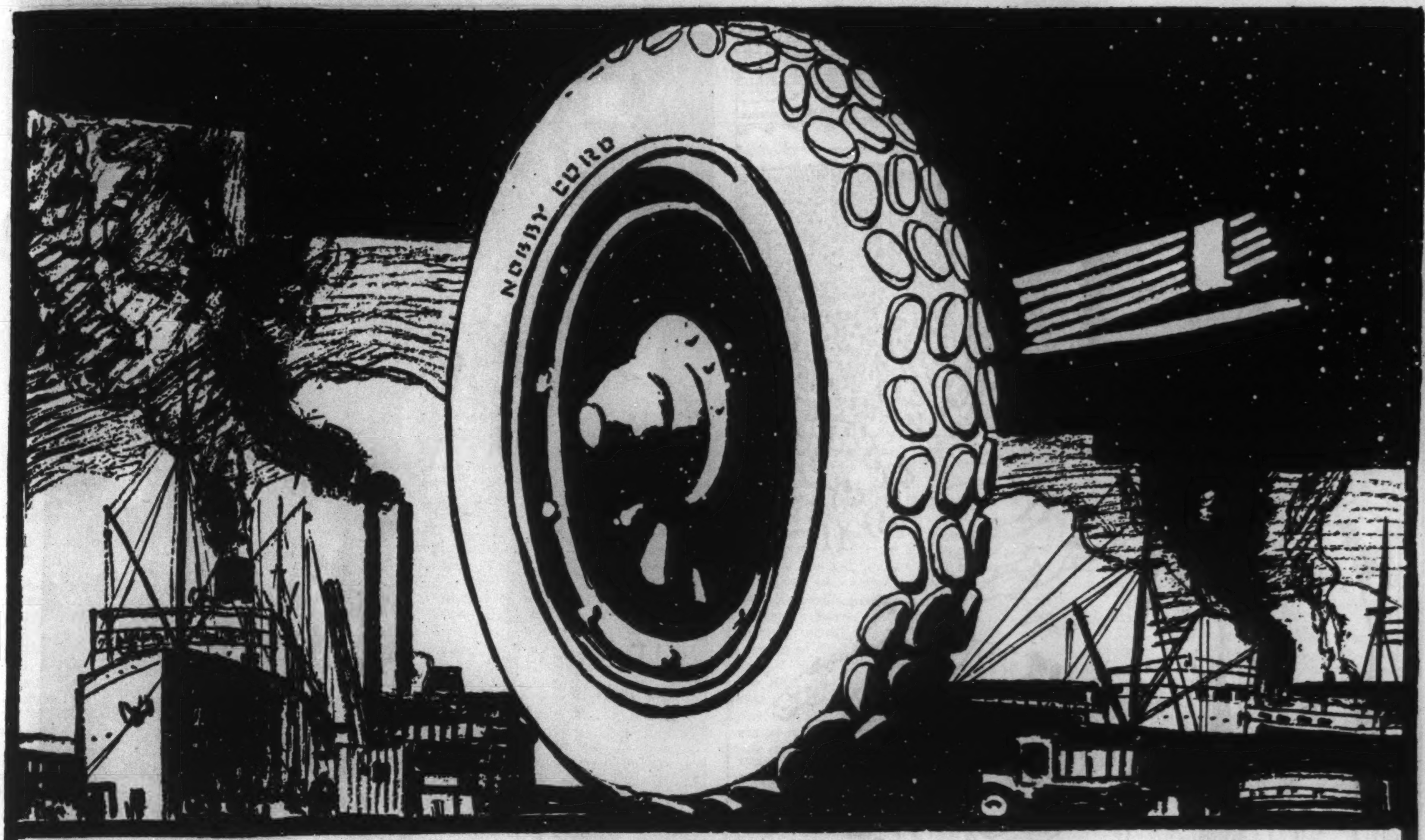
So there it is.

We have knowledge of the means whereby to provide a constant dollar, the buying power of which shall be always the same.

We know how to eliminate these wild and perilous fluctuations in the cost of living.

Do we want sane money?

Or do we prefer the dollar mad?



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## BUT WHAT KIND OF PNEUMATIC TRUCK TIRES

NINE years ago, there were only about 25,000 motor trucks in the country. That was when *the first pneumatic truck tire ever built* came out of one of the U. S. Tire factories.

How changed today. More than 700,000 trucks. Over 5,000 truck *lines*, paralleling the service of the railroads. More starting daily.

The United States Rubber Company has long been preparing for this new transportation era. Looking ahead—realizing the part the *right kind of pneumatic truck tires* should play. Thinking of the *food* situation, the *industrial* situation—*every* phase of commercial transportation.

Its years of experience—longest of any truck tire manufacturer—have been devoted to this one objective: the construction of a *Truck* Pneumatic built for *Truck* service. With the result that it has been able to incorporate, in each U. S. Nobby Cord Pneumatic Truck Tire, a structural strength beyond anything ever attempted—as may be seen from the way its beads are *anchored*, its breaker strips *multiplied*, its flap *moulded*, its side cushions *bulwarked*, its holding to the road *made sure*.

* * *

The United States Rubber Company is providing truck owners *today* with the pneumatic truck tire performance they will be looking for when the *bulk* of the nation's freight business is being done by motor truck.

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## United States Rubber Company

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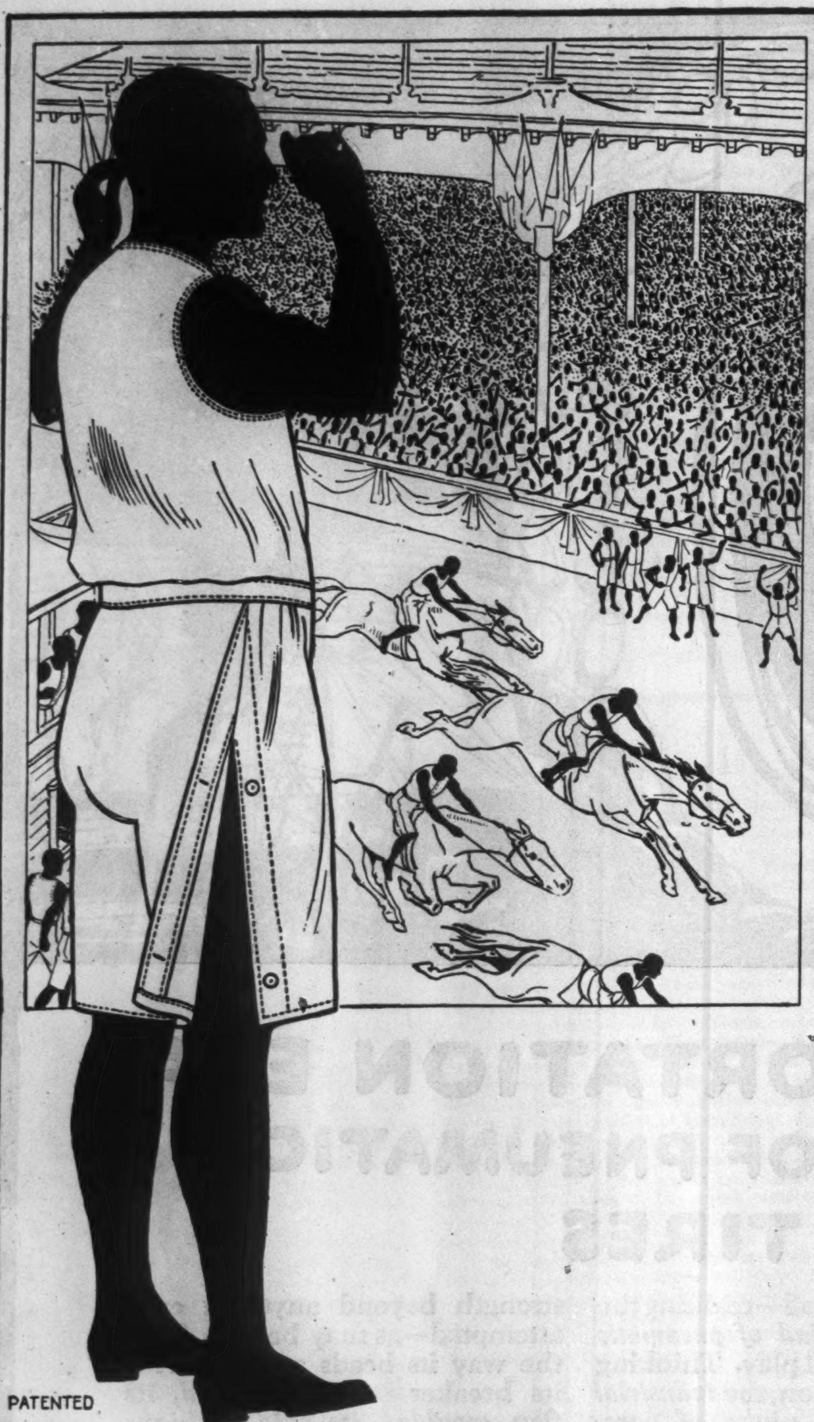
*Two hundred and thirty-five Branches*



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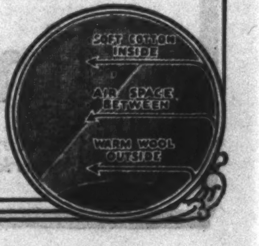


# The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[*Continued from page 19*]

There are also many men, an' a few women, who just drift or wander or get lost in the desert. An' out of all these, if they stay in the desert, but few survive. The Great American Desert is a vast place an' it is covered by unmarked graves an' bleached bones. I've seen so many — so many."

Dismukes paused while his broad chest heaved with a sigh.

"I was talkin' about what men think the desert means to them. In my case I say gold, an' I say that as the other man will claim he loves the silence or the color or the loneliness. But I'm wrong an' so is he. The great reason why the desert holds men lies deeper. I feel that. But I've never had the brains to solve it. I do know, however, that life on this wasteland is fierce an' terrible. Plants, reptiles, beasts, birds, an' men, all have to fight for life far out of proportion to what's necessary in fertile parts of the earth. You will learn that early, an' if you are a watcher an' a thinker you will understand it.

"THE desert is no place for white men. An oasis is fit for Indians. They survive there. But they don't thrive. I respect the Indians. It will be well for you to live a while with Indians. . . . Now what I most want you to know is this."

The speaker's pause this time was impressive, and he raised one of his huge hands, like a monstrous claw, making a gesture at once eloquent and strong.

"When the desert claims men it makes most of them beasts. They sink to that fierce level in order to live. They are trained by the eternal strife that surrounds them. A man of evil nature survivin' in the desert becomes more terrible than a beast. He is a vulture. On the other hand there are men whom the desert makes like it. Yes — fierce an' elemental an' terrible, but greater in another sense — greater through that eternal strife to live — beyond any words of mine to tell. I've met a few such men, an' if it's possible for the divinity of God to walk abroad on earth in the shape of mankind, it was invested in them. The reason must be that in development by the desert, in the case of these few men who did not retrograde, the spiritual kept pace with the physical. It means these men never forgot, never reverted to mere unthinking instinct, never let the hard fierce brutal action of survival on the desert kill their souls. Spirit was stronger than body. I've learned this of these men, though I never had the power to attain it. It takes brains. I was only fairly educated. An' though I've studied all my years on the desert, an' never gave up, I wasn't big enough to climb as high as I can see. I tell you all this, Wansfell, because it may be your salvation. Never give up to the desert nor to any of its minions! Never cease to fight! Thus you will repent for your crime. The secret is never to forget your hold on the past — your memories — an' through thinkin' of them to save your mind an' apply it to all that faces you out there."

Rising from his seat Dismukes made a wide sweeping gesture, symbolical of a limitless expanse. "An' the gist of all this talk of mine — this hope of mine to do for you as I'd have been done by — is that if you fight an' think together like a man meanin' to repent of his sin — somewhere out there in the loneliness an' silence you will find God!"

With that he abruptly left the camp-fire to stride off into the darkness; and the sonorous roll of his last words seemed to linger on the quiet air.

Adam stared out into the night where Dismukes had vanished. Something great had happened. Was the man Dismukes a fanatic, a religious wanderer of the wasteland, who imagined he had found in Adam an apt pupil, or who had preached a sermon because the opportunity presented itself? No! The prospector had the faith to give out of his lesson of life on the desert. And as Adam felt the mounting passion of conviction, of gratitude, his stirred mind seemed suddenly to burst into a radiant and scintillating inspiration of resolve to be the man Dismukes had described. Repentance! Expiation! True to himself at the last in spite of a horrible and fatal blunder!

"Oh, Guerd! Guerd, my brother!" he cried, shuddering at the whisper of that name. "Wherever you are in spirit — hear me! . . . I'll rise above wrongs and hate and revenge! — I'll remember our boyhood — how I loved you! I'll atone for my crime! I'll never forget. . . . I'll fight and think to save my soul — and pray for yours! . . . Hear me and forgive — you who drove me out among the wanderers of the wasteland!"

Adam lay awake for some length of time waiting for Dismukes to return, but he did not come. The night grew lighter and the sky bluer owing to the increased brilliancy of the stars. Adam at length succumbed to drowsiness.

It was Dismukes's call that awakened him. His slumber had been deep and prolonged. The sun already tipped the eastern range rosy red. Adam felt no severe effects from his hard experience, except an inordinate hunger. After breakfast, while they were cleaning up the camp utensils, the prospector talked about burros.

"Now, Wansfell, you must learn all about burros," began Dismukes. "The burro is the most important part of your outfit. This desert would still be a blank waste, unknown to white men, if it had not been for those shaggy lazy lop-eared little donkeys. Think of that! Whenever you get sore at one an' feel inclined to kill him for some trick or other, just remember that you could not get along without him.

"Most burros are alike. They hang near camp, as you see mine, hopin' they can steal a bite of somethin' if you don't give it to them. They'll eat paper, or most anythin' except greasewood. They love paper off bacon. They never get homesick an' seem contented in the most desolate places. I had a burro that was happy in Death Valley which's the hell-hole of this wasteland. Burros are seldom responsive to affection. They'll stand great abuse. Never expect any thanks. Always patient. They are usually easy to catch. But they must know you. Only way to catch them is to head them off. Then they stop. Young burros are easily broke, an' will follow others. They must be driven. Never knew but one that I could lead. Don't forget this. They have the most wonderful endurance — never stumble or fall — an' can exist on practically nothin'. In the mornin' when you start off on your day's travel the burros are fresh an' they drive fine. But, in the afternoon, when they get tired, they think of tricks. They'll lie down — roll over on a pack — knock against a rock or tree. They'll get together in a bunch to tangle the packs. When a burro intends to lie down he humps his back an' wriggles his tail. It's hard to get burros across streams. Scared of water! I've had to carry my burros many a time. But they'll climb or go down the steepest, roughest mountain trail without fear. Burros have more patience an' good qualities an' also cussedness than any other beasts. They pick out pardners an' stick together all the time. A big bunch of burros will pair off regardless of sex. They bray at night — an awful sound till you get used to it. Well, I guess that's an introduction to desert burros. It's all serious fact, Wansfell, as you'll learn, an' to your cost, unless you remember."

"I'll remember," he asserted, with conviction.

"DARESAY you will," replied Dismukes, "but the idea is you must remember before you get in trouble, not after. I can't tell you how to know a burro is goin' to trick you. I'm just givin' you facts as to the nature of burros in general. You must study an' learn them yourself. A man could spend his life studyin' burros an' then have lots to learn. Most prospectors spend half their time trackin' their burros. It's tryin' to find burros that has cost many a desert man his life. He's the camel of this Sahara — an' speakin' of that reminds me that this trip out I saw two camels."

"What?" queried Adam, incredulously. "Not real African camels!"

"Yes — the real old genuine camels from Africa," replied Dismukes, with such positiveness that Adam had but to believe him. "Regular hump-backed, shaggy ships of the desert. . . . There were two of them over here in a wild canyon in the Chuckawallas. Good water an' some grass, an' a place I never knew a white man but me to reach. These camels ran off when they saw me, but they came back. Needed water, as I found out. When they saw I was harmless they stayed in the canyon, grazed with my burros an' got fairly tame. If I hadn't found a good pocket of gold I'd have caught them, an' tried to use them. Maybe I'll do it yet. They would be great to cover distance an' pack outfits on this desert. But ridin' one would be hell. An', of course, I couldn't keep up with camels on foot, like I do with burros."

"Dismukes! You can't be serious," exclaimed Adam. "African camels out here — wild on the desert!"

"Wansfell, it's a fact that you may see for yourself some day. An' the explanation is simple. I've long heard of camels on the Colorado Desert. An' twice I met prospectors who had seen some. Finally I met a fellow who told me how these camels came to get here. The government imported camels from Africa twice. They were brought across to New Orleans or Galveston — two good-sized bunches of them — the last in 1857, I think, an' they were for experimental purposes. The government believed camels would make great pack animals. An' they were tried out in the desert places. An' they worked fine as long as there was any drivers who knew how to manage them. The draw-backs were that the camels would scare every horse clear out of his skin, an' also they would wander too far from camp in search of food. So the experiment was a failure. Some of the camels were sold, an' some got away to wander out here into California. There are desert valleys in the mountains that no white man ever saw. An' perhaps camels from the Sahara have found a home in them."

"Well, I'll be darned!" ejaculated Adam.

"Wansfell, here's an idea," went on Dismukes, who appeared to respond to Adam's increasing interest in a way that hinted of a long-lost pleasure in the sound of his voice. "If you want to do somethin' big — after you get well an' strong an' know the desert — go catch those camels an' make burros out of them. It could be done. I could do it. Just think! You could travel a hundred miles in no time. Ride so fast the heat would never bother you. Go easy from one good water-hole to another. Pack more grub than you'd use in a year. An' best of all, there are claim-jumpers an' robbers an' murderers of miners in this desert — bad men, ignorant an' superstitious, who would drop dead of fright at sight of a camel!"

"IT'S wonderful," replied Adam, "but, heavens, it's beyond me."

"Boy, you haven't got the gist of all my talk," returned Dismukes, earnestly. "I said that out here — alone — in this awful desolation — this naked earth — a man either becomes an animal or he becomes superhuman."

With that decisive conclusion the prospector appeared to have talked himself out for the present, and he devoted his efforts to a selection of parts of his outfit that manifestly he meant to turn over to Adam. His generosity filled Adam with consternation, but he was deaf to objection or appeal. At length having made the selection to his satisfaction, he went out to wake up the burro Jinny. As he led Jinny into camp all the other burros trooped along.

"Watch me pack an' then you try your hand on Jinny," he said.

Adam was all eyes while the prospector placed in position the old ragged pads of skins and blankets, and the pack-saddles over them, to be buckled carefully. Upon the horns of these were hung the boxes, one each side of the burro with even distribution of weight, and then on top and between came the bedding and canvas. It was all comparatively easy until it came to tying the pack on with a rope in what Dismukes called a hitch. This puzzled Adam sorely. However, after Dismukes had accomplished it, Adam believed he could make a respectable showing. He began to pack Jinny, and did very well indeed till he got to the hitch, which was harder to tie than it looked.

"Pack the canteen of water yourself," said Dismukes, as he led Adam out from under the tree and pointed west. "See where that long low sharp ridge comes down to the desert. . . . Well, that's fifty miles. Around that point lies a wide canyon. Indians live up that canyon. They are good people. Stay with them — work for them till you learn the desert. . . . Now as to gettin' there. Go slow. Rest often in the shade of iron-woods like this one. Take a good rest durin' the middle of the day. As long as you sweat you're in no danger. But if your skin gets dry you need to get out of the sun an' to drink. There are several springs along the base of this range. Chocolate Mountains they're called. An' don't ever forget that water is the same as life blood. Go slow. Maybe you'll take two or three days to reach the Indian canyon. By keepin' that ridge in sight you can't miss it."

The next move of the prospector was to take Adam around on the other side of the tree and wave his hand at the expanse of desert.

"NOW follow me an' get these landmarks in your mind forever. Behind us lies the Chocolate Range. You see it runs down almost southeast. That shiny black mountain standin' by itself is Pilot Knob. It's near Yuma, as you remember. Now straight across from us a few miles lies a line of sand dunes. They run same way as the Chocolates. But they're low — can't be seen far. Do you make out a dim gray strange-lookin' range just over the top of them?"

"Yes, I see that clearly. Looks like clouds," replied Adam.

"That's the Superstition Mountains. You will hear queer stories about them. Most prospectors are afraid to go there, though it's said Pegleg Smith's lost gold mine is somewhere in there. The Indians think the range is haunted. An' everyone who knows this desert will tell you how the Superstition Range changes somehow from time to time. It does change. Those mountains are giant sand dunes an' they change their shape with the shiftin' of the winds. That's a fact, but I'm not gainsayin' how strange an' weird they are. An' I for one believe Pegleg Smith did find gold there. But there's no water. An' how can a man live without water? . . . Well, to go on, that dim purple high range beyond the Superstitions lies across the line in Mexico. . . ."

Adam could not for the moment safely trust himself to speak. The expanse of desert shown him, thus magnified into its true perspective, now stretched out with the nature of its distance and nudity strikingly clear. It did seem to glare a menace into Adam's face. It made him tremble. Yet there was fascination in the luring deceitful Superstition Range, and a sublimity in the measureless sweep of haze and purple slope leading north to the great peaks, and a compelling beckoning urge in the mystery and unknown that seemed to abide beyond the bronze ridge.

"I'll never forget your — your kindness," said Adam, finally turning to Dismukes.

The prospector shook hands with him, and his grip was something to endure.

"Kindness is nothin'. I owed you what a man owes to himself. But don't forget anythin' I told you."

"I never will," replied Adam. "Will you let me pay you for the — the burro and outfit?" Adam made this request hesitatingly, because he did not know the law of the desert, and he did not want to offer what might be an offense.

"Sure you got plenty of money?" queried Dismukes, gruffly.

"Indeed I have," rejoined Adam, eagerly.

"Then I'll take what the burro an' grub cost."

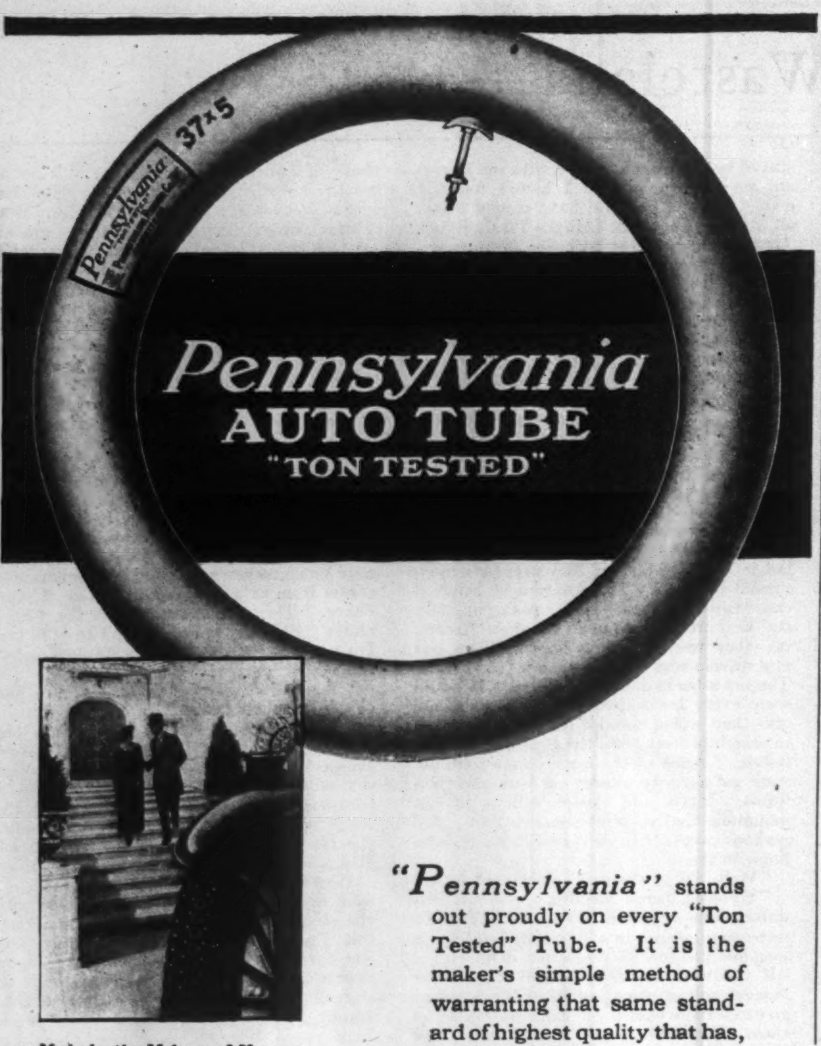
He named a sum that appeared very small to Adam, and receiving the money in his horny hands, he carefully deposited it in a greasy buckskin sack. He put this back into a cavernous pocket with the serious air of a man who placed strange value upon money.

"Wansfell, may we meet again," he said in farewell. "Good luck an' good-bye. . . . Don't forget."

"Good-bye," returned Adam, unable to say more.

With a whoop at the four burros and a slap on the haunch of one of them Dismukes started them southward. They trotted ahead with packs bobbing and wagging. What giant strides Dismukes took! He seemed the incarnation of the dogged strength of manhood, yet something ludicrous clung about him in his powerful action as well as in his immense squat form. He did not look back.

It surprised Adam that Jinny evinced no desire to trot off after the other burros. Evi-



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dently, for Jinny, the incident was closed. Adam started her westward.

Not until he felt a drag in his steps did he think of his weakened condition. Resting a while in the shade of a tree he let the burro graze on the scant brush, and then went on again. Thus he traveled, with frequent rests, until the heat made it imperative for him to halt till afternoon. About the middle of the afternoon he set forth again.

A direct line westward appeared to be bringing him closer to the slope of the mountain; and it was not long before he saw a thick patch of green brush that surely indicated a water-hole. The very sight seemed to invigorate him. Nevertheless the promised oasis was far away, and not before he had walked till he was weary and rested many times did he reach it. To find water and grass was like making a thrilling discovery. Adam unpacked Jinny and turned her loose, not however without some misgivings as to her staying there.

Though he suffered from an extreme fatigue and a weakness that seemed to be in both muscle and bone, a kind of cheer came to him with the camp-fire duties. Never had he been so famished! And when in all his life had beans and rice and coffee, with bread as hard as rock, tasted so good?

SOME time during Adam's slumbers a nightmare possessed him — a hideous dream of murder — of a haunting ghastly face—of his bloody hands—and of an awful pursuit. At the moment he was about to be captured he awakened, cold with clammy sweat and shaking in every limb. With a violent start of consciousness, with fearful uncertainty, he raised himself to peer around. The desert night encompassed him. It was near the morning hour. Low down over the dark horizon line hung a wan distorted moon that shone with weird lustre.

Dawn roused him to his tasks, stronger physically, eager and keen, but more watchful than he had been the preceding day and with less thrill than he had felt. Jinny stood near-by with drooping ears, evidently taking a last nap before the business of the day. When he happened to turn his back for a few moments Jinny roused out of her sleep and made her way into camp with a celerity that gave him misgivings as to her honesty. And presently Jinny stole some of the bread right out of the hot oven. This bread was the first Adam had ever baked, and he had a great many more doubts about it than he now had about Jinny. After tasting it himself he vowed that Jinny was to be congratulated if she ate it.

Adam packed in half an hour and was traveling west when the sun rose. As long as he walked steadily, driving the burro, seeing new ground and different objects, his mind concerned itself wholly with them; but when he sat down to rest in the shade of a tree and there came a break in the train of sensations, then began an encroachment of gloom. He continually drove this away and it continually returned.

The sun was still high and hot when Adam resumed travel, but it was westering and the slanting rays were bearable. After he got thoroughly warmed up and sweating freely he did not mind the heat, and was able to drive Jinny and keep up a strong stride for an hour at a time. Darkness overtook him, and he was compelled to make dry camp.

On the following morning, when he had been tramping along for an hour or more, he espied far ahead the unmistakable green patch of thicket that heralded the presence of water. The sight stirred him. He walked well that morning, resting only a couple of hours at noon; but the green patch, after the manner of distant objects on the desert, seemed just as far away as when he saw it first. The time came, however, when there was no more illusion, and he knew he was getting close to the place. At last he reached it, a large green thicket that choked the mouth of a narrow canyon. He found a spring welling from under the mountain base, sending a slender stream out to be swallowed by the sand.

What a relief to find water! It tasted good and felt good on his sunburned face. Adam gave Jinny a drink before he unpacked her. There was a desirable camp-site, except that it lacked dead fire-wood close at hand. Adam removed the pack. Then he started out to look for some dead iron-wood or mesquite to burn.

There did not appear to be any iron-wood in that section, dead or alive. All the desert growths, mostly greasewood and mesquite, were young and green. Adam searched in one direction and then in another, without so much as finding a stick. Next he walked west along the rocky wall and had no better success, until he came to a deep recession in the wall, full of brush; and here with considerable labor he collected a bundle of dry sticks. When he bent over to gather them into an armful, his right hand touched something soft and velvety. It moved. Quick as a flash Adam jerked his hand away. Then kicking apart the bundle he soon espied a great black fuzzy spider with hairy legs and buff markings on his body. The creature looked as aggressive as it was ugly.

"Whew! A tarantula!" exclaimed Adam. "And I put my hand on him! . . . Suppose he had bitten me! . Well, this isn't remembering the advice of Dismukes. I've got to think before I act."

Adam's first and natural instinct was to kill the tarantula, but he resisted it, and with considerable interest he studied the huge spider until it crawled away. Whereupon he gathered up the bundle of wood and trudged back toward camp.

Before long he imagined he saw smoke. "Queer how those smoke trees fool a fellow," he said. And even after he thought he smelled smoke, he was sure of deception. But upon nearing the green thicket that hid his camp he actually did see thin blue smoke low down against the background of rocky wall. The sight alarmed him. The only explanation which offered itself to his perplexity was the possibility that a prospector had arrived at the spring during his absence and had started a fire. Adam began to hurry. His alarm increased to dread.

When he ran around the corner of thicket to his camp-site he did see a fire. It was about burned out. There was no prospector, no sign of packs. And Jinny was gone!

"What — what?" stammered Adam, dropping his bundle of sticks. A sense of calamity beset him evilly. He ran forward.

"Where — where's my pack?" he cried.

The dying fire was but the smouldering remains of his pack. It had been burned. Blankets, boxes, bags had been consumed. Some blackened utensils lay on the ground near the charred remains of his canvas. Only then did the truth of this catastrophe burst upon him. All his food had been burned

Some moments elapsed before the stunning effects of this loss had worn off enough to permit Adam's mind to connect the cause of it with the disappearance of Jinny.

After careful scrutiny of tracks near where the pack had lain, Adam became convinced that Jinny was to blame for his destitution. His proofs cumulated in a handful of unburned matches that manifestly had been flung and scattered away from the pack. This clew was conclusive. The tricky burro, taking advantage of Adam's absence, had pulled the canvas off the pack, and in tearing around in the boxes for morsels to eat she had bitten into the box of matches and set them on fire.

"I didn't think — I didn't think!" cried Adam, remembering the advice of Dismukes. "Too late!"

OVERCOME by the shock, he sank upon the ground and fell prey to gloomy and hopeless forebodings. He had no sense, nor any luck. He was unfit to cope with this desert life!

"I'll lie down and die," he muttered. But he could not so much as lie down. He seemed possessed by a devil who would not admit the idea of surrender or death. And this spirit likewise seemed to take him by the hair of his head and lift him up to scatter the tears from his eyes. "Why can't I cuss the luck like a man — then look round to see what's got to be done?"

Adam did not, however, swear at his ill luck; but he derived some satisfaction by calling Jinny a few of the worst names he had heard since his arrival in the west. Then he strode around in search of her. Neither sight of her nor a single hoof-track rewarded his persistent efforts. Jinny had made good her escape. When Adam gave up all hope of finding the burro the hour was near sunset and it was high time that he should decide what to do.

"Go on — to the Indian camp," he declared, tersely.

No other idea asserted itself. He decided to start at once and walk in the cool of night, keeping close to the mountain wall so as not to lose his way. Already he must have covered more than thirty miles of the fifty described by Dismukes. His spirits rallied. Going back to the camp scene he carefully gathered up all the matches and placed them with others he carried in his pocket. He found his bag of salt only partly consumed, and made haste to secure it. His canteen lay beside the spring.

## Master Driver
1914

Over 700 miles of mud, mountains, macadam and desert sands led the route of the "Cactus Derby" of 1914. A diamond medal and the title, "Master Driver of the World," rewarded Barney Oldfield, first to flash by the finish at Phoenix.

Peril and hardship were, for 20 years, cheerfully accepted by Barney Oldfield, for they served a definite purpose.

Every race was, for him, a test of tires—a laboratory in which he could add to his tire knowledge, or prove tire facts he had already learned.

## Master Tire Builder
1920

Today Barney Oldfield is the active head of his own tire company.

This company has broken all tire industry records for rapid growth.

And the tires developed by Barney Oldfield's study and experiment are first choice of motorists whom nothing but the best can satisfy.

At Indianapolis, May 31, in the annual 500-mile "Battle of the Tires," the Oldfield Tires of Gaston Chevrolet—first driver in history to win this event without a tire change—added to Barney Oldfield's laurels this new crown—"Master Tire Builder."

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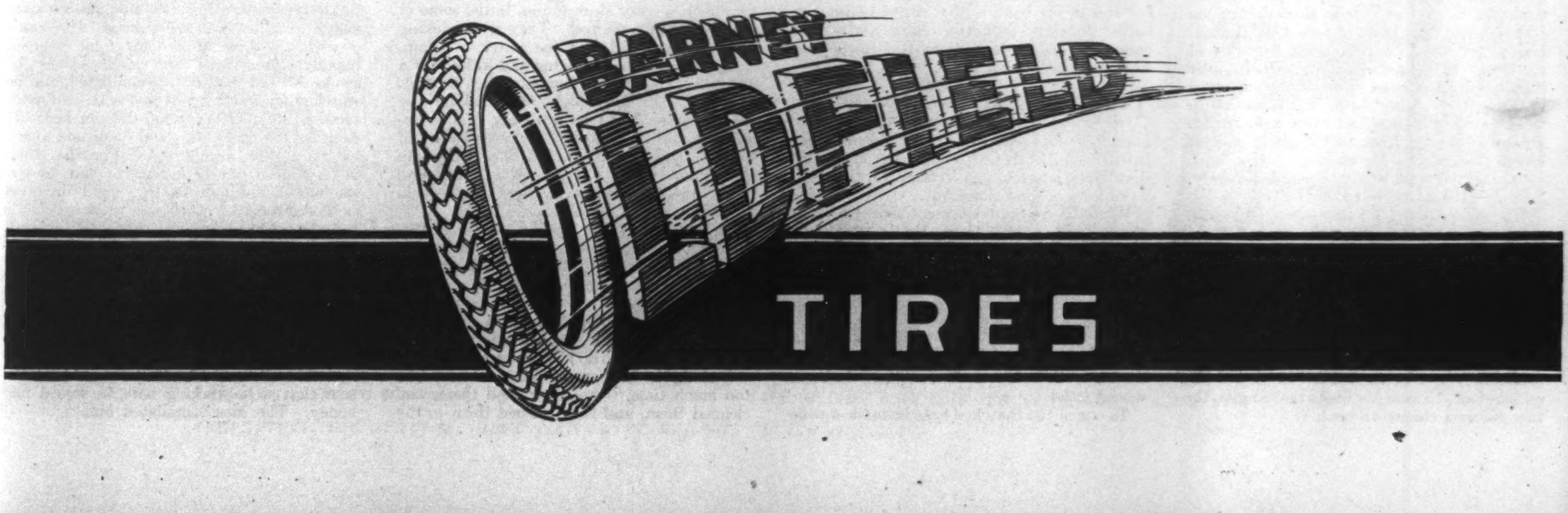
BARNEY OLDFIELD
PRESIDENT
**CLEVELAND**

***Warehouses:*** **San Francisco** **Los Angeles** **Kansas City** **New York City** **Chicago** **Atlanta** **Dallas**

*Dealers Everywhere*



The ruddy sunset and the stealing down of twilight and the encroaching blackness of night had no charms for Adam now. He saw, but only with outward sight. His weariness increased as the hours prolonged themselves. Short frequent rests were more advisable than long ones. The canopy of stars seemed in procession westward; and many a bright one he watched sink behind the black slope of mountain toward which he was bound. There were times when his eyes closed involuntarily and all his body succumbed to sleep as he toiled on. These drowsy spells always came to a painful end, for he would walk into a thorny mesquite. Adam saw a weird misshapen moon rise late over a dark range to blanch the desert with wan light. He walked all night and when dawn showed him landmarks now grown familiar he had a moment of exhilaration. The long low-reaching ridge of mountains loomed right before him. When he rounded the sharp blunt corner his eyes were greeted by the sight of a deep-mouthed canyon, full of palms and other green trees. He saw a white stream-bed and the shine of water, and what he took to be the roofs of palm-thatched huts.

"I've got there — this is the Indian canyon — where Dismukes told me to stay," said Adam, with pride in his achievement. A first sight of what he took to be habitations cheered him. Again that gloomy companion of his mind was put to rout. It looked worth striving and suffering for — this haven. The barrenness of the desert all around made this green canyon-mouth an oasis. It appeared well hidden, too.

With steps that no longer dragged, Adam began his descent of the canyon slope. At length he reached the wide bed of white boulders, strewn about in profusion, where some flood had rolled them. In the center of this bed trickled a tiny stream of water. Following the stream-bed he made his way up into the zone of green growths, a most welcome change from the open glare of the desert. He plodded on perhaps a mile, and then another, without reaching the yellow thatch of palms.

"Will I — never — get there?" panted Adam, almost spent. "I made sure — it was — only a little way. . . . Oh, how this desert — fools you!"

But he kept on, cheerful in spite of weariness, grateful for the green that comforted his sun-burned eyes, and for the feel and murmur of a breeze.

Finally Adam reached a well-defined trail leading up out of the stream-bed. He followed it to a level flat, covered with willows and cottonwoods, all full-foliaged and luxuriantly green, and among which stately palms, swaddled in huge straw sheaths of their own making, towered with lofty tufted crowns. Suddenly Adam emerged from the green covert into an open glade that contained palm-thatched huts, and he uttered a little cry of joy. But it took only a second glance to convince him that the huts were deserted. And Adam's joy was short-lived. Hastily he roamed from one hut to another. He found great clay water-jars, and pieces of broken pottery, and beds of palm leaves through which the lizards rustled, but no Indians, nor any signs of recent habitation. Dreading to abandon hope of finding trace of dwellers, Adam searched everywhere over that bench, and even climbed the far slope in the hope of seeing them; but it was all in vain. He could not find even a footprint. Dragging himself back to the glade of huts he fell exhausted in the shade.

"Gone! — gone!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Now — I'll starve — to death!"

His eyes refused to stay open and sleep glued them shut. When he opened them again it was to the light of another day. Stiff and lame, with a gnawing at the pit of his stomach and an oppressed mind, Adam found himself in sad plight. Limping down to the stream he bathed his face and quenched his thirst; and then, removing his boots, he saw that his feet were badly blistered but fortunately not in the soles. He decided to go barefoot, to save his boots and to give the raw places a chance to heal.

Then without any more reflection he wrought himself into a supreme effort of will; and it was so passionate and strong that he believed it would hold as long as intelligence governed his actions.

"My one chance is to live here until the Indians come back," he decided. "To go out on the desert — weak as I am — would mean death. There's water here, and green growths. It's an oasis where animals, birds, living creatures come to drink. . . . Maybe a lost burro or an Indian pony. I must eat. I'll never give up till the last breath leaves my body."

His first move was to make slow and careful examination of the trails. One which led toward the mountain bore faint traces of footprints that a recent rain had mostly obliterated. He lost this trail on the smooth rocky slope. The others petered out in the stones and sage. Then he searched along the sand-bars of the stream for tracks of living creatures; and he found many, from wildcat tracks to the delicate ones of tiny birds.

He had a knife and a pair of long leather boot-strings. With these, and a bundle of arrow-weed sticks, and a tough elastic bow of iron-wood, and strips of bark, and sharp bits of flinty rock, Adam set to work under the strong inventive guiding spirit of necessity. As a boy he had been an adept at constructing figure-four traps. How marvelous the accuracy of memory! He had been the one to build traps for his brother Guerd, who had not patience or skill, but who loved to set traps in the brier-patches for redbirds. To what extremity a man could be reduced! The dexterity of his idle youth to serve him thus in his terrible hour of need! He remembered then his skill at making sling-shots. He had a strong rubber band doubled round his pocket-book. Sight of it thrilled him. He immediately left off experimenting with the bow and went to making a sling-shot. His difficulty was to find cords to make connections between the rubbers and a forked prong, and also between the rubbers and a carrier of some sort. For the latter he cut a triangular piece out of the top of his boot. But where to get the cords? Bark would not be pliable and strong enough. Somewhere from the clothes he wore he must extract cords.

THE problem proved easy. His suspenders were almost new and they were made of linen threads woven together. When he began to unravel them he made the discovery that there was enough rubber in them to serve for a second sling-shot.

When the instrument was finished he surveyed it with satisfaction. He had no doubt that the deadly accuracy he had once been master of with this boyish engine of destruction would readily return to him. Then he went back to work on the other contrivances he had planned.

A failing of the daylight amazed him. For an instant he imagined a cloud had crossed the sun. But the sun had set and darkness was at hand.

In one of the thatched huts he made a comfortable bed of palm leaves. They seemed to retain the heat of the day. The hut had an open side facing the east. When Adam lay down to go to sleep he experienced a vague inexplicable sense that the very strangeness of the present circumstances was familiar to him. He was very tired and very sleepy, and there was an uncomfortable empty feeling within him. He looked out and listened, slowly aware of a great soft silent black enveloping of his environment by the desert night.

In the dim gray dawn he awoke and realized that it was hunger which had awakened him. And he stole out on his imperative quest. He did not see the sunrise or the broadening day. His instinct was to hunt. Doves and blackbirds visited the stream; and a covey of desert quail seemed tame; but owing to over-eagerness and clumsiness he did not succeed in killing a single one. He followed them from place to place, all over the oasis, until he lost sight of them. He baited his two traps with cactus fruit and set them. And he prowled into every nook and cranny of the canyon oasis. Lizards, rattlesnakes, rats, ground-squirrels rustled from his stealthy steps. It amazed him how wary they were. He might have caught the rattlesnakes, but the idea of eating them was repugnant and impossible to him. The day passed more swiftly than had yesterday. Its close found him so tired he could scarcely stand and with gnawing hunger growing worse. The moment he lay down sleep claimed him.

Next day he had more and better opportunities to secure meat, but he failed through haste and poor judgment and inaccuracy. That day he saw a hawk poise high over a spot, dart down swiftly, to rise with a squealing rat in its claws. Again he saw a shrike, marked dull gray and black, sail down from a tree, fly very low along an open space of ground to avoid detection, and pounce upon a lizard. In these actions, Adam divined his first proof of the perfection of desert hunters. They did not fail. But he was not thus equipped.

All during the hot period of the day, when birds and animals rested, Adam practised with his crude weapons. His grave serious eagerness began to give way to instinctive force, a something of fierceness that began to come out in him. It seemed every moment had its consciousness of self, of plight, of presaged agony, but only in flashes of thought, only fleeting ideas instantly repudiated by the physical. He had given a tremendous direction to his mind and it spent its force that way.

The following morning just at sunrise he located the covey of desert quail. They had sailed down from the sage-slopes to alight among the willows bordering the stream. Adam crawled on the sand, noiseless, his sling-shot held in readiness. He was breathless and hot. His blood gushed and beat in his veins. The very pursuit of meat made the saliva drip from his mouth and made his stomach roll with pangs of emptiness. He glided through the willows, never rustling a branch. The plaintive notes of the quail guided him. Then through an opening he saw them — gray sleek plump birds, some of them with tiny plumes. They were picking in the damp sand near the water. Adam, lying flat, stretched his sling and waited for a number of the quail to bunch. Then he shot. The heavy pebble sped true, making the gray feathers fly. One quail lay dead. Another fluttered wildly. The others ran off through the willows. Adam rushed upon the crippled quail, plunging down, swift and hard; and catching it, he wrung its neck. Then he picked up the other.

"I got 'em! I got 'em!" he cried, elated, as he felt the warm plump bodies. It was a moment of strange sensation. Breathless, hot, wet with sweat, shaking all over, he seemed to have reverted to the triumph of the boy hunter. But there was more, and it had to do with the physical reactions inside his body. It had to do with hunger.

Picking the feathers off these birds required too much time. Adam skinned them, and cleaned them, and then washed them in the stream. That done he hurried back to his camp to make a fire and cook them. A quick method would be to broil them. He had learned how to do this with strips of meat. So he set about it. His hunger prevented him from waiting until the fire was right, and it also made him hurry the broiling. The salt that he had rescued from his pack now found its use, and it was not long before he had picked the bones of these two quail.

Adam found that this pound or so of meat augmented his hunger. It changed the gnawing sensations, in fact modified them, but it induced a greedy hot hunger for more. It enlivened his sensibilities to the need for food. An hour after he had eaten, as far as appetite was concerned, he seemed worse off. Then he set out again in quest of meat.

The hours flew, the day ended, night intervened, and another dawn broke. Success again crowned his hunt. He feasted on doves. Thereafter, day by day, he decimated the covey of tame quail and the flock of tame doves until the few that were left grew weary, and finally departed. Then he hunted other birds. Quickly they learned the peril of the white man; and the day came when few birds visited the oasis.

NEXT to invite Adam's coming were the ground-squirrels, the trade-rats and the kangaroo-rats. He lived off them for days. But they grew so wary that he had to dig them out of the ground, and they finally disappeared. At this juncture, a pair of burros wandered into the oasis. They were exceedingly wild. Adam failed to trap one of them. He watched for hours from a steep place where he might have killed one by throwing down a large rock. But it was in vain. At last in desperation, holding his naked knife in hand, he chased them over stones and through the willows and under the thorny mesquites, all to no avail. He dropped from exhaustion and weakness, and lay where he had fallen till the next morning.

The pangs of hunger now were maddening. He had suffered them, more or less, and then alleviated them with meat, and then felt them grow keener and stronger until the edge wore off. After a few more meatless days the pains gradually subsided. It was a relief. He began to force himself to go out and hunt. Then an exceedingly good stroke of fortune befell him in that he killed a rabbit. His strength revived, but also his pains.

Then he lost track of days, but many passed, and each one of them took something from him in effort, in wakefulness, in spirit. His aggressiveness diminished daily, and lasted only a short while. The time came when he fell to eating rattlesnakes and any living creatures in the oasis that he could kill with a club.

But at length pain left him and hunger, and then his peril revealed itself. He realized it. The desire to kill diminished. With the cessation of activity there returned a mental state in which he could think back and remember all that he had done there, and also look forward to the inevitable prospect. He chewed leaves and bark; he ate mesquite beans and cactus fruit. After a certain number of hours the longer he went without meat the less he cared for it, or for living. But when, now and then, he did kill something to eat, his instinct to survive flashed up with revived hunger.

His skin turned brown and shriveled up like dried parchment wrinkling around bones. He did not recognize his hands, and when he lay flat on the stones to drink from the stream, he saw reflected there a mummified mask with awful eyes.

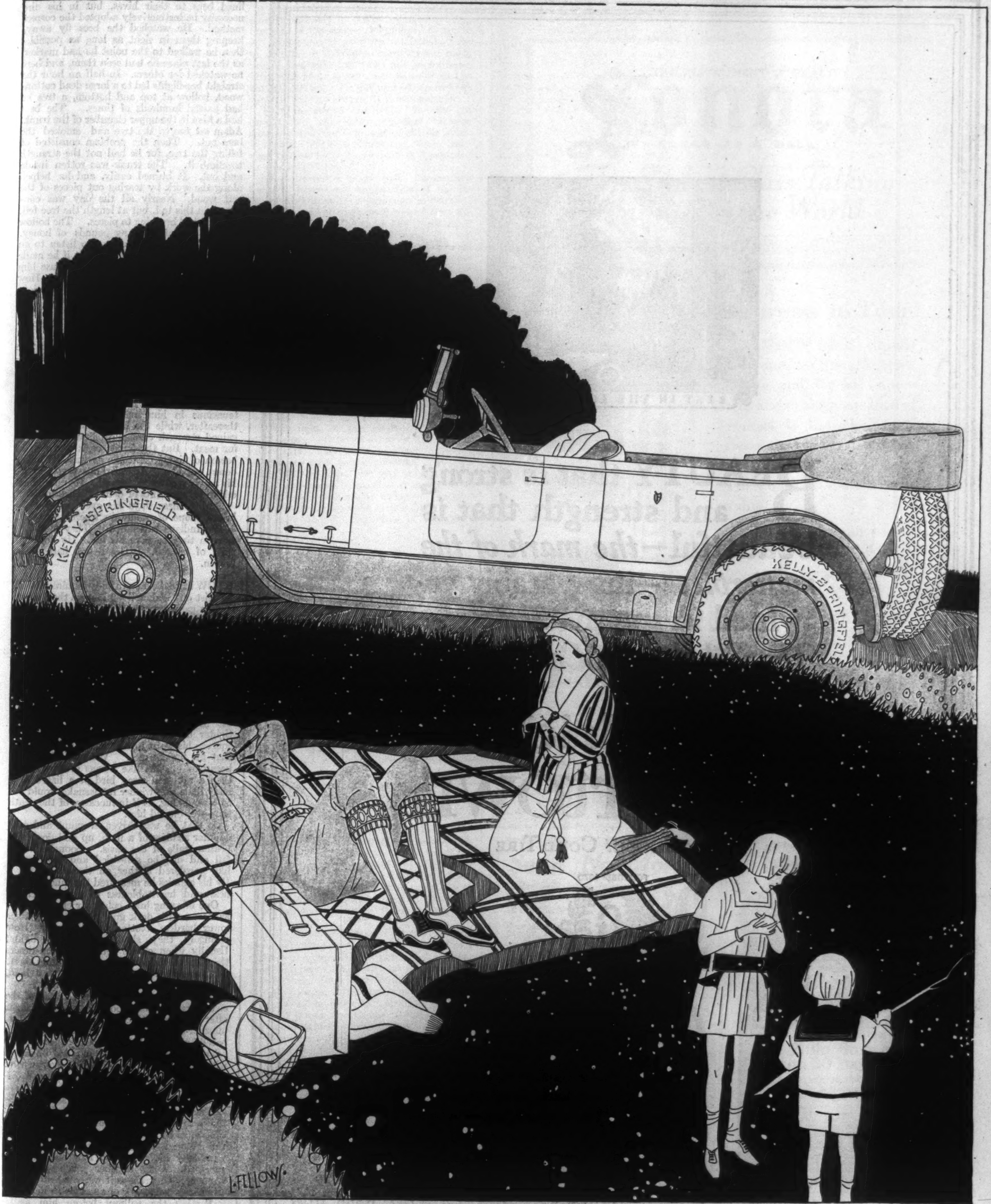
He seemed no longer real. The hot sun, the pleasant wind, the murmur of bees, the tinkle of water, the everlasting processional march of the heat-veils across the oasis — with all these things his mind seemed happily concerned. At dawn when he awoke his old instinct predominated, and he searched for meat. But unless he had some success this questing mood did not last. It departed as weakness and lassitude overbalanced the night's rest. For the other hours of that day he lay in the sun or the shade — it did not matter — and dreamed as he starved.

As he watched thus one drowsy noon hour, seeing the honey-bees darting to and fro, leaving the flowers to fly in a straight line across the oasis, there occurred to him the significance of their toil. He watched these flying bees come and go; and suddenly it flashed over him that at the end of the bee-line there must be a hive. Bees made nests in trees. If he could find the nest of the bees that were working here, he would find honey. The idea stimulated him.

The Etherial World
An article by
Sir Oliver Lodge
Which Contains a *New* Thought

The distinguished Scientist and investigator of Spiritualism takes no dogmatic attitude; he places his case before you with great moderation. He does not command you to believe in his cause; he tries to get you into the proper mental attitude to consider the matter calmly, dispassionately, without prejudice. Then he puts forward for your consideration — a new idea.

**In the October McClure's**


KELLY-SPRINGFIELD
KELLY-SPRINGFIELD
L. FELLOWS

*"Don't you think we ought to start along, Tom? It's getting late and we might have some tire trouble."*
*"You forget, my dear; we have Kelly-Springfields on the car now."*

BEST IN THE LONG RUN

BEAUTY that is strong and strength that is beautiful—*the mark of the masterpiece*—inseparably entwined in the master tire—*The Silvertown Cord.*

Goodrich Silvertown

*America's First* CORD TIRE

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Adam had never heard how bee-hunters lined bees to their hives, but in his dire necessity he instinctively adopted the correct method. He watched the bees fly away, keeping them in sight as long as possible, then he walked to the point he had marked as the last place he had seen them, and here he watched for others. In half an hour the straight bee-flights led to a large dead cottonwood, hollow at top and bottom, a tree he had passed hundreds of times. The bees had a hive in the upper chamber of the trunk. Adam set fire to the tree and smoked the bees out. Then the problem consisted of felling the tree, for he had not the strength to climb it. The trunk was rotten inside and out. It burned easily, and he helped along the work by tearing out pieces of the soft wood. Nearly all the day was consumed in this toil, but at length the tree fell, splitting and breaking to pieces. The hollow chamber contained many pounds of honey.

Adam's struggle then was to listen to an intelligence that warned him that if he made a glutton out of himself it would cause him great distress, and perhaps kill him. How hard it was to eat sparingly of the delicious honey! He tried, but did not succeed. That restraint was beyond human nature. Nevertheless he stopped far short of what he wanted. He stored the honey away.

All night and next day he paid in severe illness for the honey of which he had partaken. The renewed exercise of internal organs that had ceased to function produced convulsions and retching that made him roll on the ground as a man poisoned. Life was tenacious in him and he recovered; and thereafter, while the honey lasted he slowly gained strength enough to hunt once more for meat. But the fertile oasis was now as barren of living creatures as was the naked desert outside. Adam's hope revived with his barely recovered strength. He pitied himself in his moments of deluded cheerfulness.

During these days his eyes scanned the bronze slope of mountain where the tracks of the Indians had faded. They might return in time to save his life. He hoped in spite of himself. The desert had locked him in.

HOW little the human body required to subsist on! Adam lived long on that honey; and he gained so much from it that after it was gone the hunger pangs revived a hundred times more fiercely than before. They had been deadened, which fact left him peace: revived by a wind-fall of food, they brought him agony. It drove him out to hunt for meat. He became a stalking spectre whose keen eye an insect could not have escaped. Hunger now beset him with all its terrors magnified. To starve was nothing, but to eat while starving was hell! Tighter and tighter he buckled his belt until he could squeeze his waist in his long skinny hands so that his fingers met. Whenever his pains began to subside, like worms growing quiet, then a rat or a stray bird or a lizard or a scaly little side-winder rattlesnake would fall to his cunning, as if in mockery of the death that ever eluded him.

So that he was driven, a gaunt and ever gaunter shadow of a man, up and down the beaten trails of the oasis. Soon he would fall and die, be sun-dried and blow away like powdered leather on the desert wind. By his agonies he measured the inhospitableness and inevitableness of the wasteland.

One morning huge columnar clouds, white as fleece, with dark gray shades along their lower borders, blotted out the sun. How strangely they shaded the high lights! Usually when clouds formed on the desert they lodged round the peaks and hung there. But these were looming across the wasteland, promising rain. A fresh breeze blew.

Adam was making his weary round of the oasis, dragging one foot like a dead weight after the other. Once he thought he heard an unusual sound, and, with lips wide and with bated breath, he listened. Only the mocking solemn silence! Then he plodded on again with the eyes of a ferret, roving everywhere.

He had proceeded a few rods when a distant, but shrill whistle brought him to a startled and thrilling halt. It sounded like the neigh of a horse. Often he had heard the brays of wild burros. In the intense silence, as he strained his ears, he heard only the labored muffled throbs of his heart. Gradually his hopes, so new and strange, subsided. Only another mockery of his memory! Or perhaps it was a whistle of the wind in a crevice, or of an eagle in flight.

Parting the willows before him as he walked, he went through the thicket out into the open where the stream flowed. It was very low, just a tiny rill of crystal clear water.

He was about to step forward toward the flat rock where he always knelt to drink when another sound checked him. A loud high buzz, somehow startling! It had life.

Suddenly he espied a huge rattlesnake, coiled in the sand, with head erect and its rattles quivering like the wings of a poised humming-bird. The snake had just shed an ugly brown scaly skin, and now shone forth resplendent, a beautiful clean gray with markings of black. It did not show any fear. The flat triangular head, sleek and cunning, with its deadly jewel-like eyes, was raised half a foot above the plump coils.

Adam's weary hopeless hunting instinct sustained a vivifying galvanizing shock. Like a flash he changed, beginning to tremble. He dropped his sling-shot as an ineffective weapon against so large a snake. His staring eyes quivered like the vibrating point of a compass-needle, as he tried to keep them on the snake and at the same time sight a stone or club with which to attack his quarry. A terrible excitement animated him and it was paralleled by a cold and sickening dread that the snake with its pounds of meat would escape.

Adam stooped down to raise a large rock in his hand. He poised it aloft, and aiming with intense keenness he flung the missile. It struck the rattlesnake a glancing blow, tearing its flesh and bringing blood. With the buzz of a huge bee caught in a trap the snake lunged at Adam, stretching its mutilated length on the sand.

It was long, thick, fat. Adam smelled the exuding blood and it inflamed him. The savage urge in him then was to fall upon his prey and clutch it with his bare hands and choke and tear and kill. Stone after stone he flung, missing every time. Then the rattlesnake began to drag itself away over the sand. Adam tried to bound after it, but he was so weak that swift action seemed beyond him. Still he headed off the snake and turned it back. Stones were of no avail. He could not hit with them, and every time he bent over to pick one up he got so dizzy that he could scarcely rise.

"Club! Club! Got—have club!" he panted, hoarsely. And espying one along the edge of the stream, he plunged to secure it. This moment gave the rattlesnake time to get ahead. Wildly Adam rushed back, brandishing the club. His tall gaunt form, bent forward, grew overbalanced as he moved, and fell. He got up and reached the snake in time to prevent it from escaping.

Then he swung the club. It was not easy to hit the snake crawling between stones. And the club was of rotten wood. It broke. With the blunt end Adam managed to give his victim a blow that retarded its progress.

Adam let out a hoarse yell. Something burst in him — a consummation of the instinct to kill and the instinct to survive. Hot and mad and weak he staggered after the crippled snake. The chase had transformed the whole internal order of him. He was starving to death, and he smelled the blood of fresh meat. The action infuriated him and the odor maddened him. Not far indeed was he then from the actual seizing of that deadly serpent in his bare hands.

But he tripped and fell again in a long forward plunge. It brought him to the sand almost on top of the snake. And here the rattlesnake stopped to coil, scarcely two feet from Adam's face.

Adam tried to rise on his hands. But his strength had left him. And simultaneously there left him the blood madness of that chase to kill and eat. He realized his peril. The rattlesnake would strike him. Adam had one flashing thought of the justice of it — one sight of the strange cold deadly jewel eyes — one swift sense of the beauty and magnificent spirit of this reptile of the desert, and then horror possessed him. He froze to his marrow. He was only a fearful animal, fascinated by another, dreading death by instinct. And as he collapsed, sagging forward, the rattlesnake struck him in the face with the stinging blow of a red-hot iron.

Then Adam fainted.

*(To be continued)*

## Shall the Direct Primary Stand?

[*Continued from page 28*]

of unanimous agreement as to date by the states is remote.

The fact that, under the direct primary system, candidates are nominated before the party platforms are adopted, also is admitted to be a great weakness even by its warmest advocates. Because there is no statement of principles which party candidates are expected to hold and maintain, it is possible for the demagogue in a primary contest to take both sides of any given issue, varying his position to suit the temper of his audiences. For example: to one audience he may advocate government ownership of railroads, and to another oppose it.

Lacking a platform of principles it is also possible for an organized minority to capture the nominations, without revealing its purposes and — since post-primary platforms are usually made by the nominees — then to adopt a platform which misrepresents the wishes of the majority of party voters.

The absence of a platform also tends to transform primary contests into rival campaigns of personal boasting and promises, with frequent scandalous attacks on the personal character of rival aspirants. Not even the dignity of the presidential office is sufficient to protect those who aspire to it from such shameful charges. During the primary campaign in South Dakota one of the leading presidential candidates stated in an advertisement that his rivals were circulating rumors that he was a drunkard and a more or less disreputable character, generally, quite unfit for good society, let alone the Waite House.

"The fact that the platform is not adopted until after the primary is held is a weakness of the system," says Senator Borah. "One remedy would be to hold a convention and adopt the party platform before the primary."

That there is something wrong with the primary system is indicated by the action of nearly every state legislature at each of its sessions. Amendments, additions, alterations, eliminations are constant. And in many states, for example, New York, the movement for the repeal of the primary law and a return to the old convention system is recurrent and seems to be growing. In Illinois, at the next session of the legislature, it is expected that a bill will be pushed to limit the voting at direct popular primaries to the nomination of United States Senators, members of Congress and the State legislature and Governor. Some of the minor state officers will be made appointive and others will be nominated at a party convention. But opponents of the system take the position that little is to be gained by this constant patching. According to them, the people have demonstrated by their action — or lack of action — that they do not want to be bothered by too frequent elections; that they have neither the time nor the willingness to attend to all the details of nominating and electing minor officials; in accordance with Anglo-Saxon tradition all they want is to retain the power to punish incompetent and unsatisfactory public servants and to reward those who are able and honest.

If this theory were carried out political parties would remain purely voluntary and self-regulated organizations, permitted to conduct their party affairs without governmental interference. Such interference, critics of the primary system say, destroys party responsibility, weakens party organization, confuses political issues and makes it easier for bi-partisan machines to manipulate and control nominations.

The direct popular primary system, they submit, has not proved itself successful. It has brought many new and dangerous evils into our public life. It has lowered the standard of talent and ability among our public servants.

"In America," writes William Allen White, "we have broken — more or less — the hold of business on our politics. But what do we gain by turning government over to a lot of fourth-raters?"

And so it goes — arguments pro and con. It is evident that something is wrong. Have we made a mistake in abandoning the old representative system of government so completely? Should the direct primary system be abolished altogether or should we amend it in an effort to make it workable? It is for the voter to decide.

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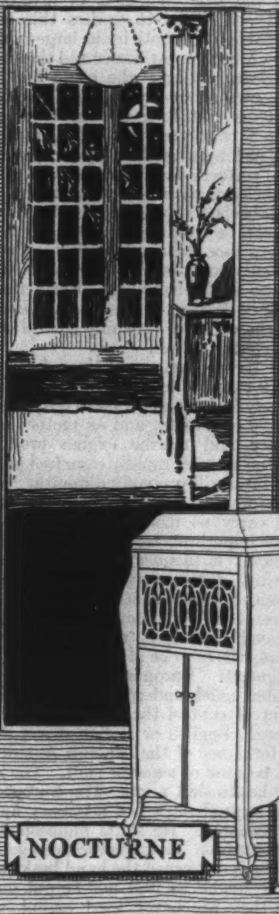

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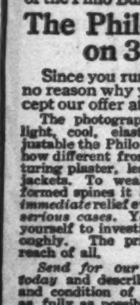

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# Skilful Driving and Economy

## *by* Merrill C. Horine

IF American drivers, as a rule, were not the worst in the world the chances are American cars would not be, as they are, the best performers in the world and therefore able to hold their own with the best of Europe, in spite of their drivers. This should not hurt the feelings of the readers, however, for most European cars are driven by chauffeurs or those who make driving a hobby, whereas the average American car is driven by its owner, who drives it for the pleasure and profit there is in it and doesn't care a hang about the fine points so long as he gets there and back with the minimum worry.

In the halcyonic days of heretofore, we could well afford to confess this and with justifiable pride, both in the large-mindedness of the American car owner and the skill of the American producer who could build a fool-proof car; but to-day we are face to face with problems met long ago in Europe, which make a continuation of such idyllic conditions no longer feasible. To build a car which could perform despite outrageous miscontrol requires excessive power and car weight. It is established beyond peradventure that light cars can be built which will duplicate big car performance and ease of riding and which will be vastly superior in economy, but these cars require skilful handling. Furthermore, any car of to-day, in the hands of a master driver, can show greater economy than if driven by the average owner.

At the present production of gasoline and motor cars, we have just two gallons of fuel per day for each gasoline-driven piece of automotive apparatus, and as motor car, truck, tractor and marine engine production is advancing more rapidly than fuel production, this ratio will probably diminish. We must, therefore, travel fewer miles or else make our fuel carry us more miles per gallon. The most important factor contributing to fuel economy is manner of operation—skill in driving. This every motor car user must acquire if he is to continue to enjoy the extent of use to which he now puts his vehicle.

Good driving is not mysterious. It is simply the exercise of common sense and good judgment. European cars as a rule are lighter, much underpowered and less convenient of control than our own, and yet the French, English or Italian driver equals the performance of the superior American product because of superior skill. The American dislikes to shift gears. The European knows that gear-changes are necessary and an aid to economy. He shifts philosophically and without fuss. As far as the average American driver is concerned the hand brake and spark lever might as well not be put on the car, for they are never used except when the car is standing still; but the European finds a great advantage in their proper use.

For a long time so-called Demonstrators have been at a premium in the American-used-car market. We ride with the demonstrator and we find that he gets much more out of the car than we can from the same model of car and jump to the conclusion that the car has been specially built and tuned up for the purpose. This is really the case in very rare instances and as a rule the demonstrating car is apt to be a worse buy than a car which has been used by an owner, for the demonstrator habitually drives the car for all there is in it, in order to make a good showing, whereas the owner is much more moderate in his demands. The difference is almost entirely in the driver. Very few buyers can duplicate the performance of the demonstrator on their own car.

Take the single matter of changing gears, for example. Quiet shifting is accomplished by balancing the speed of the car with that of the engine. When gears are changed, two gears, one driven by the clutch and the other connected with the final drive, must be meshed. If their speeds are relatively the same, they will slide together without clashing and with only a healthy click. When the car is standing still, the driven gear is stationary. To mesh smoothly, the driving gear should also be stationary. This is accomplished by idling the engine and pushing the clutch pedal clear down, thus engaging the clutch brake and stopping the spinning of the clutch. When shifting to a higher gear, as from low to intermediate or from intermediate to high, the same relative condition exists. The driven gear is turning slowly and the driving gear is spinning. To mesh them, the engine should be permitted to slow down and the clutch brake used as before.

In shifting to a lower gear, the opposite condition exists. Here, the driven gear tends to revolve faster than the driving gear, and so the engine must be sped up before the next gear is engaged. There are two methods of doing this. The first is to release the clutch, move the gear-shaft lever to neutral, simultaneously pressing on the accelerator, engage the clutch again, speed up the gears, disengage it again and quickly shift into the lower gear and then engage the clutch. This is commonly known as the double-kick method. A simpler method which the writer has used successfully on a great many different makes of cars with entire success is to keep the accelerator pressed down, quickly press the clutch out and move the lever directly into the lower gear position and engage the clutch. The clutch is never pushed out far enough to engage the clutch brake when shifting down and is always pushed that far when shifting up.

More important than these mere mechanics of gear-shifting is proper judgment of when to make the shifts. The gasoline engine is essentially a one-speed engine, although recent refinements and improvements have given it remarkable flexibility. One soon learns, if proper attention is paid, just where the engine begins to lose speed in a higher gear, on a hard pull, and just where it begins to race on a lower gear. The ears are the driver's best guide.

DRIVERS of modern ultra-flexible engines, particularly of the multi-cylinder type, are prone to try everything in high. It should be remembered, however, that the mere fact that a car can take a given grade or stretch of sand in high is not good reason for making it do so. An engine which labors is consuming fuel excessively, is passing gasoline into the crank-case, in most cases, is making carbon, heating excessively, and subjecting every mechanical part to excessive strain. It is a source of pride and satisfaction to some drivers to know that they can slow down to a walk at the foot of a grade and accelerate up the grade in high; but it is poor economy and very inconsiderate of the fellow behind whose car may not possess such abundant reserve power and flexibility. The car should either be run faster at the foot of the grade to build up a reserve of momentum to climb the grade in high, or if for any reason it is necessary to slow down at the bottom, a shift to second is preferable on starting the climb.

Excessive confidence in the high-gear ability of their cars also leads drivers to delay an inevitable shift in mid-climb until the car has slowed down to a point where considerable loss of speed results, or even a further shift to low gear is necessary. Low-powered cars are continually passing better performers on the hills simply because their drivers shifted before their cars slowed down and their engines labored.

A grievous error is widespread among motorists that is adding considerably to the national fuel bill. This error is that the highest gear possible and the most advanced spark position is always the most economical. To the contrary, the fact is that a car laboring in high and producing or on the verge of producing a spark knock is consuming much more fuel, oil and bearing wear than one with a sanely retarded spark or running sweetly in a lower gear.

No one knows exactly, but it has been variously estimated that from 12 to 18 per cent. wastage of fuel is attributable to the squandering of momentum. Few drivers realize that they are increasing the profits of the gas station when they accelerate needlessly and brake suddenly. It is spectacular to see a car get away from a dead stop to 50 miles an hour in a few seconds and run wide open almost up to the point of stopping and coming to a standstill with shrieking brakes and smoking tires. It is anything but comfortable for the passengers and the gain in time is infinitesimal over a saner building up of speed and slowing down by coasting with a gentle application of brakes.

Making time is not a matter of spectacular and law-breaking spurts of speed and sudden applications of the brakes, but of maintaining a high average speed, just within what the law allows. The careful driver will be passed and in turn will pass the reckless plunger *en tour*, but in the long run, at his steady, consistent pace, will reach his objective while his showy friend is sweating over tire trouble, cooling off or making repairs. A good way to keep the car moving at a steady pace is to set the hand-throttle on a level stretch where the speedometer needle will hover around 30 miles, using the foot-throttle on hills and soft stretches, where the needle moves backward. On down-grades, the hand throttle should be closed enough to hold the car back. The usual type of accelerator does not permit of holding the car at a steady pace, nor is this the purpose of the device.

Driving in traffic, of course, is quite another story. As a rule, but a small percentage of the mileage of owner-driven cars is run in dense traffic. In traffic, acceleration is not only necessary to keep up with the procession, but is actually essential to safety.

The quickest acceleration is secured only by skilful handling of the controls. Low gear should be used only to overcome the starting inertia. As soon as the car is in motion, one should shift to second. It is this intermediate speed in which the greater part of the accelerating should be done. Modern cars are capable of very high speed in intermediate and they will build up speed much more rapidly in second than in high. In traffic high gear is used to maintain the speed that has been reached by intermediate.

The master driver knows that if the wheels slide, the effectiveness of his brakes will be cut down from a third to a half and so he does not push the brake-pedal with all his might for a quick stop. He stops more quickly, with less effort, less liability to skid and at much less wear on expensive tires by pushing gradually, increasing the pressure as the car slows down. The slower the car is moving the less likely the wheels are to slide and so the rate of slowing down increases as the speed decreases. He avoids, too, that uncomfortable pitching forward and back-throw when the car reaches a dead stop, by slacking off his brakes just at the moment of stopping. He is also apt to start brake application a second earlier than clutch release. This serves two objects. First, it prevents the wheels locking, as they are apt to do on a slippery pavement, by the inertia of the still-revolving flywheel; and, second, the engine itself acts as an auxiliary brake during the first part of the operation.

Steering is the easiest thing about driving. Few ever have to be taught how. Yet, there are few owners who have not something to learn from the expert.

It is a sign of skill in steering not to lift the left hand from the wheel, but to let it follow the wheel around, shifting the right hand as seems most natural. The wheel is thus never free of the steadying left hand and so cannot be deflected out of control by a chance rock or rut in the road.

Sudden turns are the greatest strains which the chassis has to stand in normal driving. The skilful driver minimizes these strains by slowing down at all turns and moving the wheel gradually and with precision.

In turning a corner, the skilful driver does not swerve suddenly with a violent wrench of the wheel and then wrench the car back when it has consequently turned too far. Neither does he swing too wide around turns so that the car must describe a double curve. He knows that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points and that the fellow behind has a right to know his intentions. Accordingly he steers a straight course on the road. He drives in either one of two locations on the road. If he is going more slowly than the cars ahead and behind him, he keeps as far to the right as the pavement permits. If he is holding his own, he adheres to the middle of the road, so that he does not have to swerve so far to the left in overtaking others.

If all operators so drove their cars as to realize their utmost ability, manufacturers could build lighter, less expensive and more economical vehicles, fuel producers could come more nearly satisfying the demands made upon them, and owners would get a new thrill from ownership, namely, that of mastery of an art, than which there is none more satisfying.

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# The Caburé Feather

—[*Continued from page 21*]

When they dressed up, the barefoot, copper-colored belles, attired in white or pink skirts, with their thick braids dangling on their backs, rushed to the doors of their huts to watch them pass by. A brave show they made! Trousers neatly fastened to the ankles with long, thin strips of leather, feet incased in dancing slippers, a nut-brown poncho covering the breast and a red handkerchief around the neck. This last article they deemed the most important detail in their apparel. They might go about in tatters, but without their red handkerchief — never! It was the party emblem, the symbol and battle-flag of the Reds, and a counter to the white handkerchief worn by their rivals.

THEY carried their swords under the arm; not old swords with wooden handles like those of ordinary *peons* but brand-new blades with glittering hilts and leather scabbards, similar to those used by the urban police. They had inherited from their remote ancestors of the Conquest an irresistible love for the sword. Firearms were good enough for a revolution, they thought, but the quarrels that grow out of a love affair or a drinking bout should be settled with a clean blade behind the tavern.

Wrapped in their brown ponchos, with the sheathed steel under the arm and the broad brim of their sombreros raised over the eyes, they looked like two caricatures of the *hidalgos* of cloak and sword who had been their illegitimate ancestors.

When the police dropped in to inspect one of the native dances, Morales and Jaramillo hid their swords, thrusting them through their sashes and between the trousers and the skin, a maneuver which forced them to dance with a stiff leg as if they had paralysis.

One day, in one of these dances, Morales, who was less clever than his comrade but far quicker to pick a quarrel, fell out with a certain fellow who insisted on monopolizing the girl that he liked, and ran him through with his sword.

"*No es nada!* Nothing has happened! Go on with the dance!" all shouted.

The man was dead. Nothing, it was nothing! They took out the corpse; you can't dance with a dead body in the way. So out went the victim and no one need worry. The dead man's relatives would see to it that a little chapel was built for him by the roadside, and every night they would come and light candles for the peace of his soul. A mere incident, something one sees every day.

But the police — the busybodies! — refused to accept the incident with the same philosophical calm, and arrested Morales.

"Political revenge!" protested the half-breed when he found himself behind the bars. "You can see that the usurpers are in power. I am here because I am a Red."

When they took him before the judge and stripped him for the usual search, they found his body covered with ostrich feathers. Jaramillo adorned himself in like manner. They had learned the secret from the wizard, Jaramillo's father. An ostrich feather laid against the skin makes the wearer light and nimble.

The judge was young and full of fun. The strange "bird" provoked a hearty laugh.

"These young doctors who study in Buenos Aires and look down upon the natives," thought Morales, enraged by the hilarity of his Honor, "are an ignorant crew." And after a pause he spoke aloud. "If it hadn't been for these feathers, *doctor*, the other fellow might have killed me. But you see, I got him first. I was quicker."

They took his feathers and his sword away and were going to deprive him of his liberty for a great number of years — the victim happened to be one of those who wore a white handkerchief — when he escaped from jail and took refuge in Paraguay, whose frontier was only a few hours away.

Jaramillo, who did not know what to do during the absence of his friend, decided to follow him, and to justify this flight and match Morales' record, he killed another "white handkerchief" before betaking himself to the neighboring republic.

They applied for work in one of the *yerbales*, the plantations where *maté* is raised — the native tea made popular by the Jesuits long ago when they ruled the theocratic republic of the Missions, founded by them in a territory situated close to the frontiers of Brazil, Paraguay and Argentine.

Anxious to return to their native land, Morales and Jaramillo gave up their work several times to join revolutionary expeditions organized by their party. The great leader of the party, Dr. Sepulveda, lived peacefully in Buenos Aires waiting for the right opportunity to regenerate his province, while his followers spared no effort to bring about the triumph of his ideals; they started revolutions by night, and revolutions by day, uprisings in the urban centers and uprisings in the country.

The people of Buenos Aires scarcely paid any attention to these exploits and revolutions in the distant province. The Argentine Republic is so large! Moreover, these things took place in one of the remotest corners of the nation, away off in the territory bordering on Brazil and Paraguay, a region which, while politically belonging to Argentine, racially forms a part of Paraguay, for the majority of its inhabitants speak Guarani.

After the bloody failure of that night attack, the two friends returned to the Paraguay plantation to gather *maté*. They were the first consumers of the tea. During the rest hour they would sit by the river bank and, holding in one hand the small gourd stuffed with aromatic leaves of *maté* and filled with hot water, they would suck the delicious drink through a small tube. At such times they spoke in the measured low tones of their native land. Occasionally, the conversation had to do with the elder Jaramillo and his prodigious wisdom.

"I have seen him cure a patient," Morales would bear witness, awed by the reminiscence, "in less time than it takes to say the Creed. He would suck the aching part or he would put his own lips against the lips of the sick person and inhale his breath. And before you could wink he would spit out a worm, a stone, a small snake or a spider. It was the disease; he could draw it out of a sick body quicker than you could uncork a bottle. Some of the patients died, but they died because they got restless and called in the doctor. That killed them."

"The best of his secrets," Jaramillo, the son, once said, "is the remedy to cure the snake-bite. He revealed it to me just before his death. I value it more than an inheritance of many bags of gold pieces."

"Tell me the secret, brother," Morales implored.

Jaramillo was startled.

"I can't tell you. The secret can be revealed only on Good Friday. If I tell it on some other day I lose the power of healing until the following Good Friday."

BUT Morales began to bother his friend with childish persistence and gave him no rest for weeks and weeks. He remembered vividly how on a certain occasion one of his neighbors had returned to his ranch with an arm swollen and black from a snake-bite. The elder Jaramillo had applied certain strong remedies to the poisoned limb, mumbling immediately a mysterious invocation over the body of the snake, clubbed to death after its felonious attack on the ranchman.

"You are not a real friend," Morales said with sadness. "I treat you like a brother and yet you have secrets which you won't share with me."

Jaramillo did not want to be rendered powerless just to satisfy the whim of his friend.

"Suppose one of those poisonous reptiles bites you when you go barefoot in the *yerbal?*" Jaramillo argued.

"No danger," replied Morales with assurance. "Remember that you gave me a pair of garters made of owl-skin, and poisonous snakes flee from my feet when they scent the skin."

Finally, one afternoon, Jaramillo gave in and sacrificed himself for his friendship.

"You insist on knowing . . . Well . . ." and closing his eyes, he revealed the great secret. "All you have to do is to bend over the dead snake and say in low tones: 'Thou art no snake; thou art a cricket!' Immediately the poison in the body of the victim loses its venomous quality."

"Is that all?" asked Morales, visibly disappointed. "Is that all there is to it?"

That was all. But the magic words must be spoken in Guarani. The snakes, natives of Paraguay, cannot understand Spanish, the language of Buenos Aires.

"And now," Jaramillo said with a touch of sadness, "I'll have to wait until next Good Friday."

Soon after that Jaramillo began to make frequent trips to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay. His friend, intrigued by these strange visits, forced him to confess.

"I have seen him!" said Jaramillo mysteriously.

Although he did not give the name of the being he had seen, the tone of his voice was sufficient to enable Morales to guess.

It was the *caburé!*

The two friends spoke of the bird frequently. Ah, if they could only get a *caburé* feather and make themselves invulnerable, and, consequently, the bravest men on earth! The elder Jaramillo himself, despite his remarkable lore, had not been able to capture a *caburé*. It was extremely difficult to get hold of one of these birds. That was why the younger Jaramillo kept on repeating with pride: "I have seen him as close as I am seeing you."

THE owner of the *caburé* was a *gringo* who lived in Asuncion for no other purpose than to study the plants and the animals of the republic, a fat, ruddy-cheeked, fair-haired German doctor who wore gold-rimmed spectacles and was very fond of jesting with the simple-minded folk of the countryside to get all the information he could out of them. In the *patio* of his home, large as a conventual cloister, he had a rich collection of birds and quadrupeds, and in a cage in the center, lording it over this small and restless world, which it could silence with a mere cry, hung the *caburé*.

On several occasions the doctor had found Jaramillo standing outside the front door watching the precious bird through the grating and had asked him in to see the specimen.

"What a beauty, eh?" the doctor would remark with pride and satisfaction. "I paid more than its weight in gold for it. Very few of these birds are ever caught alive. It is a rare good fortune to own one."

A very costly specimen secured at a great sacrifice, but the doctor did not regret it when he thought of the eight hundred page volume he was going to write about the *caburé* and its habits, a book that would surely bring him prizes from several learned societies.

Both friends hit upon the same idea: to steal the prodigious bird or, at least, to pluck a few feathers from its tail.

They had to raid the *gringo's* house, and for this the most suitable time was the *siesta* hour. Jaramillo loved the witching hour of the *siesta!* It was the safest one!

"Morales," he told his friend, "you stay outside; watch the door; I may need you. One never can tell what may happen. That accursed *gringo* may take a notion to scream; I may have to kill him." He shrugged his shoulders. "One life less — it matters little."

After scaling the wall of one of the back *patios*, Jaramillo let himself into the house, noiselessly and, in his barefeet, glided down the cool corridors like a phantom. As he slunk past a door, he heard the sputtering gurgle of a guttural, strong-lunged sleeper. The German doctor, in his anxiety to conform to the customs of the country, had adopted the *siesta* habit.

Once in the main *patio*, the half-breed made straight for the central cage, which had been placed in the midst of a circular row of bushes covered with red, fine-pointed flowers of enormous size, called in the language of the country "federal stars."

There was the famous "beast," a sort of pigmy red owl with short, curved feet! Man and beast glared at each other as if they were going to join in mortal combat. The bird's eyes, of a rich golden hue with a black head in the center, shot daggers at the man, but the steady gaze of the human being made them waver and drop as if overcome by a stronger will.

Jaramillo was in no mood to waste time. With a quick jerk he pulled off the padlock and opened the cage, thrusting in his right hand to grab the bird. Despite his determination to make no noise, he could not surpress a cry of pain.

"You son of a she-devil!" he groaned.

One of his fingers was lanced clean through. More than an ordinary wound, it was like a poniard-thrust or the cruel boring of a red-hot gimlet. Overcoming the pain, he closed his bleeding hand to capture his enemy. He felt an irresistible impulse to choke the little beast, and at the same time he was fearful of crushing it to death, for the *caburé* feather loses all its miraculous powers if it is not taken from the living bird.

With his free hand Jaramillo plucked the *caburé's* tail feathers, and the bird uttered its blood-curdling screech making a second thrust at the audacious hand that gripped it. The terrifying shriek was followed by deep silence. All the animals in the *patio* became mute and hid in the deepest recesses of their cages. Life seemed to cease in the entire neighborhood.

The half-breed, unable to endure the pain in his wounded hand, had dropped the *caburé* and fled toward the door. And the bird, seeing the cage open, had come out of it as if it intended to pursue its enemy, but upon second thought it had changed its mind and escaped first to the eaves, finally disappearing.

Jaramillo unfastened the latch of the front door grating and got out in the street. His faithful friend Morales was waiting for him. He carried no sword. This expedition called for short weapons, but under the poncho his right hand caressed the handle of a knife, ready for any emergency.

"What's the matter, brother?" asked Morales when he saw Jaramillo's bleeding hand. "Who wounded you?"

Jaramillo shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of indifference and instead of replying showed his friend three or four feathers which he carried in his wounded hand.

From that afternoon on, the life of the two comrades changed radically. Jaramillo had to go to a quack, an old friend of his father, for immediate treatment. The wounded finger had turned black and it had to be amputated to keep the poisonous pollution from reaching the heart. The native medicine-man sharpened on a stone the knife he used indiscriminately to scrape the mud from his horse and to slice bread. The operation was painful but Jaramillo gathered courage and fortitude to endure it by looking at the little bag which he carried around his neck. The *caburé* feathers were in that bag. Well could he afford to suffer a little pain in exchange for such a wonderful talisman!

Morales was sad and spoke with the humility of one who wishes to make a petition and hesitates to speak, embarrassed by the importance of the favor desired. He finally decided to speak.

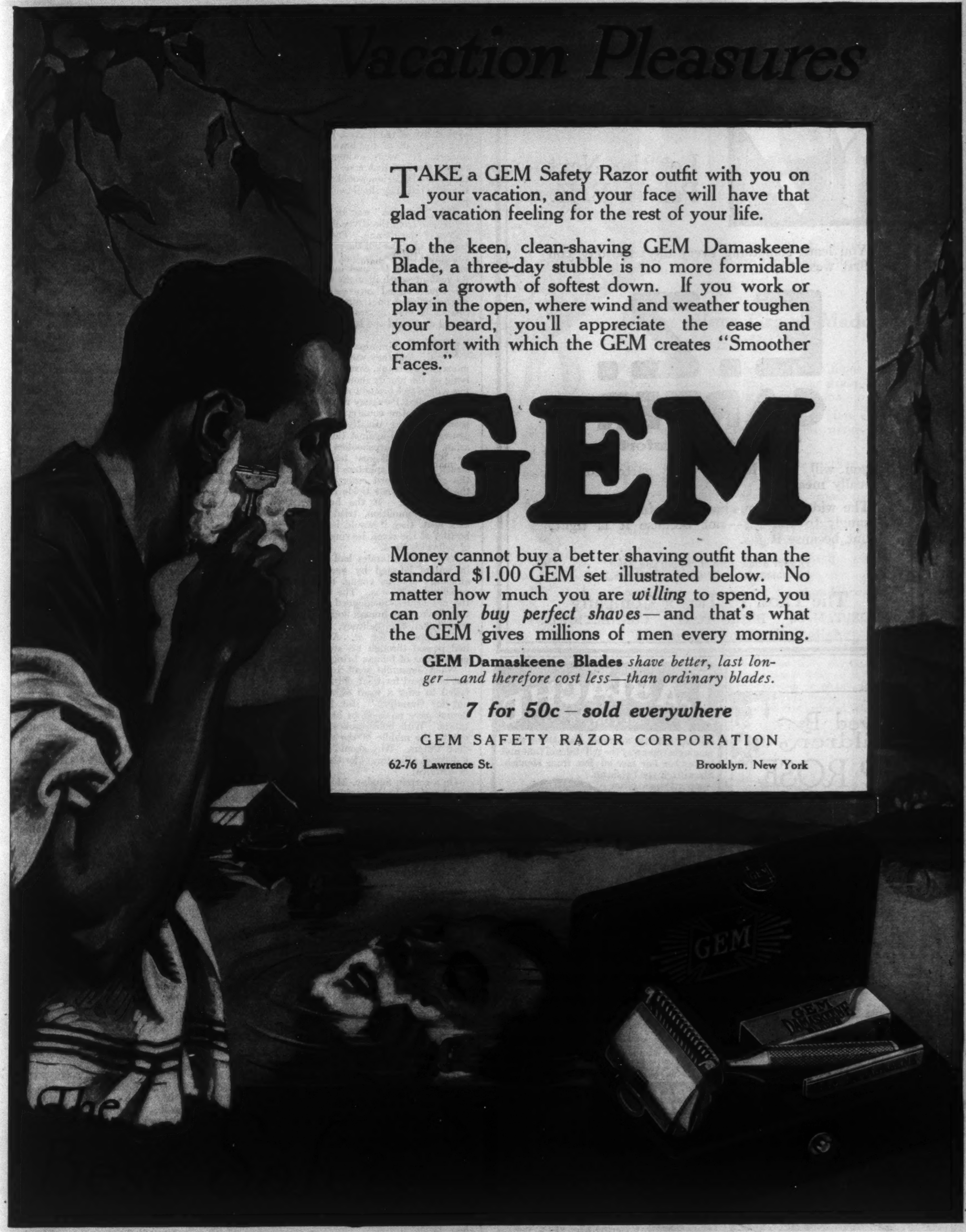
"Brother, why don't you give me one of the feathers? We have always shared everything, as if we had been born of the same mother. You have three feathers; you don't lose anything by giving me one. You will be equally powerful with the other two. One is enough to make you invulnerable."

BUT although Jaramillo had never gone to school, he knew that three was more than two, and he figured that if he kept the three feathers, his might would be all the greater. Moreover, he did not think that it was right that Morales, whose hands were whole, should try to acquire an equal power. He preferred to have his friend under the dominion of his superiority.

And, surely enough, Morales began to feel the bondage. His friend had become a despot. Jaramillo loafed all day and made him do his work for him; frequently, the tyrant went so far as to ask Morales to hand over his hard-earned wages; and on one occasion he took from him a certain Paraguay belle of fair complexion and arrogant figure who had shown marked predilection for Morales.

"I shall have to kill him," Morales began to think. "We can't live together any more."

But he had to abandon at once his evil plan. Impossible to kill Jaramillo as long as he had in his possession the talisman, the little bag with the *caburé* feathers, which made him invulnerable!



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And the despot, encouraged by the fatalistic resignation of his friend, carried his audacity to more intolerable extremes. One day he beat Morales because the latter did not obey him instantly, and when he found that his daring had not brought him to grief, he gave his friend another whipping.

"What won't he dare to do with those feathers on his breast!" Morales pondered.

Jaramillo had lost all fear of man or beast. In a country tavern he had fought against five of the bravest Paraguayans and had come out of the brawl victorious and unhurt. He went swimming every day despite the fact that none of the laborers of the *maté* plantation would risk a plunge in the river lest they should encounter "Grandpa."

This "Grandpa" was an alligator famous for its size from the River Plate to the headwaters of the Paraná. The old men of the country, who can tell the age of an alligator, calculated that "Grandpa" had been floating on the river for the past four centuries. In its verdant youth it might have gazed upon the square-rigged caravels with lions and castles painted on their sails in which the Spaniards first navigated the magnificent fluvial system of the Rio Plata.

"LOOK at 'Grandpa'!" the *peons* would yell. And they would point at an enormous gnarled trunk, covered with green moss, lying on the muddy shore of a near-by island, like a dead tree brought down by the current.

As the last Paraguay revolution had provided the entire countryside with rifles, the *peon's* cry was usually the signal for a general fusillade against the famous centenarian. Some sharpshooters managed to hit its back. A useless task. The bullets struck off a few splinters from its mail but the gigantic lizard scarcely budged, as if the bullets did not tickle it enough to disturb its rest. If the hunters, tired of wasting ammunition, tried to get near it in a boat, then it would lazily sink to the bottom of the river, leaving behind a circle of yellowish foam.

As a child, Morales had gone swimming in waters infested by *yacarés*, but these alligators were as young, tender and inexperienced as he was. The terrible ones are the old brutes, nicknamed *cebados* because they have eaten human flesh. After having once tasted this delicacy, they never lose their appetite for it. And "Grandpa" had passed through his stomach so many generations of human beings!

When Jaramillo went bathing, Morales, out of regard for their old friendship, never failed to offer a word of warning. "Look out for Grandpa!" But the invulnerable despot gave no heed to his friend's exhortation. With bold strokes he would swim out to the middle of the river to get into deep waters. Why should he worry about a decrepit alligator, older than the discovery of America!

On a certain Sunday, Morales was sitting on the river bank smoking a Paraguayan cigar which sent two streams of nicotine down his chin, when Jaramillo jumped into the water for his daily swim. From his point of vantage, Morales saw an enormous black object moving just below the surface with the velocity of a torpedo at right angles to the direction of the swimmer.

"Grandpa," he said. "It cannot be anything else." Jaramillo made desperate efforts to get away from the ferocious centenarian. He uttered a wild shriek and disappeared as if he had been pulled down by an irresistible force.

Morales was far more disconcerted and overwhelmed by the utter absurdity of the tragedy than by the death of his friend. The beliefs of a lifetime wavered, shaken to their very foundations. It was enough to destroy a man's faith. "No, it cannot be possible," he said repeatedly. "Jaramillo has a talisman. Jaramillo cannot die."

Instinctively, he went to the place where the swimmer had taken off his clothes. A smile of conviction, of restored happiness, lighted up his face.

"I thought so!"

The bag containing the irresistible talisman, the wonderful *payé*, was lying on top of the clothes. Through carelessness or for some other reason unknown to Morales, the victim had removed it before plunging into the river.

Thereupon, Morales thought that there must be a Providence, as the Mission *padres* used to assure him. Then he wondered whether that wise old *yacaré*, as ancient as the river itself, was not some mysterious divinity whose duty it was to avenge the humble.

And without hesitation, he took the little bag containing the marvelous *payé* and hung it around his neck with the air of a ruler who was putting on his head the crown of the world.

Fortune smiled on him at once.

Quite unexpectedly, his party returned to power. They, who had launched so many unsuccessful revolutions, regained control of the government in the most peaceful and prosaic manner. Doctor Sepulveda had managed to get the Federal Government to send a commission from Buenos Aires to investigate the administration of his adversaries. This investigation brought to light — as it generally happens — certain irregularities which caused the downfall of the government.

Morales returned to his native country with the halo and the arrogance of a political martyr. The great party leader, now governor of the province, shook hands with him, and the half-breed was moved to tears.

"I know you, my hero," the great man greeted him. "You are one of the survivors of the unforgetable night. Few remain . . . What can I do for you?"

Morales did not want much reward. He only aspired to become a policeman. Ah, for long years he had endured the blows of his adversaries. He now wanted to taste the joy of giving.

And so his old friends found him again one day in the streets of his native city wearing shoes — a terrible torment! — a blue frock-coat with gilt buttons and a white English helmet. No longer did he carry his sword under the arm or hidden under his trousers; he carried it by his side like the military and the authorities who represent law and order and have a right to use force.

He had tremendous and instant success not unmixed with glory. The province had no braver policeman. What could frighten a person who wore on his breast a talisman of *caburé* feathers! . . . Whenever there was a particularly dangerous job, his chief always gave the same order: "Send for Morales."

And Morales never failed them. Lawbreakers might draw their guns in taverns or dance halls to resist the authorities. Useless! Before they could pull the trigger — paff! — the half-breed had sent the weapon flying with a quick blow of his dexterous hand. Sometimes they had managed to shoot at him but the bullets had only pierced his helmet or grazed certain superfluous parts of his uniform without as much as touching the flesh. And he would come out of these trials smiling and unmoved as if they were routine matters of no consequence.

Moreover, the conviction that he was invulnerable gave him great impetus in a fight. Not having to worry about his own defense, he concentrated all his faculties on the attack, and there was no hand more energetic or nimble than his. If any prisoner refused to obey him, he rued his mistake, for the half-breed, once aroused, would suddenly convert himself into a whole troop of Morales. The prisoner would receive a blow with the flat of the officer's sword, say, on his left side, and when he turned on his heels to escape, paff! there was another Morales beating him on the right, and a third Morales hitting him over the head, and a fourth Morales striking him on the legs, and between the legs; in short, the man had to give up and beg for mercy.

THE bravest in the Province began to talk about him with a certain fear, guessing his secret. "It is useless to attempt anything against this person. He must own a *payé*."

His superiors would have made him a commanding officer, but he could not read or write, so he was given the rank of corporal. Thereupon Morales deemed that his new dignity demanded a facial appendage, and he allowed a few straggling hairs which grew on his copper-colored face to assume the shape of a moustache.

On special market days, the countrywomen who rode to town astride their small, hairy ponies, did not conceal their admiration for the celebrated policeman. They called him *Don* Morales, prefixing to the surname a title which is used only with the Christian name. The sight of the hero made them turn pale with emotion and they tried to attract his attention with coquettish flashes of their slanting eyes.

One morning while on patrol duty in the market place, *Don* Morales ran across a certain *gringo*, a corpulent, strong, red-haired fellow, whom he had met years before in Paraguay.

"*Don* Macpherson," he exclaimed. "What a surprise! How goes it with you?"

They embraced each other. Morales

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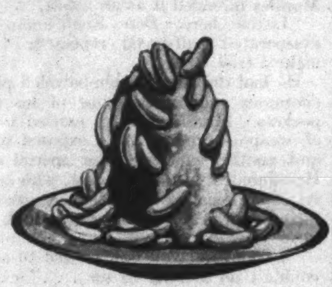
# Puffed Wheat    Puffed Rice

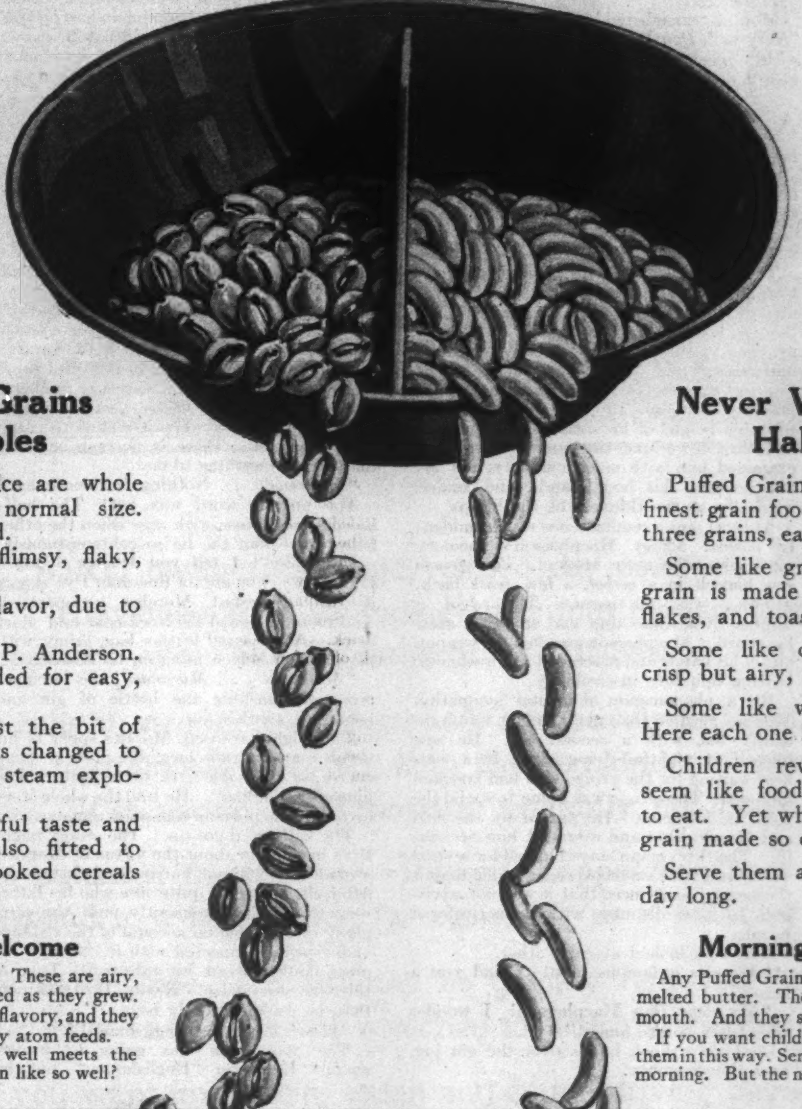


**At dinner on ice cream**

Flimsy, almond-flavored morsels, which melt into the cream

**Afternoon's nutty confection**

Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat like nut-meats.



## Think of Whole Grains Puffed to Bubbles

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains puffed to eight times normal size. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed.

All are bubble grains, thin, flimsy, flaky, ready to crush at a touch.

All have a toasted, nut-like flavor, due to an hour of fearful heat.

All are inventions of Prof. A. P. Anderson. In all the food cells are exploded for easy, complete digestion.

All are shot from guns. First the bit of moisture in each tiny food cell is changed to steam. Then a hundred million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

The result is tidbits of delightful taste and texture. But the grains are also fitted to digest. They form the best-cooked cereals in existence.

### To Make Bedtime Welcome

Puffed Wheat is best to serve in milk. These are airy, toasted whole grains—gigantic, but shaped as they grew.

They form delightful morsels, fragile and flavory, and they supply whole-wheat nutrition so that every atom feeds.

What food do you know that half so well meets the supper-dish requirements? Or that children like so well?

## Never Were Grains Made Half So Enticing

Puffed Grains have brought to millions the finest grain foods created. Not one grain, but three grains, each with its own delights.

Some like grains in flake form. Here each grain is made up of a thousand tissue-like flakes, and toasted.

Some like crisp grains. Here they are crisp but airy, ready to crumble at a touch.

Some like wheat, some rice, some corn. Here each one has his choice.

Children revel in Puffed Grains. They seem like food confections, almost too good to eat. Yet what, as food, can match a whole grain made so easy to digest?

Serve them all and often, in abundance, all day long.

### Morning's Supreme Delight

Any Puffed Grain served with cream and sugar. Or with melted butter. The thin-walled grains fairly melt in the mouth. And they seem like nut-meats puffed.

If you want children to eat grain-foods in plenty, serve them in this way. Serve all they want and a different kind each morning. But the nearest a complete food is Puffed Wheat.

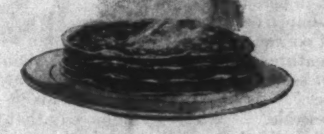
## Puffed Wheat    Puffed Rice    Corn Puffs

**Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour**

### Blend with fruits

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs adds to a fruit dish what flaky crust adds to a shortcake. You will not serve fruit without them when you try it.

### Seem like nut-flour pancakes



We now use ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake mixture—self-raising. The Puffed Rice flour makes the pancakes fluffy and its flavor adds a nut-like taste. To serve the finest pancakes ever tasted, ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

### Scatter in soups

Use the Puffed Grain whose flavor best blends with the soup. They are toasted wafers, airy and crisp. Puffed Rice is used also in home candy making.

looked down upon the *gringo;* he despised all foreigners; and yet, he inwardly admitted that for Macpherson he felt great admiration. His contempt was due to Macpherson's ignorance of Guarani and very limited knowledge of Spanish — unquestionable evidences, in Morales' judgment, of the foreigner's mental inferiority. Moreover, in common with all *gringoes,* Macpherson had enormous feet and wore shoes as large as river barges, an inevitable sign of plebeian origin in a country where men were noted for their small, ladylike feet and high insteps.

On the other hand, Morales admired Macpherson because the latter could sit at a table for a whole day and night and empty one bottle after another without getting up — or falling down — during the entire session. And his eloquence — no preacher could excel him when he started to expatiate on the curative virtues of whiskey, the panacea for all the misfortunes and ills that plague humanity.

The half-breed even knew his manias. When the *gringo* had had a glass or two, he got angry if any one called him an Englishman.

"*Mi no ser ingles!*" he would protest in his atrocious Spanish. "*Mi ser escoces!*" It amused Morales hugely that a drunken Englishman became a Scotchman, all by virtue of the extraordinary powers of whiskey.

Macpherson had lived in South America for a good many years. He had been an emerald hunter in Colombia, a silver miner in Peru, a tin miner in Bolivia, a nitrate exporter in Chile, a cattleman in the Argentine, a *maté* dealer in Paraguay, and a famous drunkard everywhere. Sometimes he had been the owner of the business, frequently just a subordinate employee. He had had his ups and downs, giving generously to-day and soliciting a small loan to-morrow to get out of the country.

Now — as he explained to Morales — he was buying young steers for a Uruguayan concern that manufactured liquid meat for children and weak adults. This liquid meat made him smile contemptuously. Liquid meat, with so much good whiskey in the world! . . .

Morales hesitated. His uniform! He, the representative of authority, should not set foot in a tavern except to impose the law and restore order. But one look at the *gringo* dispelled his official scruples. An old comrade! . . .

"Listen, *Don* Macpherson," he said, "suppose we go in and have a glass of something!"

They went into one of the market taverns and the proprietor, out of regard for Morales, gave them a table in the back part of the *patio.* The tavern-keeper had no whiskey but he served his guests a brand of gin that drew high praise from the foreigner.

"Drink, *Don,*" said the policeman, "drink all you want. You know I like Englishmen very much, and now that I am somebody in my country . . "

"*Mi no ser ingles,*" protested Macpherson "*Mi ser escoces.*"

Morales remembered his friend's weakness. "Very well, *Don* Macpherson," he explained with a generous wave of his hands. "I love Scotchmen very much, also."

AND after this, the half-breed began to speak about his exploits and the respectful, awed estimation in which he was held by all of the community. He seemed anxious to impress the foreigner with his importance and to receive from him the approval and homage due to a hero of his caliber.

"I know all about it," said Macpherson.

The *gringo* had heard a great deal about Corporal Morales, and he showed his amazement with a frankness and sincerity which deeply humiliated the hero. It was a mystery to the hard-headed Scot how that undersized and underfed youth whose frailness was visible to the naked eye could possibly intimidate any one. And from the towering height of his own solid corpulence he looked down upon the puny "terror" and examined him with mock curiosity; felt his muscles with his huge hands, and smiled ironically at the thinness of the biceps.

At this point a reminiscence which suddenly flashed across Macpherson's memory made his smile more insolent. The *gringo* saw himself in a *yerbal,* a few years back. Morales was his *peon.* They had a dispute over something and the *peon* drew his sword. Macpherson knocked the weapon out of his hands and proceeded to thrash him, beating him into insensibility.

By a phenomenon of mental sympathy, Morales recalled the same incident simultaneously but with a second act. He saw himself at nightfall lying down in a *maté* field waiting for the *gringo* who had knocked him out. The *gringo* was going to spend the night in Asuncion. He passed by the field and Morales shot and wounded him seriously. The Scotchman stayed in bed for several weeks and when he recovered, decided to quit the country, convinced that it was not advisable to have disputes with copper-colored people.

The men looked at each other.

"Morales a famous man! I find you a hero!"

"My dear *Don* Macpherson! I wonder why I like you so much!"

And they shook hands over the gin jug, now almost empty.

But they no longer looked at each other with the same cordiality. The evil memory of the past had opened a gulf between them.

The half-breed seemed bound to have the other fellow admire him. All the gin that he had drunk boiled in his stomach when the conviction began to dawn on him that the *gringo* did not believe a word about his bravery and considered all his exploits mere lies.

In Buenos Aires the Scotchman had picked up a Spanish word that irritated Morales. Whenever any one told him unreliable stories, Macpherson shrugged his shoulders and said contemptuously:

"*Macanas!* Nonsense! Nothing but *macanas!*"

Morales was convinced that the objectionable word was echoing in Macpherson's mind at that very moment. The wonderful feats of valor of Corporal Morales — *macanas,* nothing but *macanas!*

The ardent wish of winning the foreigner's admiration made him humble himself and reveal his secret.

"See here, *Don* Scotchman," he explained, "if I am a brave man, I don't deserve much credit. Even if I wanted to be a coward, I couldn't be. I have a most powerful *payé,* I carry on my breast three *caburé* feathers. You are almost one of us; you know this country; you know what it means to carry *caburé* feathers. There is no man or beast that can do anything to me."

"*Macanas!* . . . Nothing but *macanas!*"

The terrible word was out! The half-breed turned green with rage when the other fellow gave him the lie so contemptuously.

"But didn't I tell you I have a *payé?* Look at it. You are the first man I've shown it to," protested Morales, exasperated. And he unbuttoned his frock-coat and shirt displaying the small leather bag, grimy with perspiration, which hung on his breast.

"*Macanas!* . . . *Macanas!*" the foreigner repeated, finishing the bottle of gin and beginning another one.

Thoroughly aroused, Morales spoke of his unfortunate comrade Jaramillo, of the German doctor, of the *caburé,* of the alligator nicknamed "Grandpa." He told the whole story in vain; Macpherson remained unmoved.

The half-breed got up. The *gringo* might have his doubts about the virtue of Morales' own mother, without hurting their friendship. After all, he wasn't quite sure who his father was; the natives frequently omit the ceremony of marriage on account of the red tape and expense connected with it. But to express doubts about his talisman! To consider his story false! Really, this was more than he could patiently bear.

"Listen here, *Don* Englishman!"

The Scotchman was going to protest against the term "Englishman," but his lips were sealed by amazement when he realized that the error was deliberate and that Morales intended it as an insult.

"Listen here, *Don* Englishman," the exasperated half-breed repeated. "Let's make a trial."

He had drawn a double-barreled pistol of enormous caliber from one of his trouser pockets. Morales always carried two sets of weapons; one official, exposed to view, and another concealed, for special service. He offered it to the foreigner, who accepted it mechanically. Macpherson was now facing Morales, with an angry look on his face.

"I could kill you if I wanted to and you couldn't do a thing to me . . ." explained Morales. "But I won't take advantage. I want you to see with your own eyes. I hope that tough, ox-like head of yours will soften up a little, enough to let in a grain of common sense . . . Shoot!"

With both hands he pulled back his shirt showing the bare chest and the marvelous little bag.

"Don't worry, *gringo,*" he said, taunting his adversary, "shoot; I ask you to fire!"

Macpherson, despite his drunkenness, realized the absurdity of the proposition. The half-breed had gone mad, he thought, and in his devilish self-conceit was making fun of him.

"You are afraid to shoot," Morales continued, aggravatingly. "That's right; the bullet might rebound from my chest and hurt you. Don't take a chance. Stand farther back and a little to the side so that the bullet can't touch you."

BUT Macpherson, as if he did not understand these recommendations, raised his arm to a horizontal position and took aim.

"See here," he said at last, threateningly. "Cut out your horse-play or I'll shoot."

All considerations were now thrown to the winds. The two men faced each other like enemies.

"Shoot, you accursed *gringo,*" hissed Morales. "Shoot so that you may convince yourself. You won't believe I have a *payé* — shoot and find out for yourself!"

"Better be careful," repeated the other, more angrily, "or I'll shoot."

"Shoot and be damned . . .You are no Scotchman; you are a . . ."

He could not finish the phrase.

"Have it your own way!" And the *gringo* pulled the two triggers at once.

A white cloud spread before his eyes.

When the smoke had cleared and the sound of the double explosion died away, he saw Morales lying at his feet with outstretched arms and torn breast. A frozen smile of haughty self-confidence was his last gesture.

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# Rainy Week——

[*Continued from page 33*]

never took her eyes from the clock.

But to be perfectly frank, everybody else at the table except the May Girl seemed to be diverting such attention as he or she retained to the personal appearance of Claude Kennilworth. Truly it wasn't right that any one who had been so hateful all day long should be able to look so perfectly glorious in the evening.

"Where did you get the suit?" said Rollins. "Is it your own?"

"And the 'permanent wave'?" questioned the Bride. "I think you and the Ocean must patronize the same hair dresser."

"Dark men always look so fine in white flannels," whispered Ann Woltor to my Husband.

"Personally," beamed Paul Brenswick, "you look to me like a person who had imported his own Turkish Bath."

"Turkish?" scoffed George Keets. "Nobody works up a shine like that by being washed only in one language! Russian, too, it must be! Flemish ——"

"'Flemish' are — rabbits," observed the May Girl gravely. But even with this observation she did not lift her eyes from her plate. Whether she was consciously and determinately ignoring Claude Kennilworth's only too palpable efforts to impress her with the fact that now at last he was ready to forgive her — and subjugate her, or whether she really hadn't noticed him, I couldn't quite make out. And then quite suddenly at the end of her first course she put down her knife and fork and folded her hands in her lap. "Where — is Allan John?" she demanded.

"Why, yes, that's so! Where *is* Allan John?" questioned everybody at once.

"Some walk he's taking," reflected Paul Brenswick.

"Not too long, I hope," worried my Husband very faintly.

"Hang it all, I do like that lad!" acknowledged George Keets.

"Who wouldn't?" said young Kennilworth.

"Yes, but why?" demanded Keets.

"It's his eyes," said the Bride.

"Eyes nothing!" scoffed young Kennilworth. "It's the way he came out of his fuss without fussing! To make a fool of yourself but never a fuss, that's my idea of a fellow being a good sport!"

"It was his tragedy that I was thinking of," said George Keets very quietly.

"Yes, where in the world," questioned my Husband with quite unwonted emotion, "would you have found another chap in the same harrowing circumstances, even among your own friends, I mean, a chum, a pal, who could have dropped in here the way he has, without putting a damper on everything? Not intentionally, of course, but just in the inevitable — human nature of things. But I don't get the slightest sense somehow of Allan John being a damper."

"'Damper?'" said the Bride. "Why, he's like a sick man basking in the sun. Hasn't a word to say himself, not a single prance in his own feet. But I'd as soon think of shutting out the sun from a sick man as shutting out a laugh from Allan John. Why, Allan John — needs us!" attested the Bride, "and Allan John knows that he needs us!"

With a sideways glance at the vacant chair George Keets's thin lips parted into a really sweet smile.

"Where in creation is the boy?" he insisted. "Frankly I think we rather need *him.*"

"All of which being the case," said my husband, "it behooves me even more, I should say, to tell Allan John that the next time he speaks about 'moving on' I shall hide his clothes. Certainly I haven't trusted him yet with even a quarter. He's so extraordinarily fussy about thinking that he ought to clear out."

It was just at that moment that the telephone rang. I decided to answer it myself, and for some reason, from the instrument up-stairs in my own room, rather than from the library. A minute's delay, only, and I held the transmitter to my lips.

"Yes," I called.

"Is this Mrs. Jack Delville?" queried the voice.

"Yes. Who's speaking?"

"It's Allan John," said the voice.

"Why, Allan John!" I laughed. "Of course it would be you! We were just speaking about you and that's always the funny way that things happen. But wherever in the world are you? We'd begun to worry a bit!"

"I'm in town," said Allan John.

"In — town!" I cried. "*Town!* How did you get there?"

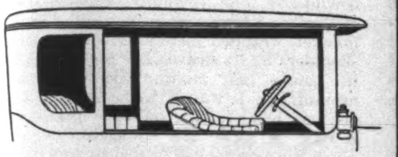
In Allan John's voice suddenly it was as though tone itself was flushing. "That's what I want to tell you," said Allan John. "I've done a horrid thing, a regular kid — college-boy sort of thing. I've taken something from your house — that silver salt shaker, you know, that I forgot to give back — and left it with a man in the village as security for the price of a railroad ticket to town and a telegram to my brother and — this telephone message. I didn't have a cent, you know. But the instant I hear from my brother ——"

"Why, you Silly!" I cried. "Why didn't you speak to my Husband?"

"Oh, your Husband," said Allan John just a bit drily, "would have given me the whole house. But he wouldn't have let me leave it! And it was quite time I was leaving," the voice quickened sharply. "I had to leave sometime, you know. And all of a sudden I — I had to leave at once. Rollins, you know! His break about the little girl. After young Kennilworth's cubbishness I simply couldn't put another slight on that lovely little girl. But —" His voice was all gray again and spent, like ashes. "But I just couldn't play," he said. "Not that!"

"Why, of course, you couldn't play!" I cried. "Nobody expected you to! Rollins is a — a horror!"

"Oh, Rollins is all right enough," said Allan John. "It's Life that is the horror."



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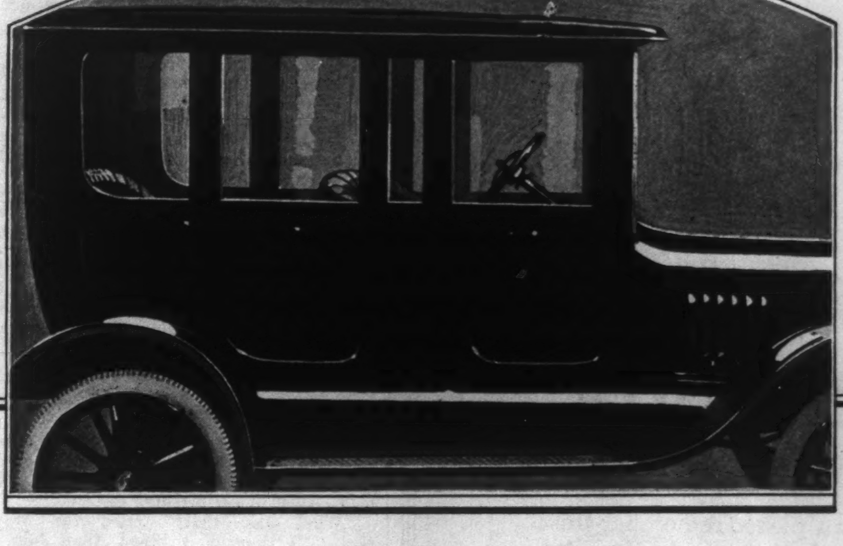

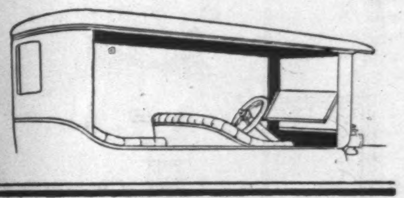

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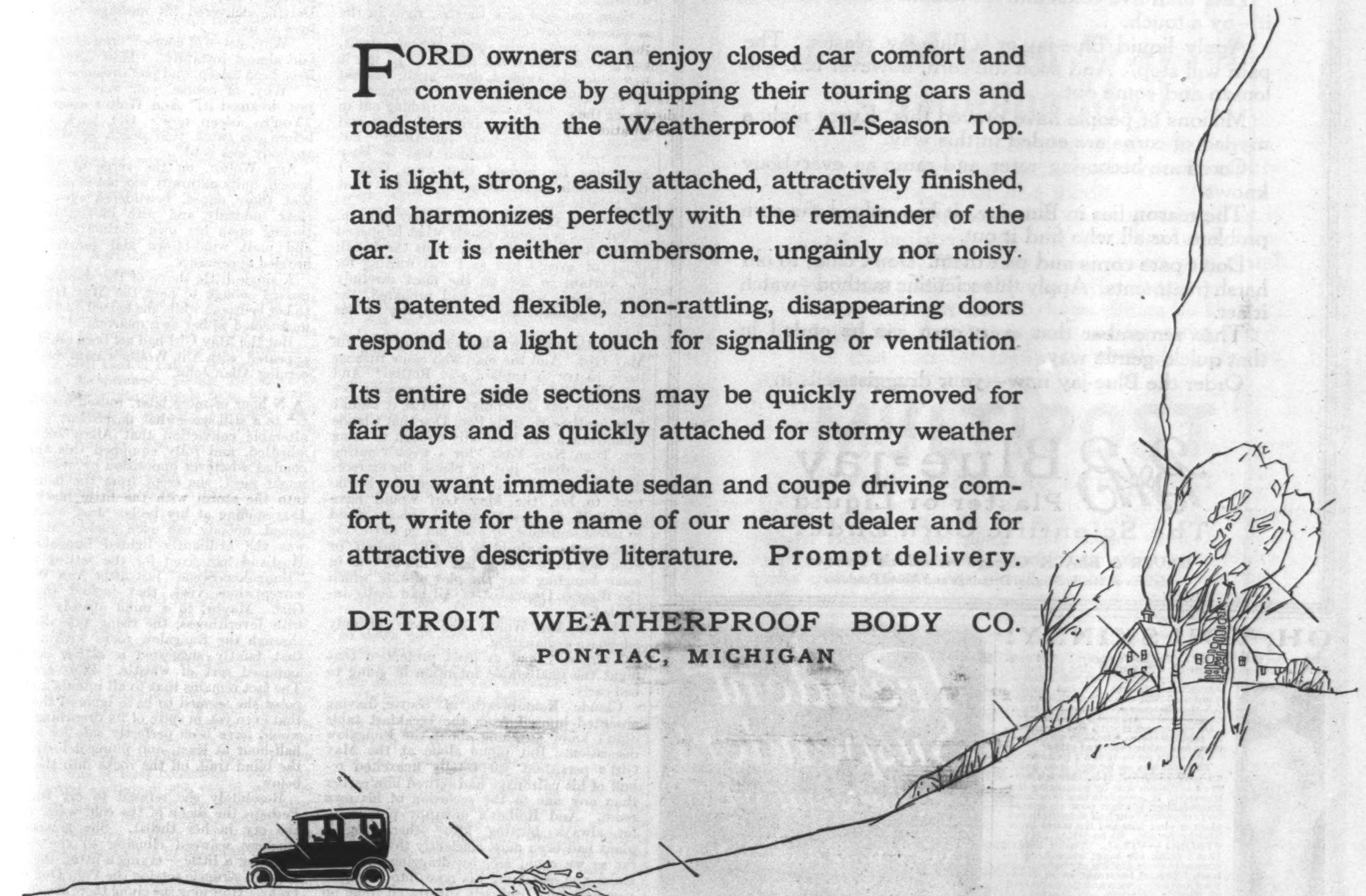

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"Yes—but Allan John—" I parried.

"You people have been angels to me," he interrupted me sharply. "I shall never forget it. Nor the lovely little girl. I'm going back to Montana to see how my ranch looks. I can't talk now. Not to anybody. For God's sake don't call anybody. But if I get straightened out again, ever, you'll hear from me. And if I don't ——"

"But, Allan John," I protested. "Everybody will be desolated, your going off like this! Why you're not even equipped in the simplest way! Not a single bit of baggage! Not a personal possession!"

Across the buzzing wires it seemed suddenly as though I could actually hear Allan John making one last really desperate effort to smile.

"I've got my little silver whistle," said Allan John. As though in confirmation of the fact he lifted the silver bauble to his lips and blew a single fluty note across the sixty miles.

"Good-bye!" he said.

BEFORE I had fairly dropped the receiver back into its place, the May Girl was at my elbow. Her lovely childish eyes were strangely alert, her radiant head cocked ever so slightly to one side as though she held a shell to her listening ear.

"What was—that?" cried the May Girl. "I thought I heard Allan John's whistle!"

Were you ever in a theatre, right in the middle of a play, on the very verge of an act that you were really quite curious about, and just as the curtain started to go up, it was suddenly yanked down again instead and a woman behind the scenes screamed—oh, horridly—and a man came rushing out in front of the curtain waving his arms and trying to tell everybody something—but everybody all of a sudden was so busy screaming for himself that even God, I think, couldn't have made you hear just what the trouble was?

It isn't a pleasant thing to have happen.

But that is almost exactly what happened to our Rainy Week play on this the fourth night of events just as I was waiting for the curtain to rise on the most carefully staged scene which we had prepared, the scene designated as "*The Bungalow on the Rocks.*"

And the woman who screamed was the May Girl. And the man who came rushing back to try to explain was Rollins. And the May Girl, it proved, was screaming because she was drowning! And if it hadn't been for the silly little Pom Dog that Claude Kennilworth had been silly enough to bring way from New York "for a week's outing at the seashore" just to please the extraordinarily silly girl who occupied the studio next to his, the May Girl would have drowned! It makes one feel almost afraid to move somehow, or even not to move, for that matter—afraid to be silly indeed, or even not to be silly—lest it foil or foul in some bungling way the plot of Life which the Biggest Dramatist of All had really intended.

It was Ann Woltor who gave the only adequate explanation.

Everybody had at least pretended that night the unalterable intention of going to bed early.

Claude Kennilworth, of course, having absented himself from the breakfast table didn't know anything about the Bungalow discussion. But pique alone at the May Girl's persistent yet totally unexcited rebuff of his patronage had retired him earlier than any one to the seclusion of his own room. And Rollins's unhappy propensity for always butting into other people's plans had been most efficiently thwarted, as far as we could see, by dragging him upstairs and slamming his nose into a brand-new and very profusely illustrated tome on the subject of "The Violet Snail."

By half-past ten, Ann Woltor confessed she had found the whole lower part of the house apparently deserted.

For the same reason, best known even yet only to herself, she was still very anxious it appeared to get to the Bungalow before any of her house-companions should have forestalled her. The trip, I judged, had not proved unduly hard. By the aid of a pocket flashlight she had made the descent of the cliff without accident, and after a single confusion where a blind trail ended in the water, discovered the jagged path that twisted along the ledge to the very door of the Bungalow. Once in the Bungalow she had dallied only long enough to search out by the aid of the flashlight the particular object or objects which she had come for. Startled by a little sound, the sound of a man humming a little French tune that she hadn't heard for fifteen years, she had grabbed up her treasure, whatever it was, and bolted precipitously for the house not knowing she had sprung the trap of our concealed phonograph when she opened the door. Even once back in the safe precincts of the house, however, she was further startled and completely upset by running into the May Girl.

The May Girl was on the stairs, it seemed, just coming down. And she didn't look "quite right," Ann Woltor admitted. That is, she looked almost as though she was walking in her sleep, a bit dazed, a bit bewildered, and certainly, dressed as she was just in a filmy night-gown with her warm blanket wrapper merely lashed across her shoulders by its sleeves, her pretty feet bare, her gauzy hair floating like an aura all around her, it wasn't to be supposed that she was just starting off on a prankish endeavor to solve the Bungalow mystery. Even her eyes looked unreal to Ann Woltor. Even her voice when she spoke sounded more than a little bit queer.

"I—I thought I heard Allan John whistle," she said. "I—I promised, you know, that if he ever needed me I'd come."

Ann Woltor nearly collapsed! "Nonsense!" she explained. "Allan John is in town! Don't you remember? He telephoned while we were at supper. Mrs. Delville delivered his messages and good-byes to us."

"Why, yes—of course!" roused the May Girl almost instantly. "How silly! I must have been asleep, and just dreamed it!"

"Why, of course, you were asleep and just dreamed it," Ann Woltor assured her. "You're asleep now! Get back to bed before you catch your death of cold! Or anybody sees you!"

Ann Woltor, on the verge of hysterics herself, quite naturally was not at all anxious that those dazed, bewildered eyes should clear suddenly and with inevitable questioning upon her own distinctly drenched and most wind-blown and generally disheveled appearance.

A single little shove of the shoulders had proved enough to herd the May Girl back to her bedroom while she herself had escaped undetected to her own quarters.

But the May Girl had *not* been satisfied, it appeared, with Ann Woltor's assurances concerning Allan John.

AN hour or more later, roused once again to a still somewhat dazed but now unalterable conviction that Allan John had whistled, and fully equipped this time to combat whatever opposition or weather she might meet, she crept from the house out into the storm with the little black Pom Dog sniffing at her heels. Just what happened, nobody can even guess. Maybe it was the brilliantly lighted bungalow my Husband had fixed for the setting of the "Bungalow Scene" just after Ann Woltor's surreptitious visit, that incited the May Girl. Maybe, to a mind already stricken with feverishness, the rising tide did suck through the Bungalow rocks with a sound that faintly suggested a rather specially agonized sort of whistle. Who can say? The fact remains that to all intents and purposes she seemed to have ignored the ledge that even yet, in spite of its drenching spray, would have been perfectly safe for another half-hour at least, and plunged forth down the blind trail, off the rocks into the water below.

Resolutely she refused to cry for help. Perhaps the shock of the cold water chilled the cry in her throat. She grasped the slippery seaweed clinging to the rocks—moaning a little—crying a little, the pitiful audible struggle setting the Pom Dog nearly crazy. How long she clung there she couldn't tell. She was mauled and bruised by the threshing waves. Still some complex inhibition prevented her crying out for help. Ages passed, her bruised arms and numb fingers refused to hold the grip on the elusive seaweed forever and she eventually let go her hold. The waves took her and tossed her poor exhausted body still struggling against another ledge of rock well out of reach from shore. Then for the first time the May Girl seemed to realize fully her peril—and she shrieked for help.

Ann Woltor rousing sluggishly from her sleep heard the black Pom Dog barking furiously on the beach. Reluctant at first to leave her snug bed it must have been several minutes at least before sheer curiosity and irritation drove her to get up and peer from the window.

Out of that murky blackness, of course, not a single outline of the little dog met her sight. Just that incessant yap-yap-yap-*yap* of a tiny creature almost frenzied with excitement. But what really smote Ann Woltor's startled vision, and for the first time, was the flare of lights, which made the bungalow seem as if ablaze. And as she stared aghast into that flare of light which seemed to point so accusingly at her across the intervening waters she either sensed or saw — the May Girl's unmistakable head and shoulders banging into the single craggy rock that still jutted up from the depths, saw a hand snatch out — heard that one blood-curdling scream!

Rollins must have thought she was mad! Dragging him from his bed, with her arms around his neck, her lips crushed to his ear, even then she could hardly articulate or make a sound louder than a whisper.

Rollins fortunately did not lose his voice; Rollins bellowed. Rushing out into the hall just as he was, pajamas, nightcap and all, Rollins lifted his voice like a baying hound.

In a moment all hands were on deck. My Husband rushed for the dory, George Keets with him, Paul Brenswick, Kennilworth, Rollins!

The women huddled on the beach.

"Hold on! *Hold on*." we shouted into space. "Just a minute more! Just one minute more!"

We might just as well have shouted into a saw-dust pile. The wind took the words and rammed them down our throats again till we sickened and choked!

Young Kennilworth came running. He was still in his white flannels. He looked like a ghost.

"THERE'S been some hitch about the oars!" he cried. "Is she still there?"

In the flare of our lantern-light I turned suddenly and stared at him. He looked so queer. In a moment so awful it seemed almost incredible that any human face could have summoned so much ego into it. From those gay, pleasure-roaming feet, it must have come hurtling suddenly, that expression! From those facile self-assured finger-tips that were already coaxing the secrets of line and form from the Creator! From that lusty, hot-blooded young heart that was even now accumulating its "Pasts"! From the arrogant, brilliant young brain that knew only too well that it had a "Future"! And even as I watched, young Kennilworth stripped the white flannels from his body. And the Pleasure. And the Triumph. And all the little Pasts. And all the one big Future. And he who had come so presumptuously to us to make an infinitesimal bronze replica of the Sea — went forth very humbly from us to make a man-sized model of Sacrifice.

For an instant only as he steadied for the plunge a flash of the old mockery crossed his face.

"Of course, I'm stronger than the ocean," he called back. "But if I shouldn't prove so — don't forget my Old Man's birthday!"

Ann Woltor fainted as his slim body struck the waves.

Hours passed, ages, eons, before the dory reached them! Yet my Husband says that it was only minutes. By the merciful Providence of darkness we were at least spared the visual stages of that struggle. Minutes or eons, there were not even seconds to spare it proved by the time help actually arrived. Claude Kennilworth had a broken arm but was at least conscious. The May Girl looked as though she would never be conscious again. Against the ghastly pallor of her skin the brutal bruises loomed like love's last offering of violets. The finger-tips had clawed themselves to pulp and blood.

The village doctor came on the wings of the wind! We telephoned Dr. Brawne but he was away on a business trip somewhere and could not be located! The rest of the night went by like a brand-new battle for life, but in the full glare of lamplight this time! By breakfast time, if one can compute hours so on a morning when nobody eats, Claude Kennilworth was almost himself again. But the May Girl's vitality failed utterly to rally. White as the linen that encompassed her she lay in that dreadful stupor among her pillows. Only once she roused herself to any attempt at speech and even then her words were almost inaudible. "Allan — John," she struggled to say, "was trying — to find him."

"Has she had any shock before this?" puzzled the Doctor. "Any recent calamity? Any special threat of impending illness?"

"She fainted day before yesterday," was all the information anybody could proffer. "She is subject to fainting spells, it seems. Last night Miss Woltor thought she looked a little bit dazed as though with a touch of fever."

"We've got to rouse her some way," said the Doctor.

"Oh, if we could only find Allan John!" cried the Bride. "Allan John — and his whistle," she supplemented with almost shamefaced playfulness.

My Husband and George Keets tore off to town in the little car! They raked the streets, the hotels, the telegraph offices, the railroad stations, God knows what, before they found him. But they *did* find him. That's all that really matters!

It was ten o'clock at night before they all reached home again. Allan John asked only one question as he crossed the threshold. His forehead was puckered with perplexity.

"Is — everybody — in the world going to die?" he said.

They took him directly to the May Girl's room and put him down in a chair just opposite her bed with the whistle in his hands. "Spring and Youth and the Pipes of Pan!" But such a sorry Pan! All the youth that was left in him seemed to have been wrung out anew by this latest horror. In the grayness of him, the hopelessness, the pain — he might have been fifty — sixty — instead of the scant twenty-eight or thirty that he doubtless was. A little bit shakily he lifted the whistle to his lips.

"Not that I put a great deal of credence in it," admitted the Doctor. "But if you say it was a sound, a signal that she had been waiting for ——"

Softly Allan John fluted the silver note.

A little shiver, a struggle, passed across the figure on the bed.

"Again!" prompted the Doctor.

Once more Allan John lifted the whistle to his lips.

The May Girl opened her eyes and struggled vainly to raise herself to her elbow. When she saw Allan John a vague sort of astonishment flushed across her face and an odd apologetic little laugh slipped weakly from her lips.

"I — I came just as soon as I could, Allan John," she said, and sinking back into her pillows began quite unexpectedly to cry. It was the Doctor himself who sat by her side and wiped her tears away.

Ann Woltor shared the watches with me through the rest of the night. Allan John never left the room. Toward dawn I sent even Ann Woltor to her sleep and Allan John and I met the new day alone. By the time it was really light the May Girl, weak as she was, seemed to have recovered a certain amount of talkativeness. Recognizing thoroughly the presence and activity of both my hands and my feet, she seemed to ignore entirely the existence of either my eyes or my ears. Her puzzled wonderments were directed at Allan John alone.

"Allan John — Allan John!" I heard her call softly.

"Yes," said Allan John.

"It's a lie," said the May Girl, "what people say about drowning — that as you go down you remember every little teeny-weeny thing that has ever happened to you. All the dreadful — wicked things that you've ever done! Oh, it's an awful lie!"

"Is it?" said Allan John.

"YES, it certainly is!" attested the May Girl. "Why I never even remembered the day I bit my grandmother!"

"N — o?" shivered Allan John.

"No, indeed!" insisted the May Girl. "The only things that I thought of were the things I had planned to do! The — The *Plans* that were drowning with me! One of them," she flushed suddenly, "one of the plans I mean — I didn't seem to care at all when I saw it go down — and the plan about going to Europe some time. Oh, I don't think that suffered so terribly. But the farm — the farm I was planning to have. The cows. The horses. The dogs. The chickens. The rabbits. Why, Allan John — I counted — seventeen rabbits!" Very softly to herself she began to cry again.

"S-s-h — S-s-h!" cautioned Allan John. "Things that have never happened you know — can't die."

"Of that — !" reflected the May Girl through her tears, "I am — not so — perfectly sure. Is — is it going to clear up?" she asked quite irrelevantly.

"Oh, yes, *surely!*" rallied Allan John. He would have told her it was Christmas, I think, if he had really thought that that was what she wanted him to say. Very expeditiously instead he began to shine up the silver whistle with the corner of his handkerchief.

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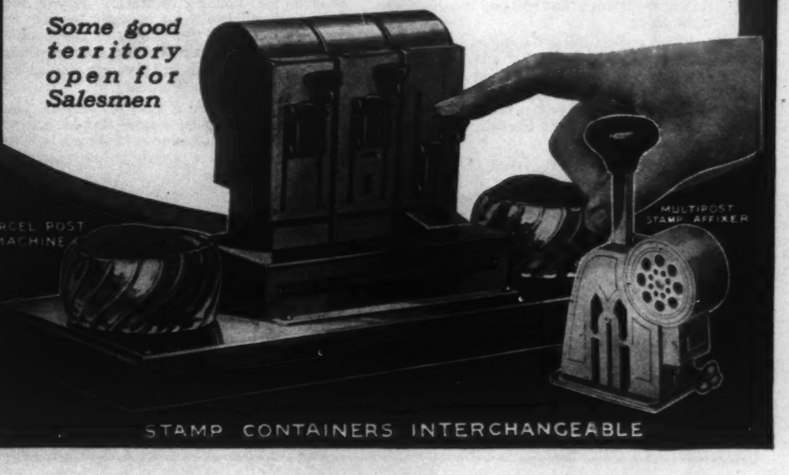

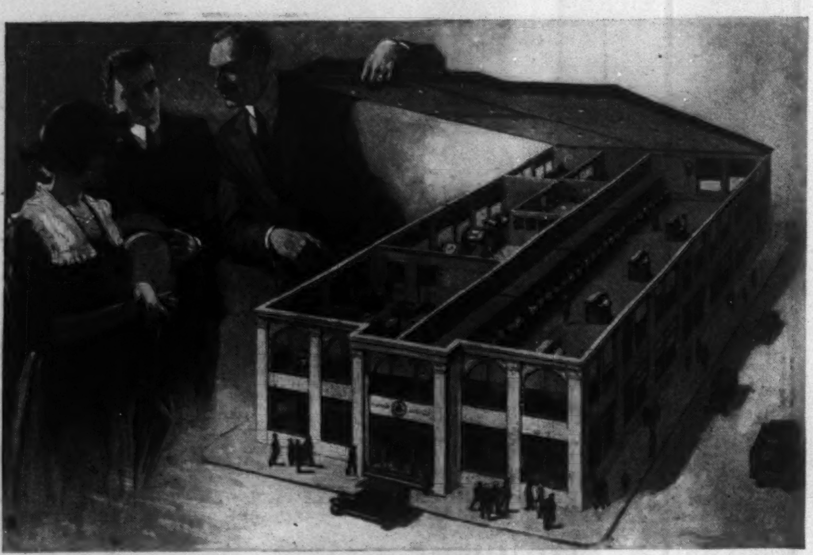

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With an almost amusing solemnity the May Girl lay and watched the proceeding. Under the heavy fringe of her lashes her eyes looked very shy. Then so gently, so childishly, that even Allan John didn't wince till it was all over, she asked him the question that no other person in the world probably could have asked him at that moment — and lived.

"Allan John," she asked, "do you suppose that you will ever marry again?"

"Oh, my God, no!" gasped Allan John.

"Men — do," mused the May Girl.

"Men do," conceded Allan John. With the sweat starting on his brow he jumped up and strode to the window. From the window he turned back slowly with a curious look of perplexity on his face. "Why — do you ask — that?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know," said the May Girl. "I was just wondering," she sighed.

"Wondering what?" said Allan John.

"Wondering," mused the May Girl, "if you would ever want to marry me."

For a moment Allan John did not seem to understand, for a moment he gazed aghast at the May Girl's impassive face. "Why — child!" he stammered.

"Why, Honey-Dear!" I intercepted wildly.

It was the strangest wooing I ever saw or dreamed of. The wooing by a person who didn't even know she was wooing — of a person who didn't even know he was being wooed.

"Well — all right — perhaps it doesn't matter," said the May Girl. "I was only thinking how sad it would be — if Allan John ever *did* need me for his wife and I was already married to somebody else."

When the Doctor came at noon he reported with eminent satisfaction a decided improvement in both his patients. Claude Kennilworth, contrary to one's natural expectations, was proving himself an ideal patient despite his painful injury, which he steadfastly refused to acknowledge.

Even the May Girl's more subtle and mystifying complications seemed to have cleared up most astonishingly, the doctor felt, since his previous visit.

"Oh, she's coming out all right," he assured us. "Fresh air — plenty of range — freedom from all emotional concern or distress," were the key-notes of his advice. "She's only a baby — grown woman-size in an all-too-brief eighteen years," he averred.

Words, phrases, judgments, rioted only too confusedly through my mind that was already so inordinately perplexed with the whole chaotic situation.

As I said "Good-bye" to the doctor and turned back from the front door, I was surprised to see both my Husband and Ann Woltor standing close beside me. The constrained expressions on their faces startled me.

"You heard what the doctor said," I exclaimed. "You heard his exact words — 'great big overgrown baby,' he said. 'Ought to be turned out to play in a sand-pile for at least two years more.' Just a baby," I protested. "And she'll be tending her own babies before the two years are over! They are planning to marry her in September, you know, to a man old enough to be her grandfather — almost. To Doctor Brawne," I stormed.

"To whom?" gasped Ann Woltor. Her face was suddenly livid. "To whom?"

A horrid chill went through me. "What's Doctor Brawne to you?" I asked.

"It's time you told her," interposed my Husband quietly, to Ann Woltor.

"What *is* Doctor Brawne to you?" I demanded.

"Doctor Brawne? Nothing!" cried Ann Woltor. "But the girl — is my girl — my own little girl — my own big little girl."

"WHAT!" I gasped. "What!" As though my knees had turned to straw I sank into the nearest chair.

With the curious exultancy of a long strain finally relaxed, I saw Ann Woltor's immobile face flame suddenly with amusement.

"Did you think I was talking just weather with your husband all that first harrowing day and evening? In the car? In the Bungalow? Oh, no — not weather!" she exclaimed. "Not even just the 'May Girl' as you call her, but — everything! Your husband discovered it that first morning in the car," she annotated hurriedly. "I dropped my watch. It had a picture in it. A picture of May taken last year. Dr. Brawne sent it to me."

"Yes, but Dr. Brawne?" I puzzled.

"Oh, I knew that May was to be married," she frowned. "And to a man a good deal older than herself. Dr. Brawne wrote me that. But what he quite neglected to mention —" once again the frown deepened, "was that the older man was himself. I like Dr. Brawne. He is a very brilliant man. But I certainly do not approve of him as my daughter's husband. There are reasons. One need not go into them now," she acknowledged. "At least they do not specially concern his age. My daughter would hardly be happy with a boy, I think. Boys do not usually like simplicity. It takes a mature man to appreciate simplicity."

"Yes, but the discovery?" I fretted. "Your own discovery — just when?"

"In the train, of course, coming down that first night!" cried Ann Woltor. "I thought I should go mad! I thought — At every station I would jump off! And then Rollins's bungling remarks the next day about my tooth gave me the chance, as I supposed, to get away. Except for that awkward accident to my watch I should have gotten away. Your husband implored me for my own sake, for my girl's sake, for everyone's sake, to stop and consider. There was so much to consider. I had all my proofs with me, my letters, my papers, my marriage certificate. We went to the Bungalow. We threshed it all out. I was still mad to get away. I had no other wish in the world except to get away. Your husband persuaded me that my duty was here — to watch my girl — to get acquainted with my girl — before I even so much as attempted meeting my other problems. I was very rattled — I left my broken watch in the Bungalow! The picture was still in it! That's why I went back! I wasn't sure even then that I would disclose my identity even to my daughter! For that reason alone I made your husband promise that he would not betray my secret even to you. If *I* decided to tell — all right. But I wished no such decision forced upon me!"

"OH, Ann, Ann dear!" I cried. "Don't tell me any more — you've suffered enough. Just Rollins's bungling alone — the impudence of him ——"

"Rollins? Rollins?" intercepted that pestiferous gentleman's voice suddenly. "Do I hear my name bandied by festive voices?" In another moment the Pest himself stood beside us.

My Husband is by no means a swearing man but I distinctly heard from his unwonted lips a muttered blasphemy that would have made a stevedore blush for shame.

Despite all her terrible stress and strain Ann Woltor smiled, actually smiled.

My Husband gasped. The cause of that gasp was only too evident. Once again we saw Rollins's ominous gaze fixed with unalterable intent on Ann Woltor's face. What was meant to be an ingratiating smile quickened suddenly in his eyes.

"Truly, Miss Woltor," he said, "why don't you get it fixed?"

For an instant I thought Ann Woltor would scream. For an instant I thought Ann Woltor would faint — then quicker than chain lightning — right there before our eyes we saw her make her great decision. It was as though her brain was glass and we could see its every working.

"All right," said Ann Woltor very quietly. "All right — you — God — damn — Fool — I *will* tell you! I will tell everybody!"

For the first time in his life I saw Rollins stagger! But Rollins could not remain prostrate even under such a rebuff as this.

"Why — er — thank you — thank you very much," he rallied with his first returning breath. "Shall I — shall I call the others?"

"By all means — call them quickly," said Ann Woltor.

"Oh, Ann!" I protested.

"I mean it," she said. Her face was strangely quiet. "The time has come — I've made up my mind at last."

From the door of the porch we heard Rollins's piping voice.

"Mr. Brenswick! Mr. Keets! Kennilworth! Allan John! Come on! Miss Woltor's going to tell us a story!"

With vaguely responsive interest, the people came trooping in.

"A story?" brightened the Bride. "Oh, lovely — what is it about?"

"The story of my broken tooth," said Ann Woltor very trenchantly, "told by request — Mr. Rollins's request," she added.

With a single comprehensive glance at my tortured face, at my Husband's, at Ann Woltor's, Claude Kennilworth turned sharply on his heel and started to leave the room.

"What, don't you want to hear the story?" piped Rollins.

"No, not by a damn sight!" snapped Kennilworth.

"But I want you to hear it," said Ann Woltor, still in that deadly quiet but absolutely firm voice.

George Keets's lips were drawn suddenly to a mere thin white line.

"One has no desire to intrude, Miss Woltor," he protested.

"It is no intrusion," said Ann Woltor.

For a single hesitating moment her sombre eyes swept the waiting group. Then she swept into her narrative.

"I am the May Girl's mother," she said. "I ran away from the May Girl's father. I ran away with another man. I don't pretend to explain it. All that I insist upon your understanding — is that I ran away from a legalized life of incessant fault-finding and criticism to an unlegalized life of absolute approval and love.

"I cannot even admit — after the first big wrench, of course — that I greatly regretted the little child I left behind. I was not perhaps a normal mother. I suffered — but it was a suffering that I could stand, I could not stand, it seems, the suffering of living with my child's father.

"My husband followed us after a few months, not so much from outraged love, I think, as from vindictiveness. We met in a café — the three of us. My lover was a Quaker who had never yet lifted his hand against any man. The two men started arguing. I come of a hot-blooded family. I had never seen men arguing about a woman before. More than that I was vain. I was foolish. The biggest portrait-painter of the hour had chosen me for what he considered would be his masterpiece. I taunted my lover and my husband with the fact that neither of them loved me. John Stoltor struck my husband. My husband made a furious attack on him. I tried to intervene. He struck me, instead, with such damage — as you note. Enraged beyond all sanity at the sight, John Stoltor killed him.

"Even then — so overwrought I was, so bewildered, with my mouth all cut and bleeding — I looked into a mirror to gauge the extent of my ruin. John Stoltor spoke to me — the only harsh words of his life.

"'Your damage can be repaired in an hour,' he said, 'but his — mine — *never!*'

"It was at that moment they took him away. He did not have to pay the extreme penalty. There were extenuating circumstances, the judge thought. His time expires next month. I have been waiting for fifteen years. At least he will see that I have subjugated my vanity. I swore that I would never mend my damage until I could help him mend his."

With a little gesture of fatigue she turned to Rollins. "This is the story of the broken tooth," she finished quite abruptly.

"Wasn't Allan John even listening?" I thought. His eyes seemed focused far away. Instinctively I followed his gaze. At the top of the stairs, her arms holding tight to the bannisters for support, sat the May Girl!

In the almost breathless moment that ensued, Rollins swallowed twice.

"All the same—" insisted Rollins hesitatingly, "I really do think that ——"

With a little cry that might have meant anything, the Bride jumped up and threw her arms around Ann Woltor's neck.

At twilight time everybody was still discussing the problem of the May Girl. Everybody had his or her own impractical or unsatisfactory solution tc suggest. Everybody — that is — except Allan John. Allan John as usual had nothing to say.

Up-stairs, Ann Woltor and the May Girl were very evidently threshing out the problem for themselves.

Yet when they came down and joined us just before supper-time, it was only too evident from their tired faces that they had reached no happier conclusion than ours.

George Keets and my Husband brought the May Girl down. Claude Kennilworth superintended the operation.

"It's her being so beastly long," scolded Kennilworth, "that makes the job so hard!"

In the depths of the big leather chair the May Girl didn't look very long to me, but she did look astonishingly frail.

With a gesture of despair, Ann Woltor turned to us as if she read our thoughts.

"There isn't any solution," she said.

WHY all of us turned just then to Allan John I don't know, but it became perfectly evident to everyone at that moment that Allan John was about to speak.

"It seems quite clear to me," said Allan John simply. "It seems quite natural to me, somehow," he added, "that you should all come home with me to my ranch in Montana. The little girl needs it — the big outdoors — the animals — the life she craves. You need it," he said, turning to Ann Woltor. "But most of all John Stoltor will need it when it is time for him to come. Far from prying eyes, safe from intrusive questionings. There certainly will be the perfect chance for you all to plan out your new lives together. How much it would mean to me not to have to go back alone I need not say."

Startled at his insight — compelled by his sincerity, Ann Woltor saw order dawn suddenly out of the chaos of her emotions.

From her frankly quivering lips a single protest wavered.

"But Allan John," she cried, "you've only known us four days."

Across Allan John's haggard face flickered the faintest possible suggestion of a smile.

"I was a *stranger* — and you took *me* in."

With the weirdest possible sense of supernatural benediction, the dark room flooded suddenly with light. From the window I heard my Husband's astonished exclamation.

"Look, Mary," he cried, "come quickly!"

In an instant I was at his side.

Across the murky western sky the tumultuous storm clouds had broken suddenly into silver and gold. In a blaze of glory the setting sun fairly streamed into our faces.

Struggling up from the depths of her chair — even the May Girl's pallid cheeks caught up their share of the radiance.

"Oh, Allan John," she laughed, "just see what you have done — **you**'ve shined up all the world."

With a curiously significant expression on his face my Husband leaned toward me.

"Ring down the curtain, quick," he whispered. "The play's done — *Rainy Week* is over."

THE END.

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## The Hair of Melicent— [*Continued from page 25*]

also a pointed hat of four colors, and his leather gloves were figured with pearls.

"She will be a woman by and by," the strange boy said, with a soft and delicate voice, "and then she, too, will be coming to us, and we will provide fine sorrows for her."

"No, Hinzelmann," Count Manuel replied, as he stroked the round straw-colored head of little Melicent. "This is the child of Niafer. She comes of a race that has no time to be peering out of dubious windows."

"She is your child, too, Count Manuel. Therefore, she, too, in time will be wanting to be made free of my sister Suskind's kingdom as you have been made free of it, at a price. Oh, very certainly you have paid nothing as yet save the one lock of graying hair, but in time you will pay the other price which Suskind demands. I know, for it is I who collect my sister Suskind's revenues, and when the proper hour arrives, believe me, Count Manuel, I shall not be asking your leave, nor is there any price which you, I think, will not be paying willingly."

"That is probable. For Suskind is wise and strange, and the grave beauty of her youth is the fulfilment of an old hope. Life had become a tedious matter of much money and much bloodshed, but she has restored to me the gold and crimson of dawn."

"So do you very greatly love my sister Suskind?" says Hinzelmann, smiling rather sadly.

"She is my heart's delight, and the desire of my desire, and it is she whom, unwittingly, I have been seeking always. I had seen my wishes fulfilled, and my dreams accomplished, and all the godlike discontents which ennobled my youth had died painlessly in cushioned places. And living had come to be a habit of doing what little persons expected of me, and youth was ebbing out of me, and I could not greatly care for anything. Now I am changed, for Suskind has made me free of the Country of the Young and of the ageless self-tormenting youth of the gray depths which maddened Ruric, but did not madden me."

"Look you, now, Count Manuel, but that penniless young nobody, Ruric the clerk, was not trapped as you are trapped. For from the faith of others there is no escape upon this side of the window. Count Manuel has in this place, even now, his luck and prosperity to maintain until the orderings of unimaginative gods have quite

(*Continued on page 72*)

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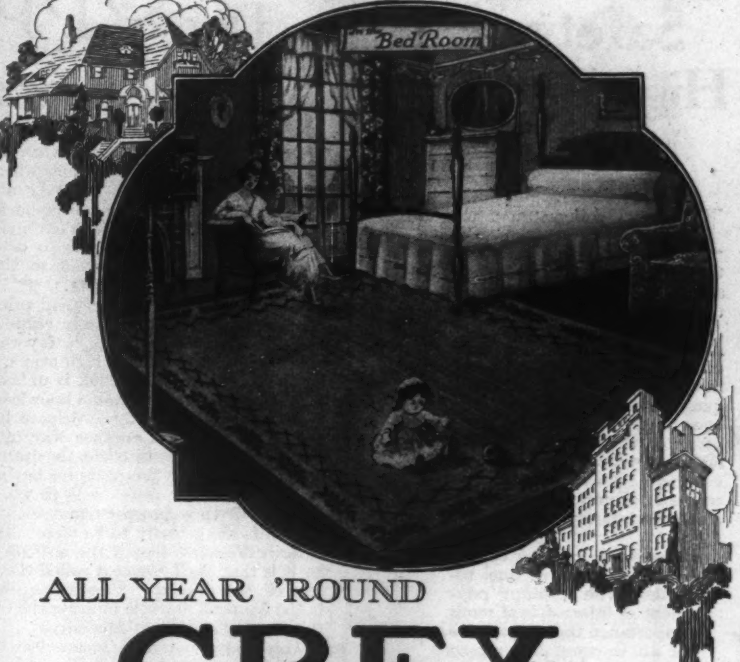

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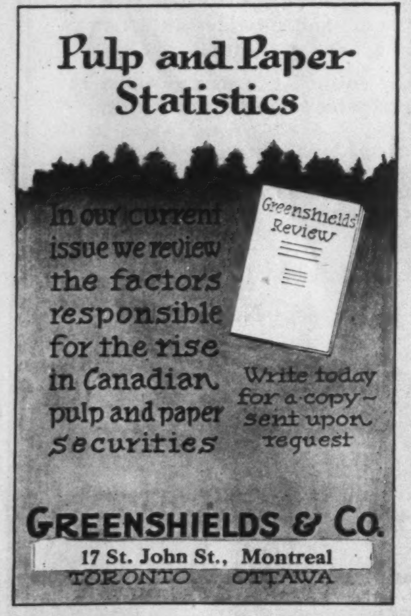

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# Opportunity Knocks

## *by* Paul Tomlinson

IF a man invests his money when security prices are low and sells out when they are high he is sure to make a profit. This statement needs no explanation or amplification. It is self-evident and axiomatic. The only difficulty is to determine when these conditions prevail so that advantage may be taken of them.

It is well known that security prices and business conditions are closely related; that when the business outlook is favorable investment securities sell at high prices; and at low prices when the outlook is unfavorable. It is also a matter of common knowledge that security prices generally anticipate business conditions, which is another way of saying that security prices discount the future. In other words, if the prospects for business are favorable security prices will go up on the strength of these prospects and not wait until results are actually to be seen. The converse is of course true if the outlook is bad. So it is that Wall Street is called the barometer of the country. Conditions obtaining in the financial markets indicate the future of the country's business generally.

This being the case, it seems clear that the man who wants to buy securities at low prices cannot realize his ambition when the business outlook is favorable. Under such conditions security prices are high; then is the time to sell and realize profits. The time to buy is when the business outlook is unfavorable, for then it is that security prices are low. It sounds easy enough and most people realize the soundness of this rule, and have every intention of following it. But they seldom do. The great body of investors throughout the country,—generally referred to as "the public"—almost always buy their securities when the business outlook is bright, and at such times look for low-priced investments. They are not to be had because security prices usually advance or decline months before any change in business conditions is noticeable. A bright business outlook and cheap investments do not go together. Perhaps it is psychology; perhaps it is inexperience. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the public is loath to invest its funds unless conditions seem entirely favorable. The result is that it is usually too late; prices have already discounted what has taken place; "the good news is out," and the real opportunity gone. It is a fact that the most successful investors sell at such times and do their buying when general depression prevails, when the public lacks confidence, when there is small demand for securities which, as a result, can be had very cheaply. Always bear in mind that it is because of an unfavorable outlook that prices are low; when the outlook is good prices are bound to go up. A chart recently prepared by a large investment house in Chicago showing the relation of security prices to business conditions over a period of years proves this fact conclusively.

What is the situation in the security markets to-day? Investments are at about the lowest level on record, which would indicate that the business outlook is regarded as unfavorable. If not actually unfavorable, truly the situation promises difficulties for some time to come, difficulties which must be met and answered. Money rates are high, labor is in a state of unrest, the railways have many intricate problems to solve, production is at a low ebb, and the political situation throughout the world is such as to inspire caution. All of these factors make for low security prices. But if you believe in the future of your country, have faith in its ability to find the correct answer to the many troublesome questions confronting it, is not the present the very best time of all times to obtain investments at bargain prices? Many people think it is.

Patience is required. No one can reasonably expect to get rich over-night. At the same time it is the opinion of men who ought to know that sound securities may be had today at prices which will not be seen again for a generation. Care must be used in their selection, of course. This is true in any time, any age; it is never possible to plunge in blindly, buy anything at all, and expect it to be just the right thing. Buy a security as you would an automobile. Investigate its record and its ability to withstand hard knocks. Is it in good condition, which in the case of an investment would mean the soundness of the company behind it and its management?

SUPPOSE you wanted an automobile and found you could get a machine worth $2000 for forty per cent. less; if it fulfilled all the conditions of a good car you would consider that you had a bargain, would you not? Similarly if you could buy sound securities at greatly reduced prices they too would be a bargain. But, you may object, they are bargains because the present is fraught with uncertainty and what guaranty is there that conditions will not get worse instead of better? None, of course, except the intelligence and industry of the American people, and their ability to overcome obstacles. Perhaps things will be worse before they are better. On the other hand, it may be that the much-needed readjustment in our affairs is on its orderly way and that the worst is over. No one can tell about these things with certainty; but it is because of this very uncertainty that the price of investments is low.

Take the case of our railways. No one can deny that they are absolutely essential to the welfare of the country. Our highly developed present-day civilization is more dependent upon their functioning properly than most people realize. They are not functioning properly at present. Strikes, lack of equipment, and high operating costs have hampered them consistently for the past few years; antagonism to the carriers has apparently existed in certain departments of our government; public confidence in them has been so impaired that until recently it has been almost impossible for the roads to market new securities and raise the capital necessary not only to their normal growth and expansion but to their current requirements. It is generally felt, however, that the labor situation, the cause of strikes, will inevitably be righted. The stronger roads are obtaining equipment through the sale of equipment notes; the weaker roads will get rolling stock through the $300,000,000 revolving fund provided for in the Transportation Act. It is anticipated that high operating costs will be offset by the granting of increased rates. Liberal construction has been given to recent rulings by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and indications point to a more friendly attitude toward the railways on the part of the Government. When these things are assured it does not seem likely that railroad securities will be available at present prices.

Industrial companies are hampered by labor troubles, the tightness of money, and shipping difficulties. But from all over the world comes a demand for the products of our factories; with the existing shortage of goods everywhere it seems hardly possible that needs can be supplied for a long time to come. Plenty of business should mean prosperity. Investments in industrial securities, however, will always bear watching; companies should be selected which are built upon solid foundations, which have shown a normal growth, are well managed, have a good dividend record, produce a commodity for which the demand is constant, and which are in good condition financially. They can be found.

If the uncertainties of the situation urge you to exercise extreme caution, buy Liberty Bonds. At present prices they are a positive bargain. They are the safest investment in the world. If anything at all is certain, it is that the man who buys Liberty Bonds now is going to make a profit. Then there are first mortgage bonds of railroads and industrial companies selling at what at one time might have been regarded as almost "panic" prices. These bonds are in numerous cases amply secured, and further protected by earnings exceeding interest charges many times over. They are considered cheap. And the reason why they are cheap is because of the unsettled condition of business, the difficulties facing industry, and the high cost of money. Many people feel, however, that the best grade of investments have fully discounted everything unfavorable that can happen, and for that reason are not apt to sell more cheaply than at present. If this is so, now is the time to buy. Further, if the outlook improves, past experience leads one to believe that securities will reflect this improvement in the usual way,—by selling at higher levels. Meanwhile it is well to bear in mind that prices are cheap because conditions are unfavorable. It is for this reason that investment opportunities are to be had to-day. They may be available to-morrow, too, but will they be next week? This is something that no one can prophesy with any degree of certainty.

There is one thing, however, upon which all bankers agree practically unanimously. This is that when the cost of living goes down security prices are going to advance. Certain signs are in evidence that at the present time forces are at work to bring this about. Crop prospects are favorable throughout the world and with an abundance of food, living costs should start back toward normal in respect to this most important item of ex-

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pense. If Europe should be fortunate enough to harvest crops this year sufficiently large to cause a decline in our exports of food, a long step forward would be made in bringing about a general lowering of prices all over the world. The opinion prevails in many quarters that the peak of prices has been reached. And the sooner conditions are brought back to normal the better it will be for all concerned. The circle of continuously rising prices and wages is benefiting nobody.

All at once people have seemed to grasp the idea that they were spending too much money; the days of reckless extravagance apparently are drawing to a close. We are demanding more for our money, and as a result money formerly spent on non-essentials is gradually being diverted to productive enterprises. Good securities represent such enterprises and the demand for them is increasing. When demand is heavy prices are bound to go up. When the cost of living goes down funds will be released for investment and the demand for them correspondingly greater than now. Some day too we all hope that taxes will be lowered. If they are, still more money will be available for investment. The Government is taking millions of dollars a year from taxpayers who formerly put this money into stocks and bonds, thus stimulating production, which is the basis of all wealth. Let us hope this can be done again. When it is will investments be as cheap as they are at present?

In conclusion it might be interesting to tell what a banker of my acquaintance did recently in a real estate transaction. He had a house for which he asked $25,000. An offer of $22,000 was made him, and he took it. Yet he was practically certain of getting his asking price inside of the next three years. He was confident of it himself, and yet he took the lesser amount and considered it good business. He explained it as follows: "I figure this is the best time to invest money that I will ever see. I am morally certain that on an investment of $22,000 now I can get a bigger return than will be possible on $25,000 three years from now, and if I count in taxes, repairs, etc., on my house for three years I believe I'd actually lose money by holding out and getting my original asking price. Investment opportunities to-day are unparalleled."

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# The Hair of Melicent

[*Continued from page 69*]

destroyed the Manuel that was once a fiery champion. Here there is no escape for you from acquiring a little more wealth to-day, a little more meadowland to-morrow, with daily a little more applause and honor and envy from your fellows, along with always slowly-increasing wrinkles and dulling wits and an augmenting paunch and continuous success. That is the punishment of those persons who fulfill their desires, and whom you humorously call successful persons."

"That also is true. I am being reshaped into a complacent idol for fools to honor, and their eternal approval is converting the heart and wits of me into the stony heart and wits of an idol."

They kept silence for a while. Count Manuel stroked the round straw-colored head of little Melicent. Hinzelmann played with the small cross which hung at Hinzelmann's neck. This cross appeared to be woven of plaited strings, but when Hinzelmann shook the cross it jingled like a little bell.

"Yet, none the less," says Hinzelmann, by and by, "here you remain, although you know that you will never become old and tired and fat-wittedly hopeful if you once yield entire allegiance to my sister. No, certainly, I cannot understand you, Count Manuel. As a drunkard goes back to his bottle, you continue to return to your fine home at Bellegarde, for all that you have but to remain in Suskind's low red-pillared palace to be forever rid of this dreary satiating of human desires."

"I shall, of course, make my permanent quarters there by and by," Count Manuel said, "but not just yet. It would not be quite fair to my wife for me to be leaving Bellegarde just now, when we are getting in the crops, and when everything is more or less upset already."

Hinzelmann still smiled rather sadly. "Last month you could not come to us because your wife was just then outworn with standing in the hot kitchen and stewing jams and marmalades. Dom Manuel, will you come when all the crops are in?"

"Well, but, Hinzelmann, within a week or two we will be brewing this year's ale, and I have always more or less seen to that ——"

Still Hinzelmann smiled sadly. He pointed with his gloved hand toward little Melicent. "And what about your other enslavement, to this child here?"

"Why, certainly, Hinzelmann, the brat does need a father to look out for her, so long as she is the merest baby. And naturally I have been thinking about that of late, rather seriously."

Hinzelmann spoke with deliberation. "She is very nearly the most stupid and the most unattractive child I have ever seen. And I, you must remember, am blood brother to Cain and Seth."

But Dom Manuel was not provoked. "As if I did not know the child is in no way remarkable! No, my good Hinzelmann, you that serve Suskind have shown me strange things, but nothing more strange and dear than this thing which I discovered for myself. I am Manuel of Poictesme, and my deeds will be the themes of harpers whose grandparents are not yet born. I have known love and war and all manner of adventure; but all the sighings and hushed laughter of yesterday, and all the good that in my day I may have done, and all the evil that I have certainly destroyed, seems trivial as set against the begetting of this tousled brat. No, to be sure, she is not, as you say, a remarkable child; though very often, I can assure you, she does things that would astonish you — Well! I, who have harried pagandom, and capped jests with kings, and am now setting terms for the Holy Father, have come to regard the doings of this ill-bred selfish ugly little imp as more important than my doings. — And I cannot resolve to leave her just yet. So, Hinzelmann, my friend, I think I will not thoroughly commit myself just yet. But after Christmas we will see about it."

"And I will tell you the two reasons for this shilly-shallying, Count Manuel. One reason is that you are human, and the other reason is that in your head there are gray hairs."

"What, can it be," said the big warrior, forlornly, "that I am beyond my prime, and that already life is going out of me?"

"Oho, you are not yet so old, Count Manuel, but that Suskind's power is greater than the power of the child, and, besides, there is a way to break the power of the child. Death has merely scratched small wrinkles, very lightly, with one talon, to mark you as his by and by. That is all as yet: and so the power of my high sister Suskind endures over you, and though you deny her to-day, you will be entreating her to-morrow, and then it may be she will punish you. Either way, I must be going now, for it is at this time I run about the September world collecting my sister's revenues, and her debtors are very numerous."

And with that the boy, still smiling gravely, slipped out of the third window into the gray sweet-smelling dusk, and little Melicent said, "But, Father, why did that queer sad boy want me to be climbing out of the window with him?"

"So that he might be kind to you, my dear, as he estimates kindness."

"But why did the sad boy want a piece of my hair?" asked Melicent; "and why did he cut it off with his big shiny shears, while you were writing, and he was playing with me?"

"It was to pay a price," said Manuel. He knew now that the Alf Charm was laid on his loved child, and that this was the price of his

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junketings. He knew also that Suskind would never remit this price.

Then Melicent demanded, "And what makes your face so white?"

"It must be pale with hunger, child: so I think that you and I had better be getting to our dinner."

But after dinner Dom Manuel came alone into the Room of Sesphra, and equipped himself very strangely, and he climbed out of the charmed window for the last time. His last visit to the depths was horrible, they say, and they relate that of all the deeds of Dom Manuel's crowded lifetime the thing that he did on this day was the most grim. But he won through all, by virtue of his equipment and his fixed heart. So when Dom Manuel returned he clasped in his left hand a lock of fine straw-colored hair, and on both his hands was blood let from no human veins.

He looked back for the last time into the gray depths. A crowned girl rose beside him noiselessly, all white and red, and clasped her lovely arms about him as she kissed him for the last time. Then her arms were loosed from about Dom Manuel, and she fell away from him, and was swallowed by the gray sweet-scented depths.

"And so farewell to you, Queen Suskind," said Count Manuel. "You who were not human, but knew only the truth of things, could never understand our foolish human emotions. Otherwise you would never have demanded the one price I may not pay."

"Weep, weep for Suskind!" then said Lubrican, wailing feebly in the gray and April-scented dusk; "for it was she alone who knew the secret of preserving that dissatisfaction which is divine where all else falls away with age into the acquiescence of beasts."

"Why, yes, but unhappiness is not the true desire of man," says Manuel. "I know, for I have had both happiness and unhappiness, and neither contented me."

"Weep, weep for Suskind!" then cried the soft and delicate voice of Hinzelmann; "for it was she that would have loved you, Manuel, with that love of which youth dreams, and which exists nowhere upon your side of the window."

"Oh, it is very true," said Manuel, "that all my life henceforward will be a wearing business because of long desires for Suskind's love and Suskind's lips and the grave beauty of her youth, and for all the high-hearted dissatisfactions of youth. But the Alf Charm is lifted from the head of my child, and Melicent will live as Niafer lives, and it will be better for all of us, and I am content."

And from below came many voices wailing confusedly. "We weep for Suskind. Suskind is slain with the one weapon that might slay her: and all we weep for Suskind, who was the fairest and the wisest and the most unreasonable of queens. Let all the hidden children weep for Suskind, whose heart and life was April, and who plotted courageously against the orderings of unimaginative gods, and who has been butchered to preserve the hair of a quite ordinary child."

"And that young Manuel who was in his day a fiery champion who fretted under ordered wrongs, and strove to right them — why, that young fellow also is dead," said Dom Manuel, with a wry smile. "For the well-thought-of Count of Poictesme must be as the will and faith and as the need of others may dictate; and there is no help for it, and no escape. I must henceforward be reasonable in all things, and I shall never be quite discontented any more; and I must feed and sleep as the beasts do, and it may be that I shall even fall to thinking complacently about my death and glorious resurrection. Meanwhile, no hair of the child's head has been injured, and I am content."

Then little Melicent came to molest him, and she was unusually dirty and disheveled for she had been rolling on the terrace pavement, and had broken half the fastenings from her clothing; and Dom Manuel wiped her nose rather forlornly. Of a sudden he laughed and kissed her. And Count Manuel sent for masons to wall up the third window of Sesphra, nor was it ever opened any more in Count Manuel's day for him to breathe through it the dim sweet-scented air of spring.

# The Ladies and Joe O'Brien

[*Continued from page 23*]

dock-rats, they used to call them — used to go down to the waterfront, surreptitiously strip to the buff, and plunge overboard, right under the tail of some ocean liner, while the remote cop turned an indulgent back. O'Neill let Joe ramble on for some time. Presently he said: "What kind of social life does a young feller like you have, O'Brien?"

"You mean women? Not very much," said Joe. "I go in mostly for athletics. I scull on the Hudson and I bowl. We're the banner club of the Old Sixteenth."

"You're no tango lizard then?"

"Are you lookin' for information, Mr. O'Neill? If you are, I'll turn you over to my friend Hazard. He knows where all those joints are."

"I don't mean that, O'Brien. What I mean is that a feller like you naturally would have a lot of young women runnin' after him."

"Never in my life," said Joe quickly. "I've run after one or two myself — and failed. But I never had one run after me — not that I know of."

"You're a darned liar, if I'm any judge," thought O'Neill. But Joe's answer pleased him, for a certain purpose was working out in O'Neill's mind. He puffed his cigar in silence and covertly observed Joe, who was taking in the gorgeous surroundings. Presently he said: "Ever hear of a personality expert, O'Brien?"

At the words Joe quickly transferred his gaze from the chandelier to O'Neill's face. "Never, Mr. O'Neill. I've heard of those fellers that tell you how to run your business and your family and how to treat your children, before and after you have 'em, but I never heard of the kind you were speaking about, Mr. O'Neill."

O'Neill raised his eyebrows. "He's the biggest of the lot, because he tells you what you're good for."

"But don't you know what you're good for yourself, Mr. O'Neill? How can any man know better? No expert or anybody else that lives outside of my brain knows me as well as I know myself."

O'Neill was indulgent. "You think you do, but you don't, O'Brien."

Joe hitched a bit uneasily in his chair. Was this man a nut? — he wondered. "If you don't know in your own head what you're good for, how can any one else know? And if you do know, what's the use of payin' some long-haired guy for tellin' you? Besides, what's personality anyhow? Does it mean a man's looks and the way he dresses and the way he talks?"

O'Neill nodded.

"But you can't let it go at that alone. That wouldn't get you anywhere."

"Wouldn't, eh?" O'Neill chuckled. "A man without any brains in particular may radiate health and happiness and sunshine and everybody wants to be near him."

"But a man's got to radiate more than that to get the coin, Mr. O'Neill."

O'Neill talked right through the interruption. "No man can define personality, O'Brien. It's something in a man that draws you to him. For instance, I knew two brothers once — they were twins — they were as near alike as two peas in a pod — same eyes, same hair, same build, good-natured, affable. But the one drew you to him and the other didn't. Just why you couldn't tell. Personality seems to be inside of a man, not on the surface. It's a force that's always operating, like magnetism. The actor's got it — the movie star's got it so strong that he sends it out through the screen even. Personality is the stock in trade of the politician, my boy. I'm a politician and I know. I've sent many a man to Congress that hadn't the wits of a chicken because he had a way that got the votes, and he could do what the fellow with brains told him to do."

"QUITE so," said Joe, still wondering what O'Neill was driving at.

O'Neill eyed Joe shrewdly. "Did anybody ever tell you that you had personality, O'Brien?"

"He did not, Mr. O'Neill."

"Well, you've got it, all right. I know. I'm a personality expert myself."

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Joe repressed a chuckle. "He's like Frank Bacon in *Lightnin'*, that's been everything everybody could mention," he thought. "He's a big merchant; he's a politician; and now he's a personality expert." Again Joe hitched a bit uneasily in his chair. "What in the deuce am I up against?" he wondered.

"You're a darned sight more modest than most men who have personality, my boy."

Joe grinned incredulously.

"How did you pry me loose from eighteen bucks for a hat?" O'Neill continued.

Joe grinned. "You wouldn't think I came near bein' fired for not sellin' hats, a few months ago, Mr. O'Neill."

O'Neill was interested at once. "Is that so? How was it, O'Brien?"

Joe puffed his cigar for a moment. "To begin with, Mr. O'Neill, I never believed in sellin' a man a hat that didn't look good on him. A dumpy little chap would put on a low-crowned hat with a broad brim that made him look more like a tub than ever, and he'd ask me how it looked and I'd tell him. And, naturally, he wouldn't buy it. I lost a few customers that way. Old Man Squires' motto was: 'Sell 'em anything. Get the coin.' He told me I'd have to change my tactics."

O'Neill's eyes narrowed. "This fellow has originality," he thought. "How did you hold your job, O'Brien?"

"By my wits, Mr. O'Neill. I cultivated men, got acquainted with 'em on the street, in the subway, anywhere. I told 'em if they'd come to Joe O'Brien, artistic salesman, the next time they wanted a hat, he'd sell 'em something that'd make 'em look like real, regular fellers. After a time they began to come in shoals."

"That's just what I'm tellin' you, O'Brien. It wasn't wits, it was personality." O'Neill fell silent for a moment, then: "I suppose Squires raised your pay?"

"He did not," said Joe impulsively.

"Then why didn't you quit him and take your trade somewhere else?"

"I wanted to stay where I was. I had my reasons," said Joe.

"I can understand that," said O'Neill. "She's a good looker. Was that the Old Man's daughter you were talking to at the cash desk when I went in?"

"It was Miss Minnie Squires," said Joe, with dignity.

"She seems pretty young to be in that job, O'Brien. Is the Old Man tryin' to save money on her?"

"No, indeed," said Joe. "It was her own choice. You see, the Old Man wanted her to be a boy." He chuckled. "It was the only time she'd ever disappointed him, she said. And she is tryin' to make up for it now. Her mother's dead."

"She's clever. One can see that."

"Clever? She has a wonderful head on her shoulders. And she's that big-hearted and loyal that she gave up the idea of going to college just to help the Old Man."

"But don't you think that kind of life would make a young woman calculating and hard, knowing as she must that a lot of fellers are tryin' to get her for the sake of the Old Man's money?"

"Mr. O'Neill," said Joe, looking steadily into the older man's eyes, "do you know I've often thought of that — and I've often wished the Old Man'd lose his money just so I could prove to Minnie how much I care for her."

"And that's what's keepin' you in your job at a small salary, my boy. Why, we've got prettier girls in the West than you ever dreamed of here."

"But I'm not that kind of a philanderin' proposition, Mr. O'Neill."

O'Neill laughed. "And you a New Yorker."

For a time the two men were silent. O'Neill was a great picker of men. He considered O'Brien a find. Here was a young man with original ideas, with a most attractive personality, tied to a small-salaried job by the apron-strings of a seventeen-year-old girl, for that was what he took her to be. It was absurd. Presently he leaned across the table. "O'Brien, your personality is the kind that when a man comes into your store and you ask him an outrageous price for a hat, like you did me, he won't resent it. He won't argue with you. No. He'll be only too eager to pay it just to please you. Such a personality is rare, my boy. But when a man's got it he needn't have the wits of a chicken to sell anything. Everybody'll want to buy from him. O'Brien, your personality is submerged in this town. You're nothing but a small toad in a big puddle, crowded in with a lot of other toads so tight that you can't expand." He paused, then: "How would you like to come out to Big Falls and work for me?"

Joe was thrilled, but the bargaining Irish blood in his veins restrained him. "Oh, I don't know," he said indifferently.

"You'd have a chance to do something there that you can't do here. There are endless opportunities. You'd become a big man. I'll give you double what Squires is paying you. And I don't know what the Old Man is paying you either. That's the chance I'm takin' on your honesty." Nevertheless, the man from Big Falls had figured before he made the offer that Squires wasn't paying Joe any too much in coin.

"I might not be able to make good out there, Mr. O'Neill. I don't know the Western ways."

"Personality ain't a matter of geography, my boy. And it's your personality that I'm bankin' on."

"Your offer is very flatterin', Mr. O'Neill, but — "

"The 'but' you're alludin' to, O'Brien, is the Old Man's daughter. You talk it over with her before you give me an answer. Tell her what I've offered you — just as a starter, mind you, O'Brien. I'll bank on her good sense." O'Neill rose from the table. "I have an engagement, O'Brien, and must leave you now. You think it over and let me know. I'm starting for home Thursday night."

Joe O'Brien left O'Neill with his head in the air, O'Brien's head. But his feet were still on the ground, for Joe was a sensible fellow, not given to swallowing whole every bit of flattery that was handed him. But O'Neill had backed up his words with a definite offer. He had made a bid for Joe's personality. And O'Neill was no fool. There must be something to it then. Personality, Joe thought. In all his twenty-three years, or whatever part thereof he had been accustomed to thinking, Joe O'Brien had never tried to analyze himself. What was this personality? Where did he get it? It was as if he had discovered a new part of himself, an undreamed-of part. Surely, he didn't get this quality from his parents. His mother had told him that he had O'Keefe shoulders — Daniel O'Keefe was her father — and his father had always reminded her that Joe got his good-nature from his, O'Brien's, ancestor. Neither one had claimed the credit for the freckles on the back of his neck or his red head, which, in his school days, had been something of a reproach till he made the mention of it, except in a flattering way, a dangerous pastime. Suddenly he burst out laughing. "Joe O'Brien, you're a fool, thinkin' about this thing called personality, and gettin' puffed up with the idea of it."

Joe stopped short and pulled out his watch. It was only nine. He stepped into a drug-store on the corner and telephoned Minnie Squires.

"What's on your mind, Joe?" said Minnie a half-hour later.

It was in keeping with Joe's purpose that he affect an air of mystery in order to engage and concentrate the attention of his audience of one. With much deliberation he hung up his hat, placed his gloves one upon the other on the corner of the mantel, then turned to Minnie. "By jingo, but you're looking lovely to-night, Minnie."

"Is that what you came here at this hour to tell me, Joe?"

"It is not. I came here to tell you, Minnie, that I'd been dining to-night at the Commodore, with O'Neill, the greatest merchant and politician of Big Falls."

"Indeed," said Minnie, "and what did he have to say?"

"He wants me to go out to Big Falls and work for him," said Joe, affecting carelessness. He noted that Minnie ceased smiling abruptly. "He offered me twice what I am gettin' in your father's store, just as a starter."

"I knew somebody would discover you, Joe. You're a dandy hat salesman."

"It's not altogether that, Minnie," Joe paused.

"Go on, Joe."

The color mounted to Joe's face. "I hate to say, it, Minnie."

"But why, Joe?"

Still Joe held back. "Oh, I don't know."

Minnie crossed to the young man, put her arms around his neck. "Come on, Joe," she coaxed.

"I can't, Minnie. It's so foolish."

"Joe O'Brien, tell me this minute."

"You won't scold me, Minnie?"

Minnie shook her head.

"You won't laugh at me, Minnie?"

Again Minnie reassured.

"You won't think I'm a fool, Minnie?"

"For goodness' sake, Joe O'Brien, what are you driving at?"

JOE looked away, head slightly bent, like a guilty child. "It's my personality," he murmured. "O'Neill's payin' me for my personality." Then, in a self-exculpatory way: "What do you know about that?"

"I know what he means," said Minnie. "It's that about you that makes me want to kiss you, Joe. That's personality."

"But every feller's girl wants to kiss him. If personality's as common as that I don't see why O'Neill wants to pay me double for havin' it."

Minnie laughed. "Personality is not only where your own girl wants to kiss you, Joe, but where every other girl wants to kiss you, too."

"Oh, go 'long, Minnie. I came to you for sensible advice. But you're as bad as O'Neill."

"If O'Neill feels that way about you, Joe, how can you blame me?"

"And O'Neill claims to be a personality expert," observed Joe. "But if it wasn't for the big money he offered me, Minnie, I'd think he was only havin' a joke with me."

"Men like O'Neill don't joke at their own expense, Joe."

"That's what I was thinkin', Minnie."

"And you came to me for advice, Joe? Very well. Let's sit down and talk it over." When they were seated, Minnie took Joe's hand with her left, patting it for emphasis with her right as she talked. "Now, I'll tell you how I feel," she began. "You want me to be perfectly frank, don't you, Joe?"

Minnie's last words presaged something uncomfortable, but Joe was resolute. "Absolutely."

"Joe, I've been thinking it over for some time and I feel this way about it. I don't want you to be a clerk in Pop's store forever and a day. I know you love me for myself alone, Joe. But people'll say you married the Old Man's daughter just to get a pull. That's just what I don't want them to say, Joe. I want you to be a big man. Be independent. Go out and do things before you marry me." There was a vision in Minnie's eyes. "It's a great opportunity, Joe."

"The money, you mean?"

"I was thinking of something else. O'Neill offered you that money because of your personality, Joe?"

Joe nodded.

"Don't you see if you can make an old hard-shell like O'Neill part with his coin, what you can do with the other men out there in Big Falls? O'Neill had that in his mind, Joe."

"Minnie, you're the shrewd one."

Minnie laughed. "You'd have thought of it yourself, Joe, if you hadn't been so modest."

"Go on, Minnie. Tell me some more good things about myself. It's deeply interestin'."

Minnie rested her elbow on her knees and putting her chin in the cup of her hand regarded Joe for some moments, then, with a touch of mirth in her eyes: "Joe, they haven't any men like you out there in Big Falls."

"Minnie, from the twinkle in your eyes, I don't know whether you're congratulatin' me or congratulatin' Big Falls."

"I'm serious, Joe. It really is a great opportunity. I can see how you'll get along with those Big Falls men better than you can. You'll get acquainted. You'll air your views, the clean, wholesome things you stand for that these people on Broadway can't understand. You'll sweep 'em off their feet out there. You can do anything you want to. O'Neill knows all that, Joe — O'Neill, the politician, the man that has sent men to Congress because of their personality. Politics is what you're cut out for, Joe. Not selling hats."

Joe caught his breath. "You're worse than O'Neill, puttin' such notions into my head, notions that'll make me feel too big for my breeches if I don't look out, Minnie."

Minnie jumped up. "Think of it, Joe. Congress! Congress!" Then, striking an attitude: "The Honorable Mrs. Joseph O'Brien! The Honorable Mrs. Joseph O'Brien! Think of it, Joe!"

Minnie turned sharply as Old Man Squires entered the room. "Hello, Pop." Then to Joe: "Shall I tell him, Joe?"

Joe was greatly relieved that she should and said so. And Minnie told the Old Man about the opportunity that had come to Joe at last, leaving no detail unrelated.

Squires listened to Minnie's talk with the suggestion of a smile that was habitual, a smile cultivated for business purposes but used socially on occasion. Squires was used to the kind of talk that Minnie was putting up. That sort of thing always presaged a request for more money. It was always: "Jones'll pay me this," or "Brown'll give me shorter hours, Mr. Squires." When his daughter had finished, Squires played the simple ace of trumps. "You're a good boy, Joe. You needn't bury yourself alive in that God-forsaken place just to get a little more money. I'll double what you're getting now."

Joe wavered. He hadn't been any too keen about going out into the Northwest where the blizzards come from in winter. He'd always pictured places like Big Falls as one-street affairs with mongrel wooden structures, mostly bar-rooms, hitching posts, stunted horses of vicious mien, hugely booted and mustached and belted and revolvered swaggerers. So much has the dime novel and the movie done for the West. It was an awful moment for Joe. He looked appealingly at Minnie.

But Minnie, the shopkeeper's daughter, was now the Honorable Mrs. Joseph O'Brien.

"That don't go, Pop," she said quickly, "we have other plans for Joe."

Squires scowled. "Look here, Joe O'Brien. When I told you you might ask Minnie to marry you, you promised you'd wait two years at least. You're not thinkin' of takin' her with you?"

"No, Pop," Minnie broke in, "he isn't thinking of it and I'm not thinking of it either."

SQUIRES was surprised. "You mean you want him to go out there alone, Minnie, and he's willin' to go?"

"That's what I mean, Pop. We've talked it all over. We've settled it."

"Yes," said Joe, "we have. And I'd like you to regard this as two weeks' notice, Mr. Squires, if you don't mind."

Squires turned to Minnie. "You've settled it, eh? Well, that's a good one. You're a fine pair to settle anything. What do you know about life, either of you? Two years is a long time to trust any man out of your sight, young lady."

"I'll take a chance on him, Pop."

"The trouble with you is, your heads are turned by O'Neill's flattery. Personality! What does he know about personality?"

"He claims to be an expert, Mr. Squires."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! That's the way he got you. Everybody's an expert nowadays. Expert scrubwomen, expert window-cleaners, expert ditch-diggers. You think a lot of O'Neill's opinion just because he built up that store out in Big Falls. What about me? Isn't my opinion worth something? Do you suppose I built up my chain of stores by listening to every shrewd old flatterer that came along and changing my job just because he told me I was worth twice as much as I *was* worth? No, siree. I stuck. And by sticking I got there."

"But, Pop, opportunities don't come to you that way."

"Don't, eh? Look here, don't you kid yourselves. I know this O'Neill. He's a slick one. He's a great palaverer. He's got something up his sleeve, Joe, when he offers you that money to pry you loose from my store. He'll put one over on you. You take my word for it. I know." Squires rose, started to the door, then turned. "You're at liberty to do as you please, O'Brien. But I want to tell you one thing, young feller. If you go out there and find O'Neill puts one over on you, you needn't come back here with your tail between your legs. And another thing, I'll never give my consent for you to marry Minnie till you make good."

"Why, Pop," Minnie expostulated, "I didn't think you'd feel that way about it. I should think you'd like me to marry a man that's had some experience in the world."

"He'll get experience out there in Big Falls, all right," Squires grunted, not realizing how much of a prophet he was.

Two weeks later Joe O'Brien started on his great adventure. No sooner had he kissed Minnie good-bye than gloom settled upon him. Two years of banishment lay before him. But youth is resilient. And Joe O'Brien was a young man. His heart was full of enthusiasm for his new enterprise, and the ambition Minnie's words had conjured in him. He began to scheme out in detail just how he'd corral the nomination for Congress out in Big Falls. First, he'd sell 'em hats, make 'em look like somebody. He'd sell Fitzpatrick or McCormick — for the Democratic boss was sure to have an Irish name — the best hat he'd ever had. That'd be an opening wedge. He'd get into the club and work his personality for all it was worth. But he wouldn't let 'em suspect what he was up to, not yet. For Joe knew that politics was like horse-racing — the fellow that gets off first generally winds up ten lengths behind, while in the last lap an unsuspected racer noses ahead of the bunch and carries off the honors. So he would work under cover till the psychological moment, then come out — a dark horse. And dark horses were the fashion just then.

Day and night as he traveled West Joe's thoughts were full of just three things; how to sell 'em hats; how to get to Congress; and the Honorable Mrs. Joseph O'Brien. Ever the big drivers sang the swinging refrain: "The Honorable Mrs. Joseph O'Brien — The Honorable Mrs. Joseph O'Brien — the honorable, honorable, honorable Mrs. Joseph O'Brien." And the little wheels at the end of the car sang in staccato: "Sell 'em hats — sell 'em hats — make 'em look like somebody — sell 'em hats." And at night Joe dozed off to the swinging rhythm of the drivers: "The Honorable Mrs. Joseph O'Brien," curiously mixed up with the quick, sharp little wheels' "Sell 'em hats — sell 'em hats — sell 'em — sell 'em — the Honorable Mrs. Joseph O'Brien."

Said Jake Arnstein, who had just got back from a month's vacation out in the Rockies, to his partner, O'Neill: "Who is this Joe O'Brien you're bringin' on from New York, Tom, and why? What's the idea?"

For answer, O'Neill crossed to the rack in the corner, took down his new hat, and put it on. "What do you think of it, Arny?"

Arnstein eyed the hat critically. "How much?"

"What do you think?"

Arnstein interpreted the twinkle in his partner's eyes. "Five or six dollars — the way you get 'em."

O'Neill looked steadily in Arnstein's eyes for a moment, then sprang the big surprise. "Eighteen, Arny."

"No jobber, Tom, eh?"

"No. Joe O'Brien."

Arnstein was silent for a moment, then: "Chloroform, Tom?"

"I don't know how he did it, but he did," O'Neill hummed, then seriously:

"Joe O'Brien sold me this hat for eighteen dollars — me, Arny, the king of the close buyers."

"How do you account for it, Tom?"

"Don't account for it. When I see a man with that kind of a gift, Arny, I don't try to analyze him — psychologically, as they say — I just grab him."

Arnstein walked up and down the floor with head bent for a few moments. "You've taken a chance, bringin' him here, Tom. Those Eastern fellers are slick. You can't trust 'em; particularly New Yorkers."

"I'm onto that, Arny."

"If this feller's the chloroform expert you say he is," Arnstein went on, "he'll sell our customers hats, he'll cultivate 'em, make personal friends of 'em — then he'll start a shop across the street and take 'em all away. I know the trick." Arnstein paused. "Have you got him under contract, Tom?"

"Oh, rats! I can drive a horse and wagon through any contract you ever saw." O'Neill came close to his partner and looked him squarely in the eyes. "Don't you worry, I've thought of all that. I've provided for it. Now, listen, Arny. I've got the greatest innovation up my sleeve that ever happened in Big Falls." O'Neill raised his forefinger for emphasis.

"Aren't you going to let me in on the secret?" Arnstein asked him.

"If you don't mind, Arny, I'd like to carry this thing through by myself," said O'Neill.

Arnstein shrugged good-naturedly. "All right, Tom. He must be a hummer, this O'Brien. Is he good-looking?"

O'Neill's eyes twinkled. "He's red-headed and he's got freckles on the back of his neck."

Arnstein looked puzzled. "I don't quite get you, Tom."

"But, Arny, you ought to see the grin of him and the Irish eyes in his head. And he'd make you feel that at home, Arny, and that brotherly; that if he should shake hands with you, you wouldn't know whether he was a Jew or you were an Irishman."

Arnstein grinned at O'Neill. "I'm beginning to see," he said.

For some reason or other, principally because of the name it bore, Joe O'Brien had pictured Big Falls in his mind as located on an eminence with a wonderful cataract eternally dancing in the sunlight or moonlight, according to the time of day, or starlight, when there wasn't any moon, for Joe was a man of resourceful mind that provided for every contingency. Joe depended on this beautiful picture to sustain him against the nostalgia that had attacked him at the first turn of the drivers at the Grand Central and had been growing ever since. . . . So much for Joe's dreams. But providence sets its scenes with most disillusioning exactitude. On this occasion it took no heed of the homesickness of Joe O'Brien. The late afternoon of his arrival was drab, chilly, semi-rainy, and the approach to the town — Ye saints! — an area, flat and vast, dotted with shanties, garages, stables, shacks, and lean-tos. And the men and women Joe saw in the backyards or leaning over the fences gossiping were as slatternly as the shacks themselves. Drab, drab, drab, the whole picture, slovenly, depressing beyond words.

"By jingo, but this is an awful place to dump a stranger in," Joe thought. He had a sudden impulse to turn tail and flee back East again, but in a minute he was saying: "You won't be a stranger long, Joe O'Brien, and to-morrow the sun'll be shining."

As Joe stepped down from the train the first words he heard were: "Mr. O'Brien?" A brawny, thick-shouldered man approached, holding out his hand which Joe grabbed and shook with great cordiality. "Mr. O'Neill sent me to take you to Mrs. Tweedie's."

"Oh, yes," said Joe.

THEY bumped their way over the cobblestone area behind the depot, turned to the left and entered upon a broad asphalted street. Once the storm area was negotiated, the driver turned and eyed Joe.

"So you're the new — ?" he paused.

"That same," said Joe, grinning. "But why do you ask?"

The man grinned back, sheepishly, and started the car full tilt. Joe's spirits rose as the car swung into the business thoroughfare of the town. He noted the broad pavements and the brilliant show-windows, and his depression began to leave him. "By jingo! This isn't the dump I thought it was," he reflected.

Arrived at Mrs. Tweedie's, Joe rang the bell. A small girl opened the door. Joe grinned. The small girl grinned back, then yelled shrilly: "Mrs. Tweedie, oh, Mrs. Twee — ee — die! Here's the new — " She stopped short and stared hard at Joe.

Appeared Mrs. Tweedie, fat, rosy, bustling, effusive, as all good boarding-house keepers should be. "Oh, Mr. O'Brien, it's really wonderful to have you here — Mr. O'Neill told me that you were the new — here, let me have your bag."

"By jingo," said Joe, stopping at the threshold of his room while Mrs. Tweedie deposited his bag near the foot of the bed. "By jingo, but this looks cheerful."

Mrs. Tweedie glowed. "I arranged it myself, Mr. O'Brien, I thought you'd like it, you being a — "

"Mrs. Twee-ee-die," came shrilling up the hall. "Mrs. —"

"Yes, yes, I'm coming. Nanny." The good lady stopped on the threshold. "Dinner at six, Mr. O'Brien. I want you to meet the folks afterward," — archly — "they're all anxious to see you, Mr. O'Brien."

"No more than I am to see them, and thank you." Joe looked after her curiously. "Don't they ever finish their sentences when they talk out here? The taxi man says: 'So, you're the new' — and the funny little girl at the door yells out, 'Here's the new — ' and the landlady, says: 'You being the new — '"

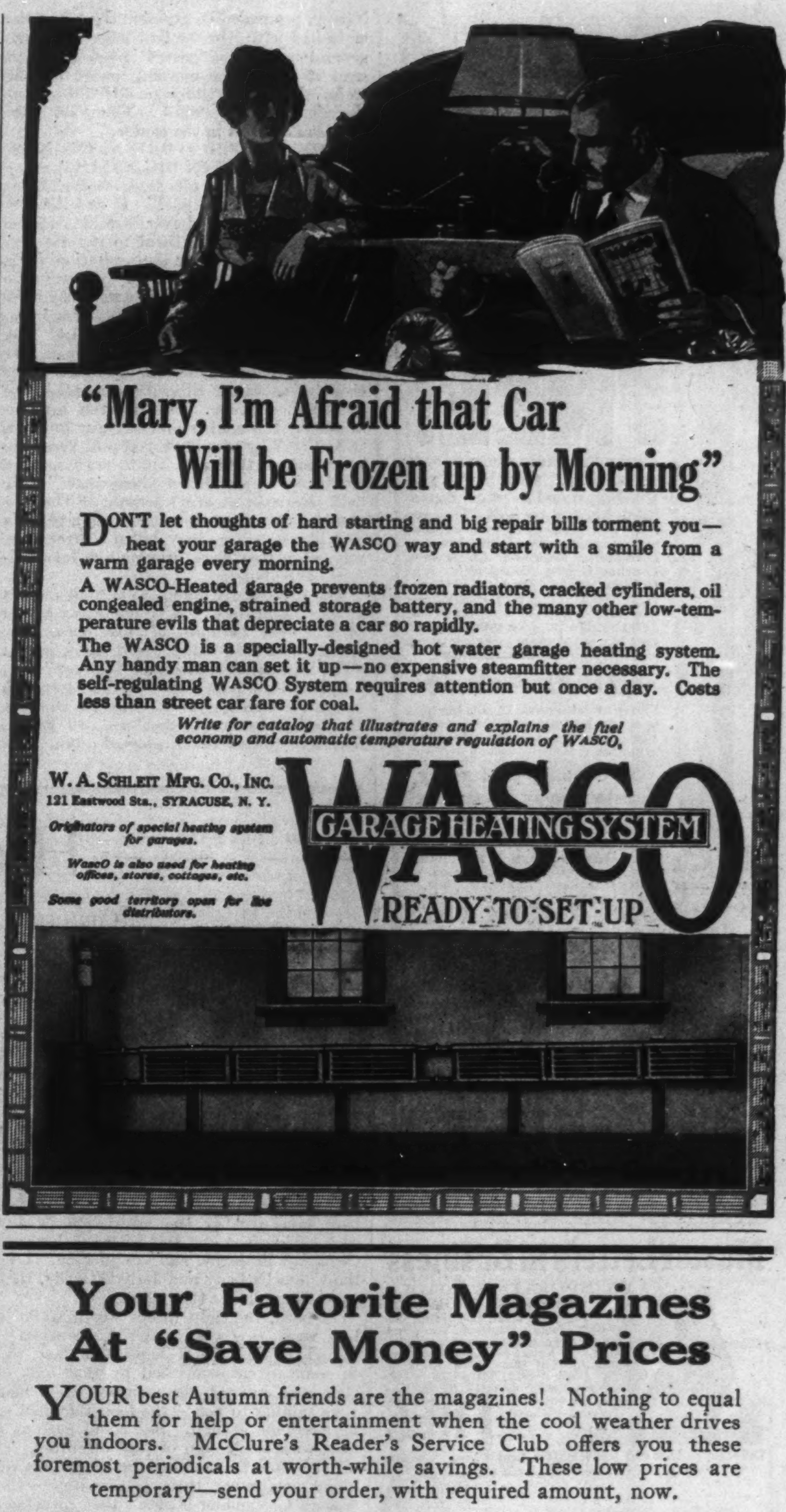
Joe's first thought was to unpack his bag. He took out a picture of Minnie, which he kissed, and put in a conspicuous place on the mantel. Then he went about the business of brushing up for dinner. When that was finished, he proceeded to write to Minnie. He had got as far as, "Surely, they're wonderful people for making a man feel at home, these Western folks. Even the taxi-driver down at the depot grabbed me by the hand and called me by my name. I tell you, it was a great gloom-chaser to hear my name called out so stoutly. And that feller had a grip like a ditch-digger—" when there was a knock at the door. "Come in," Joe called.

The door opened slowly and Shrill Nanny stepped in, shyly. "Mrs. Tweedie sent you the *Evening Bulletin*."

"Thank you, my dear," said Joe, taking the sheet. "That was very kind of Mrs. Tweedie." And with a grin that warmed the heart of Shrill Nanny, "And it was very nice of you to bring it, my dear."

The door closed very, very slowly. Shrill Nanny was the first Big Falls' victim to the personality of Joe O'Brien.

And Joe O'Brien, utterly unconscious of the flame his grin had kindled in Shrill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Nanny, proceeded to examine the paper the child had left. On the first page there was general news. Joe passed it by. He had read it all in the morning paper on the train. He turned the page. "Hello!—What the deuce?—By jingo!" The vast page was blank except in the center:

"MR. JOSEPH O'BRIEN OF NEW YORK ARRIVES IN BIG FALLS."

"By jingo!" Joe repeated, then, "What do you know about that?" It was the first time Joe O'Brien had ever seen his name in print. There was a thrill to it. He permitted himself to enjoy the exaltation for a moment, then cautiously, "I wonder." He brightened a bit. "Ah, it's a way they have out here, a great big Western way of welcoming a feller." But, not yet satisfied: "Why did O'Neill bill me, a mere salesman, like that? Why did he play me up like a circus or a movie star or Ethel Barrymore?" Joe pondered. "I see. He's booming my personality. It's a wise publicity guy you are, O'Neill. Why shouldn't you pull people to your store as they pull 'em to a circus or a movie or to see Ethel Barrymore?" He held the paper at arm's length. "That's a good-looking name, O'Brien, Joseph O'Brien—I like it. Sure, they billed Curren that way when they were running him for president of the borough."

The thought led direct to O'Neill's words at the Commodore: "I've put many a man in Congress because of his personality alone," and led further to Minnie's words: "The Honorable Mrs. Joseph O'Brien."

Joe laid the paper down with a deep sigh of gratification and crossed to the window. He let the curtain run up. It was a friendly town that greeted him now with its lights gleaming through the gray mist of evening. It wasn't drab any more. But his attitude had changed. It was his town now—his and Minnie's town. He was already beginning to resent the alleged lofty attitude of the New Yorker toward the Westerner. He turned from the window and Minnie's picture smiled at him in the dancing firelight. He smiled back and bowed low. "I greet you, the Honorable Mrs. Joseph O'Brien that is to be." An idea came to Joe. He smiled shrewdly. By jingo, he'd send that page to New York. He'd send it for two reasons. It would please Minnie and it would pique old man Squires, the cynical old smart Aleck who though the knew O'Neill so well. Prompted by this excellently mixed motive, Joe crossed to the table and nonchalantly turned the leaf of the paper. Something caught his eye that gave him pause, made him stare hard. Huh! What was this? Huh! Confronting him in letters huge, flaring, was:

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The glaring advertisement shocked Joe. Then he got mad, mad clean through.

]*To be continued*]

# Hands

[*Continued from page 11*]

asked you. Of course Gerald is simply cracked on the subject. Why, just to show you—one night last week when he was almost ready for bed he found that I'd run out of lotion for my hands, and what did he do but get dressed again and go out to the drug-store and get me some—the crazy dear!"

Lotion! The little model who had been my partner at the costume ball, years before, had told me Gerald bought lotion for her hands. There was a definite resemblance between her and Jenny. Jenny, of course, had immeasurably the advantage in any such comparison, yet the difference between them was in degree and not in kind. Like the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady, they were sisters under their skins.

To both, the only things worth while in life were concrete, material, personal—though in the case of Jenny this fact was to some extent concealed by that look of wide-eyed interest she assumed when men were talking to her—the look that had so flattered me at first. She could gaze at a man with every sign of rapt attention, yet all the time be noticing the people roundabout, observing their peculiarities—this woman's shoulder-blades, that woman's jewels, or the extraordinary efforts of some other woman to fascinate her escort by means of bright glances, arch turnings of the head, oblique flickerings of the eye beneath half-lowered lids, and sudden, eager, dental smiles. Or if there were no strangers to be scrutinized, she would study the man who was talking to her, running her eyes over him in quick stealthy little darts, recording trifling items about his hair, his features, his clothing, or his hands and feet. Her mind was like a room with open windows through which butterflies of thought were forever flitting in and out.

When, at the end of my vacation, I paid my final visit to the Bascoms, Jenny gave me a farewell kiss, which pleased me in spite of myself. It meant absolutely nothing, but I had become fond of her as of some sleek, playful, heartless, little white Angora kitten.

As I went away from their house, from New York, and from America, I thought about them often. Their marriage was apparently not unsuccessful. Gerald gave Jenny the two things she most desired—luxury and admiration. He treasured her as a beautiful possession, heeded her wishes as a too-indulgent parent heeds those of a pretty, precocious child, and gave her an unvarying affection which was none the less sincere for being tinctured, now and then, with mild amusement. She, on her side, enjoyed her position as the wife of a man having a considerable vogue, and reveled in the popularity and prosperity which, to her mind, proved him a "genius"—although, of course, he was dependent on her beauty for his inspiration.

And yet for all their seeming happiness, I could not think of them without some disappointment. Kind though life had been, it offered so much more than they were finding in it. One must mine for life's real riches. Instead of seeking golden lodes in the hard mountainsides, they chose to live in a soft, sunny valley, placer mining, so to speak—indolently accepting the easy affluence that washed their way. In neither of them was I able to detect a sign of any driving force that might thrust Gerald forward.

Curiously enough, from Java one can write a better letter to a comparative stranger than to an old friend. The friend already knows your little story, whereas the stranger may be inquisitive about the island life. You can assure him that you do not reside in a hut built of tropical leaves, in the midst of the Javanese jungle, but in a modern and comfortable house in Batavia, a large cosmopolitan city containing delightful residences, excellent hotels, clubs and cafés, clanging trolley cars, and morning and afternoon newspapers which print cable and wireless news from all over the world. That usually disappoints your correspondent. He wants snakes, elephants and cannibals. Then you tell him about the Eurasians of Java—generally the offspring of Hollanders who have properly married native women—and how these particular Eurasians, unlike the half-breeds of the British colonies, are not looked down upon, but are, in many instances, regarded as the social equals of the best white residents. Then, when you have mentioned the heat and the consequent dietary, there remains little to be told. Though you still desire the intimate news contained in letters from friends at home, no one at home desires news from Java. You have nothing to offer in exchange for a good letter. The correspondence languishes and presently ceases altogether.

I had a letter or two from Gerald after

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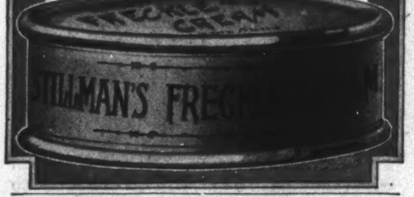

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my return, then we got down to postcards and finally to silence. About the time I realized that our correspondence was not to be continued, I began to notice that other artists were taking his place upon the covers of the several magazines that came to me. By the end of a year he had dropped out of sight. Naturally I wondered what had happened to him. In illustration, as in other things, fashions come and go. Was Gerald being crowded out by the new crop of younger men? Had he lost his vogue?

The image of him as I had last seen him, sunk in ruinous ease and contentment, was so strong and somehow so final with me as to bar the thought that his withdrawal from the field of popular illustration might have been voluntary. That aspect of the matter never occurred to my mind. Something must have happened to him. What could it be? More than once I started to write to him and ask what he was doing, but I always gave up because of a feeling that to ask a man if his popularity has waned — even if one asks only by implication — is too much like asking a woman if she has lost her looks.

And then, after more than three years, when I was commencing to wonder whether he was still alive, I came upon his name in a modest headline in an old New York newspaper. The item below referred favorably to several portraits by Gerald Bascom on exhibition in the gallery of an art dealer on Fifth Avenue.

That exhibition occurred in the spring of 1914. Thenceforward I read the papers from home with greater care, as long as there was any art news. But that was not long; for in the fall the War broke out, and you remember what happened then to the American press.

Our business stagnated for want of ships. Letters, newspapers and magazines from the outside world reached us with steadily increasing irregularity. Even our direct cable and wireless communication with Holland was interrupted, and war dispatches sifted in from Singapore after undergoing the delays and deletions of the censorship.

In Batavia, moreover, we had our own little wars. Relations between British and German residents were broken off. Some Americans attempted at the outset to be neutral, like the poor devils of Hollanders, but the *Lusitania* matter finally disposed of that. "It means war!" we said. But it didn't mean war and we were left with a lot of awkward explaining to do. Nor were our explanations rendered easier by the increasing coldness with which our British friends received them. But at last, to the infinite relief of everyone except the Germans, came the news that America was going in. Then the long period of preparation. The draft. Training. The sending of the men. And then, after another age of suspense, the great offensive, the German collapse, the armistice.

Early in the following spring I managed to get home after having been away for seven years. My first days in New York were filled with urgent business, for all of us were working like so many telephone linemen to repair as rapidly as possible the war-torn wires of trade.

Eager as I was to see Gerald and Jenny, I thought it best to wait until this first furious business pressure should have relaxed before communicating with them. Nor did it so much as cross my mind that in the circles I was frequenting I might meet any one who could give me news of them. The world of art seems so far from the place where Broadway comes to Bowling Green.

BUT dining one evening at an uptown club with half a dozen of my business friends I heard of Gerald unexpectedly. Two of my companions, whose interest in art I had not hitherto suspected, fell to discussing the portrait of a famous banker, one of the club's founders, which had been newly hung in the great dining hall.

"It's second rate," said one. "It hasn't any of the old man's picturesqueness."

"Nor his power," agreed the other. And he added: "There's just one painter in the country who should have had that commission."

"Bascom, you mean?"

"Of course."

"Wonder why they didn't get him?"

"Price," returned the other, drily.

"He gets ten thousand, doesn't he?"

"That's about his minimum. But think what you get. They say old Buckley paid him twenty-five thousand. Bascom didn't want to paint him. Hates to paint any one who doesn't interest him."

I couldn't stand it any longer.

"This Bascom," I broke in, "— is it, by any chance, Gerald Bascom you're talking about?"

"Why, surely," replied the last speaker. His lifted eyebrows seemed to add: "Who else could it be?"

"I wouldn't have believed it!"

"Why not? He's the best there is. Have you seen his work?"

"No," I answered. "I've been out of the country a long time." Then, still apprehensive of some mistake in identity, I explained my special interest in the case, and asked: "Did the Bascom you mean draw pretty girls' heads for magazine covers a few years ago?"

"I don't know anything about that," replied my friend. "But Wardour Hare is sitting over there. We'll ask him."

The famous landscape painter was dining alone, it appeared, His leonine head was bent over his coffee and I saw his fine old face in profile. He looked, I thought, as Wardour Hare should look.

"YES," he said, in response to my inquiry, "he's the same Bascom — or, rather, he's decidedly *not* the same. I remember those heads. Damn clever truck they were. Low brow truck. But look at him now. All of a sudden — bang! — that portrait of a trained nurse in the Academy. Made him. Just a whirlwind after that. All the medals and prizes and things." A reminiscent look came into the ancient eyes, so keen beneath their bushy white brows. "I had 'em, too — thirty years and more ago."

I asked him what had brought about the change in Bascom.

"I don't know," he said. "I know these younger men mostly by their work. I don't get around much any more." He drew a seasoned brier pipe from the side pocket of his soft homespun coat and began to fill it from a rubber pouch. "I came in here because it's handy," he rumbled on. "But this club isn't civilized. They won't let a man smoke a pipe in the dining-room. And yet," jerking his head toward the new portrait, "they'll hang a thing like that in here. As if a pipe could stink like a bad painting."

He started to move away but I detained him with a question.

"Some of my friends call Bascom the greatest living portrait painter. Is he?"

The old man swung around sharply.

"He's good," he said. "Isn't that enough?"

"But just how good?" I persisted.

"People are always talking of 'the greatest this' and 'the greatest that,'" he growled.

Perhaps my face showed disappointment; at all events, a twinkle came into his eyes, and he continued in a gentler tone:

"They keep trying to make me call people great. Guess it makes me perverse. Well, I'll say this for your friend Bascom: I don't know of but one other man alive who can compare with him. Go up to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Look at his portraits of Hoover and Joffre. See for yourself."

He fluttered a hand at me and walked away.

Some time later I did go up to see those two great portraits, but before doing that I sought out Gerald.

It was mid-afternoon when I called him up.

"What are you doing to-night? Can you dine with us?" His voice had the same old cordial ring.

I accepted the invitation and hastened to speak of his success. I wasn't going to let that wait till evening.

"Oh, I've got along some," he answered diffidently. Then he gave me the address, a new one.

I was to dine with them that night, yet he explained nothing. Nothing! Imagine such a thing! Imagine my stupefaction when I entered his apartment and there, in place of pretty little Jenny with her pretty little hands, found myself being introduced to Charlotte!

Fancy his never having said a word to prepare me for a change like that! Artistic temperament or not, it was outrageous. I was dumbfounded. But Gerald was as matter of fact as though it had been Charlotte always. It was as if Jenny had never existed. Where was she? What had become of her? Was she living or dead? Naturally I could not ask, and equally naturally I expected him to volunteer an explanation later.

But he never did. Time and again I saw him, yet he never so much as hinted at the matter. Had I depended upon him for my enlightenment I should still be in the dark.

Charlotte Bascom was distinctly tall; a woman slender yet full-bosomed, with a fine loftiness of carriage, which, as she crossed the room to welcome me, called to mind the vision of a brave ship sweeping in from sea. The suggestion was enhanced by the sense she gave of supple strength, of buoyancy, of calm and certain headway on a charted course. She had, moreover, a sweet freshness, a free and friendly air, that made one think of bracing ocean winds and snowy canvas shining in the sun. Here was one who could never sail under colors other than her own. Her expression, her features, her manner, even her gestures, reiterated the assurance of a nature unconcerned with petty things.

Beyond this first suggestion her voice and eyes were her most striking attributes. The voice was contralto, its tones rich and soft like those of a muted violoncello. It made one somehow conscious of her gentleness, and gave her utterances a quality as of coming from some inner chamber of the heart. The eyes, too, had that peculiarity of depth. They were large and expressive, forever changing with her moods. At first I thought them black; later I perceived that they were blue and that their look of darkness — the one deceiving thing I ever saw in Charlotte — was derived from the shadow of long lashes and of dusky hair which drooped softly across the forehead.

Neither then nor afterward was I ever definitely conscious of her costume. Beyond the fact that she was always dressed becomingly and that she usually wore soft gray or blue, my impressions were altogether vague. Gowns were as subordinate to her as they had been dominant to Jenny.

If I failed to observe the details of her dress I was not, at all events, so negligent about her hand. Something of its character was communicated to me through the sense of touch as she greeted me. It did not feel like a soft rosebud, as Jenny's used to, but met my clasp firmly and, as it were, on equal terms. I found myself eager to verify with the eye that first impression.

CHARLOTTE'S hands were not small, soft nor white enough to be called beautiful. The palms were wide, the thumbs strong and flexible, the fingers long, spatulate and perhaps a trifle hard at the knuckles. They were above all capable hands, fascinating in their suggestion of a fine coördination. As I looked at them there came to me the memory of another pair of hands not unlike them, to which Gerald long ago had taken an aversion — those of the Californian girl.

Gerald himself retained his characteristic look of imperishable youthfulness. True, his hair was becoming gray above the ears, but that made little difference. In only one feature was he greatly altered. Without having lost their power to laugh, his eyes carried now an expression more effective than I had ever thought to find in them. They seemed to have turned from the eyes of one who merely sees, into those of one who interprets.

The apartment was utterly unlike the old one, not merely in its location and in the character of its contents, but in the indescribable yet vital something that makes the spirit of a home.

And a home it was. Gerald now had his studio elsewhere. The elaborately carved and embellished Italian furniture that bulked so conspicuously in his earlier abode had disappeared. Around me now was English and early Colonial mahogany — Heppelwhite in the dining-room, and in the living-room Chippendale and Sheraton.

The setting was harmonious to Charlotte. Whereas I invariably pictured Jenny leaning her pretty arms upon a restaurant table, I visioned Charlotte in a light armchair — a Sheraton chair exquisitely conforming to that combination in her of dignity with graciousness, slenderness with strength.

More than once I tried while we were at dinner to make Gerald talk of himself and his work, but he invariably eluded me. As we passed out of the dining-room I made another effort, mentioning what Wardour Hare had said of him.

"That's pretty fine, coming from him," was all that Gerald said.

"We have a Wardour Hare in here," said Charlotte, indicating one of the paintings on the living-room wall.

"But I want to see some of Gerald's work," I told her.

"He doesn't like to hang his own things here."

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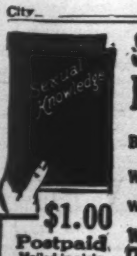

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"But why not?"

This time Gerald answered.

"It's just a feeling of wanting to get away from my own paint," said he. "This is my home. I don't want it littered with studio things."

Remembering the litter there always was in the old apartment I thought I understood. It was a reaction. But I couldn't very well say that.

"Artistic temperament, no doubt," I remarked inanely, just for something to say.

He smiled and shook his head.

"No. Artistic temperament is the first thing an artist must chuck out of the studio window if he wants to amount to anything at all. Until he does he can have no sense of values, no sense of beauty, no sense of any kind — not even common." He reflected briefly. Then: "Why, do you know what I used to think? I used to think beauty was made entirely of form and color. Imagine!"

I didn't have to imagine. I remembered our discussion of that subject, long ago. But I didn't say so. What I wanted now was to hear him define his new belief.

"If beauty's not made of form and color what is it made of?" I demanded.

"Oh, I don't say there's not a trivial kind of beauty that is all form and color — mere prettiness. But you can't make big art out of it. A big painter wants to paint big things." He waved an arm toward one of the landscapes on the wall — a low-toned picture of a wide misty river spanned by a great steel bridge. "Look at that, for instance. There's beauty for you! — beauty set forth in form and color, but not made of them. The color comes from the beauty of nature as expressed in the river and the mist. The form comes from the beauty of man's aspiration and skill as expressed in the bridge he built. Why? Simply because, for practical reasons, a bridge must have two qualities that are pretty sure to give beauty of form to any structure, whether of steel or of flesh and bone — strength without superfluous weight. You might go on and say that the river expresses God, and that the bridge expresses man — that the fellow who painted that canvas was painting God and man — whether he knew it or not. Well, that's what a portrait painter has to try for, too — God and man on the same canvas. Any draughtsman with the knack of catching a likeness can draw a front elevation of the body and call it a portrait. But if he hasn't caught the spirit he's only painted half a portrait — less than half. Because, after all, the spirit is the main thing. It's there you find the real beauty."

"But you can't sew on buttons, or drive nails, or wash dishes with the spirit," I wanted to remind him. But I refrained.

"Your saying that makes me doubly anxious to see some of your recent work," I said. "That's why your plagued notion about not having any of your pictures here is such a disappointment to me."

Charlotte gave Gerald a quick, questioning glance.

"It does seem a pity, doesn't it, dear?" she said.

Evidently her remark held for him some meaning that was not clear to me. He nodded. Then:

"Just wait a minute," he said to me, and left the room.

"That's what I was hoping," Charlotte told me. "There's one of his portraits here — one of me. It's in his room." Then with a twinkle in her eye: "He dressed in a hurry. He's gone to see that things are picked up before taking you in. He's very proud of being neat. You used to know him, so —" She did not finish. We laughed together, quietly.

"I NEEDN'T tell you," she went on, "how I'd love to have some of his work hanging here. But you see how he feels about it. I love to hear people rave about his things, but it always embarrasses him a little, even though he doesn't show it. So, of course, I don't try to influence him. When a woman has for her husband a man as big as he is, it seems to me there's just one thing for her to consider, and that is how to do what's best for him." She paused, reflective; then continued: "Of course I feel that he belongs entirely to me. But his work belongs to the world — on that side I'm just a kind of trustee. If I make him contented I'm helping with his work. That's my job."

"And you like your job?" I suggested.

"I love my job," she said. And there came into her eyes a tender misty light that made me suddenly conscious of my own bachelor loneliness. I was glad of that intimate little moment with her, for I felt that the friendship and understanding between us had somehow made enormous progress by the time Gerald returned to take us to his room.

The portrait, the only picture on his walls, was two things: It was a masterpiece. And it was Charlotte.

He had painted her standing in the doorway of an old stucco house, with a shadowy interior seen through the open door behind her. On her head was a little white cap, and the severe high collar of a dress of some gray washable material was revealed between the margins of a dark blue cape, which showed a bit of scarlet lining as she held it together loosely with one hand. And that hand was not the delicate tapering hand of the conventional portrait, but Charlotte's own, painted to the life.

"Isn't that a nurse's uniform?" I asked.

"Yes, he painted it in France."

"Ah, so you were there, too?"

"'Too!'" repeated Gerald, smiling. "It was I who was there 'too.' It wasn't possible for us to go together. I came along later. A painter in the army was just a luxury. But they really needed the painter's wife."

"I'd been a trained nurse before," Charlotte explained.

"AND that's how she looked when I got up to the hospital where she was," Gerald continued, gazing at the picture. "I painted her in the hospital doorway — in snatches — a few minutes whenever we could get them. Then she'd go back to her ward, and I'd sit around. I tell you I felt pretty darn useless."

"Useless!" she repeated almost indignantly. "You did wonderful things—and took big chances to get them, too!" Then with a look confident and proud, she added: "They don't make a man an officer of the Legion of Honor and a member of the French Institute for being useless."

He took her hand, lifted it in his own and looked at it thoughtfully and fondly. Then he turned to me.

"I could paint a one-legged soldier," he said, "but Charlotte — she could take care of him."

When we returned to the living-room I got them to talk about their war experiences. Then, after a while, Gerald asked Charlotte to play for us.

She had struck but a few notes of a Chopin *étude* before I knew definitely that those strong hands with their long fingers had a magic in them. Next she played two of Chopin's waltzes — one of them, the familiar composition in D flat, the curious circular rhythm which is said to have been suggested to the composer by the spectacle of George Sands' little dog chasing its tail — and these she followed with the sombre and majestic Fantasie in F minor.

But the great revelation of her gift did not come until she broke into Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony. As she began it I moved over to the piano and stood watching her hands. How easily they spanned the octaves; how firmly the little finger struck its notes, how rhythmically and with what wondrous speed and sureness she ranged over the keyboard!

"Of course this really can't be done on the piano," she said, glancing up as she played, "but Gerald always wants it. It isn't so bad, though, if you imagine you're hearing the different instruments." Then, as she entered upon the brilliant waltz movement, she followed the orchestration for me.

"The strings take the melody here — now it's the oboe — now the whole choir of wood-winds — now the oboe again — now the clarinets and bassoons together — now the bassoons alone."

Charlotte's music lingered with me as I taxied down to my hotel, yet curiously enough, at the same time, I found my thoughts reverting to Jenny. I recalled two or three occasions on which, at Pomeroy's request, she had gone to the piano. She would sit down, turn back the lurid cover of a piece of sheet music, struggle briefly and inaccurately with its ragtime pout a little, and give up. She never played anything well. She never played anything through.

When, some weeks later, the Bascoms went to the Canadian Rockies for the summer, they left me as puzzled as I had been on the night of my first visit to them, although meanwhile I had seem them often.

I had witnessed the first act of the play, and its *dénouement*, but I did not know what went between. My old friend had changed stupendously, but I knew nothing of the process by which the change had come about.

I had seen effects, but I remained in ignorance of causes.

Through what agency had Gerald found the light? How had Charlotte come into his life, and how and where had Jenny gone? Perhaps I should never know the story.

Not a week later, as I was walking up Fifth Avenue in the warmth and brightness of an early summer afternoon, I heard my name called, and turning, found myself face to face with Jenny. Alighting from her motor to go into a shop she had caught sight of me, and she now came fluttering toward me like a gaudy little bird.

My first impression was that she had not changed at all. People still turned to look at her. And when she spoke I felt as if time had been turned back seven years.

"I'm in town for a day's shopping. I'm motoring back to Easthampton to-night — we have a summer place there. You must come to us for a week-end. How long have you been back from — whatever that place is? How long will you be here? I suppose you've seen poor Gerald? No doubt he said I've treated him badly. Well, as a matter of fact, it was he who treated me badly."

I said that Gerald hadn't mentioned her.

"And you didn't think enough of me to ask?" she ~~said~~ in a reproachful tone, gazing up at me with that serious expression she found it so easy to assume. Yet the expression was not the same, for her eyes now held a shadow of hardness.

"I wanted to ask about you," I told her truthfully enough, "but knowing nothing of the circumstances I hesitated to do so."

"You knew I'd married Dick Pomeroy? Oh, yes. Some years ago. Dick will be tickled to death to see you. Couldn't you drive out with me to-night?"

"I couldn't do that, but I want to hear all about you," I said.

"Have you seen the woman he's married to now?" she asked, harking back to Gerald.

"Yes."

"She was nothing but a trained nurse, you know. Of course you saw for yourself that she wasn't like the rest of us."

"No, perhaps she's not quite like the rest of us," I replied.

"We can't have any sort of talk here," she broke off. "I tell you — come up to our town house a little later for a cocktail. It's all in summer covers, but you won't mind."

She gave me a card bearing her address.

"About four-thirty, then?" And so it was agreed.

I did not particularly desire to see Jenny again. But I did want to hear that story.

Though I was admitted to the Pomeroy residence by Jenny's private maid, there was that about the heavy door of wrought iron and plate glass and the large cool entrance hall within, to inform me that, had the mansion been *en grande tenue*, I should have been received at the portal by a manservant, and should have found another manservant inside to relieve me of my hat and stick. It was a place haunted by the ghosts of butlers and first and second men.

In a small electric elevator operated by push-buttons, the maid escorted me to the third floor, where at the front of the house was Jenny's boudoir. Here, as elsewhere, the walls and furniture were covered for the summer, but in this room the covering was of chintz, brilliantly patterned with peacocks and large roses.

Jenny was wearing a pink tea-gown — one of those diaphanous, trailing things which, should a man attempt to wear it, would be ruined by the time he crossed the room.

"You mustn't suppose that Gerald and I had rows," Jenny began, as we sipped the cocktails brought us by her maid. "We just drifted apart. I couldn't help realizing that I had made him — and that he didn't appreciate it. I gave up everything to pose for him — matinées, dances, everything. You know what a reputation he made drawing me. Why, there wouldn't have been any Bascom Girls except for me. The proof is that after we separated he wasn't able to do any more Bascom girls."

"He wasn't?"

"Well, of course, he'd have done them if he could — so what's the answer?" Then, as I pondered this remark, she went on: "Oh, I wasn't the only one who saw that Gerald and I weren't suited to each other. Dick realized it. He knew Gerald didn't appreciate me. That's why he was always trying to make things less difficult for me.

"But when Gerald came down with typhoid — it was a little while after you went away — that was a little *too* much. Just when I was counting on getting to the country, too! I was all tired out, and New York got very hot, but what did I do? I stayed right in the apartment and took care of him as long as I could.

"*She* was one of the nurses. Perhaps you noticed her hands? You may imagine Gerald did!" She gave a hard little chuckle. "You should have heard the fuss he made when he saw them. And he blamed *me!* Wanted to know why I'd got such a woman to take care of him. That was when she'd just come. I was going to get rid of her next day, but by that time he was too sick to care. And, of course, a trained nurse *ought* to be able to make sick people comfortable."

"Naturally," I said.

## In the October McClure's

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by Harvey O'Higgins

### "Just the Right People"
by Fannie Heaslip Lea

### "From Four to Eleven-Three'
by Royal Brown

### "Watchers of the Swamp"
by Charles G. D. Roberts

### "The Only One'
by Wallace Irwin

"So, though I disliked her, I kept her," Jenny continued. "But every day I'd go to his room and try to make it up to him, just in case he noticed. I'd stroke his forehead and fix things around the room where he could see me. It wasn't any too safe, either! Typhoid's awfully dangerous that way. I might have caught it myself. Dick kept telling me so.

"And in spite of all I was doing for him, he got cranky with me. One day he pushed my hand off his forehead and told me to go away. A couple of days later, when the nurse was out of the room, I gave him a drink of water. He took it awkwardly and spilled it all over himself. And when I tried to dry him off he told me for God's sake to go and get the nurse.

"Well, I'm not used to being sworn at! But that wasn't the worst. They were simply starving him. So when the nurse had to go to the drug-store I got him just a tiny bit of chicken salad. You couldn't give him anything lighter than chicken salad, could you? She came back before he was quite finished, and undertook to call me down — right in my own house! She ordered me out of the room and Gerald never said a word to stop her. As if a little chicken salad would hurt anybody!

"When I told Dick about it he was perfectly indignant. He said I was all used up anyway, and that the thing for me to do was to clear out before I got sick, too. But even then I was going to do my duty. I went to Gerald's room, and said that he must choose between having that nurse in the house and having me. And he said, 'Oh, well, it will do you good to get away.' He practically chose her above me!

"That settled it. The next day I went up to Narragansett Pier. It was about time for me to be thinking of myself a little bit! And when I talked matters over with Dick I realized that Gerald and I simply couldn't go on. If he'd been sorry, or if he'd sent for me, I might have gone back. But he didn't seem to care. So I never did go back.

"Naturally that gave the nurse her chance. He was down sick — what could he do? That's how I figure it. It was a big step up in the world for a trained nurse; but I must say I wasn't very flattered at his taking her as a successor to me. It shows a coarse streak in him." She shook her head. "Just to think I ever thought that man a genius!"

"He gets enormous sums for portraits," I suggested.

"He's commercialized himself," she answered, tartly.

I spoke of the two famous portraits at the Metropolitan Museum.

"I don't go there," Jenny said, as she set down the empty glass. "I haven't time. But anyway, you'd hardly call Joffre or Hoover pretty, would you?"

Then she jumped up.

"I tell you!" she exclaimed. "You wait a minute until I get into a dress, and I'll show you one of his pictures. They've got it stuck in a window on Fifth Avenue. I'll drive you by there."

I found myself engaged by the fantastic thought of seeing such a meeting of past and present — the Bascom Girl face to face with one of Gerald Bascom's recent paintings.

She did not keep me long. We descended in the little elevator, got into her landaulet, and drew up, a few minutes later, before the window of an art dealer. Then, as there was a bad reflection on the glass, we alighted and crossed the sidewalk.

The canvas did not need the signature of Gerald Bascom in the corner to stamp it as his work. The deep gold frame around it was like a window through which one looked upon the spirit of devastated France. Yet the painting was only that of a peasant woman seated upon a bit of crumbling wall. Her thin stooping shoulders were wrapped in a black knitted shawl. Her old eyes gazed straight out from the picture — not at you, but at things you could not see. But it was as if you saw reflected in them homes destroyed, boys sleeping under little wooden crosses, daughters who would never know again the comfort of that mother's lonely arms. Tragic eyes, yet without terror or despair — only resignation, patience beyond belief, endless waiting for some final justice.

And her hands! There was a spell about them. They lay folded in her lap, resting for a moment from a lifetime's toil. Weary old hands. Withered and workworn old hands. Strong old hands. In them, as in the eyes, was a terrible, indomitable, patient something.

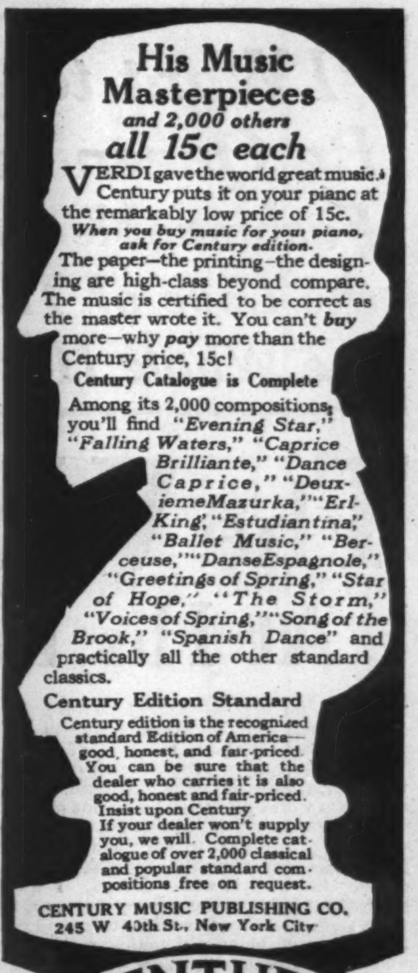
Jenny slipped her arm through mine and leaned softly against me.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Think what he used to do — and look at that!"

She pointed at the picture. Just as her arms tapered gracefully to delicate round wrists, her fingers tapered to the long oval nails with their little white "moons," their lustrous polish, their frail flexible tips, calling to mind the edges of tiny sea-shells, pink and translucent.

Her chirping voice ascended in shrill protest as she added the final awful denunciatory blast:

"And just look at those hands!" cried the original Bascom Girl.



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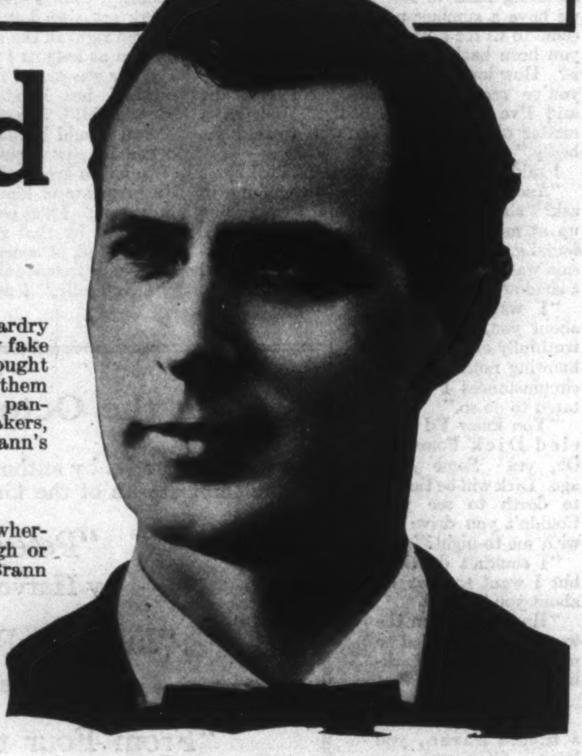
# The World Gasped
## At His Fearless Exposures



"I AM no perfectionist. I do not build the spasmodic sob nor spill the scalding tear because all men are not Sir Galahads in quest of Holy Grail, and all women angels with two pair of reversible wings and the aurora borealis for a hat band. I might get lonesome in a world like that. I do not expect to see religion without cant, wealth without want, and virtue without vice; but I do hope to see the human race devote itself to grander aims than following the fashion and camping on the trail of cart-wheel dollars. I want to see more homes and fewer hovels, more men and fewer dudes. I want to see more women with the moral courage to brave the odium of being old maids rather than the pitiful weakness to become loveless wives. I want to see more mothers who would rather be queen of their homes than the favorites of fashionable circles; women who would rather have the love of their husbands than the insolent admiration of the whole he world—women who do not know too much at 15 and too little at 50."

### He Stripped the Veil from Life's Crimson Shame

The above is but a brief extract from one of the hundreds of articles in the first complete edition of Brann, the Iconoclast. But it gives a hint of Brann's wizardry of words, and the fury with which he attacked every fake and fraud in Christendom. If women were bad he fought them. If men were bad he hurled himself upon them with the crash of an avenging angel. High or low, panderers or hypocrites, or political grafters, or religious fakers, or "polite sassiety" all felt the scorpion whip of Brann's stinging words.

### The Wizard of Words

Brann, the Iconoclast, raised his voice in protest wherever he saw sham and rottenness. He exposed high or low in all their shame while the world blushed. Brann was an image breaker. When he struck the false draperies of virtue fell, the shackles that bound men and women to blind slavery were smashed, and the nests of lies were scattered to the four winds. And Brann's weapon was *words*. But how he could use them! The world has never seen the like of his masterful pen. As one man wrote: "He was the equal of Shakespeare, De Maupassant, Hugo, Balzac, and Elbert Hubbard rolled in one."

## Brann, the Iconoclast

A FEW CHAPTERS

A Pilgrimage to Perdition
Mankind's Mock-Modesty
Is Civilization a Sham?
Speaking of Gall
A Sacred Leg Show
Satan Loosed for a Season
Potiphar's Wife
A Voice from the Grave
The Mouth of Hell
The American Middle Man
A Disgrace to Civilization
Some Cheerful Liars
From the Gods to the Gutter
The Children of Poverty
Balaam's Ass
The Woman Thou Gavest Me
Evolution or Revolution
Driven to the Devil
The Seven Vials of Wrath
Adam and Eve
The Professional Reformer
Fake Journalism
Rainbow Chasers
A Social Swim
The Law of Love
A Prize Idiot of the Earth
The Typical American Town
Glory of the New Garter
Coining Blood into Boodle
The Footlights Favorites
Hunting for a Husband
The Deadly Parallel
Thou Shalt Not
The Old Maids Auction
The Age of Consent
The A. P. A. Idiocy
Atheists and Ignorance
The Beauteous Rebecca
Cupid vs. Christ
Currency and Common Sense
The Curse of Kissing
English As She is Spoke
Favorite Falsehoods
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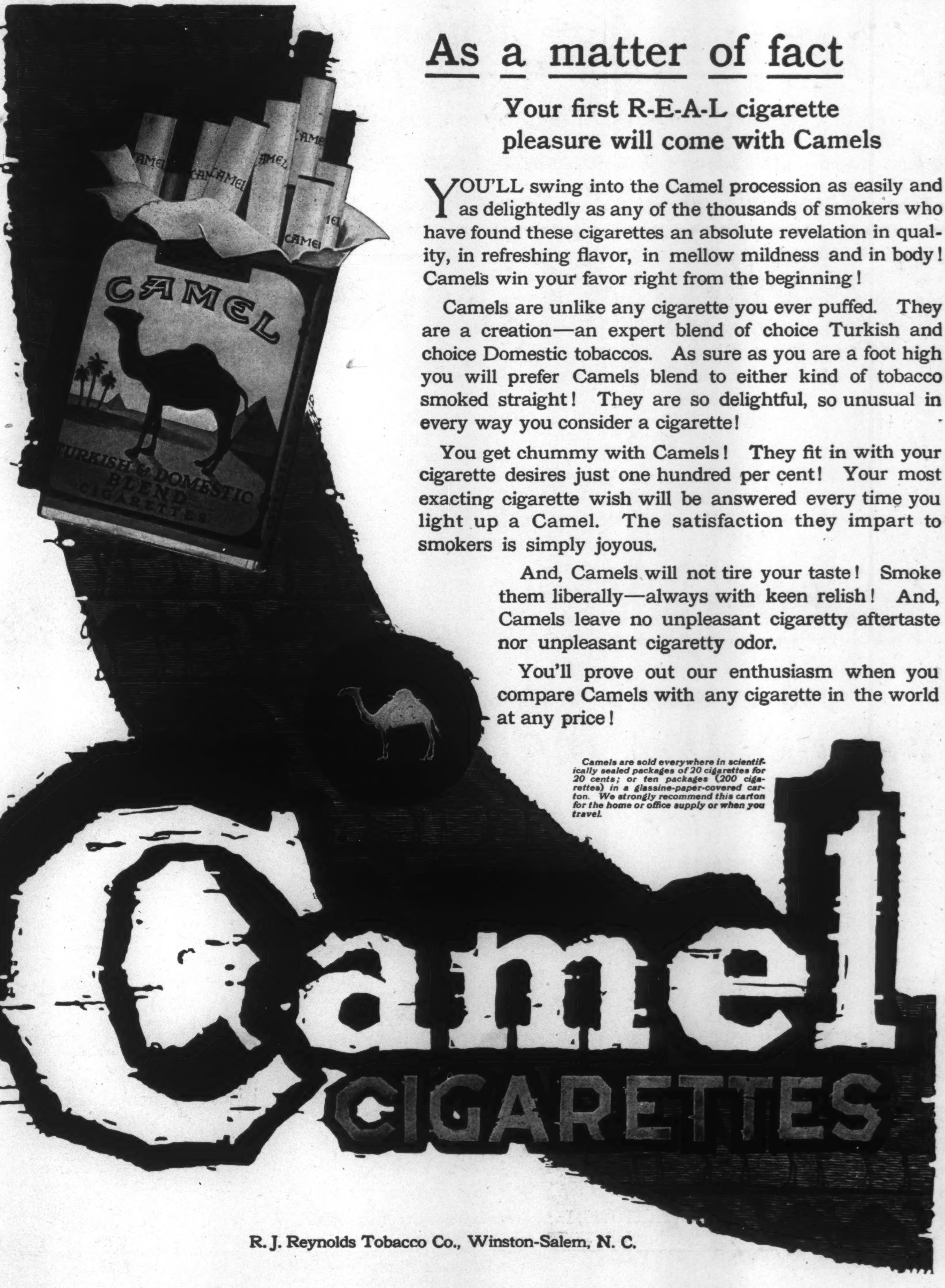

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